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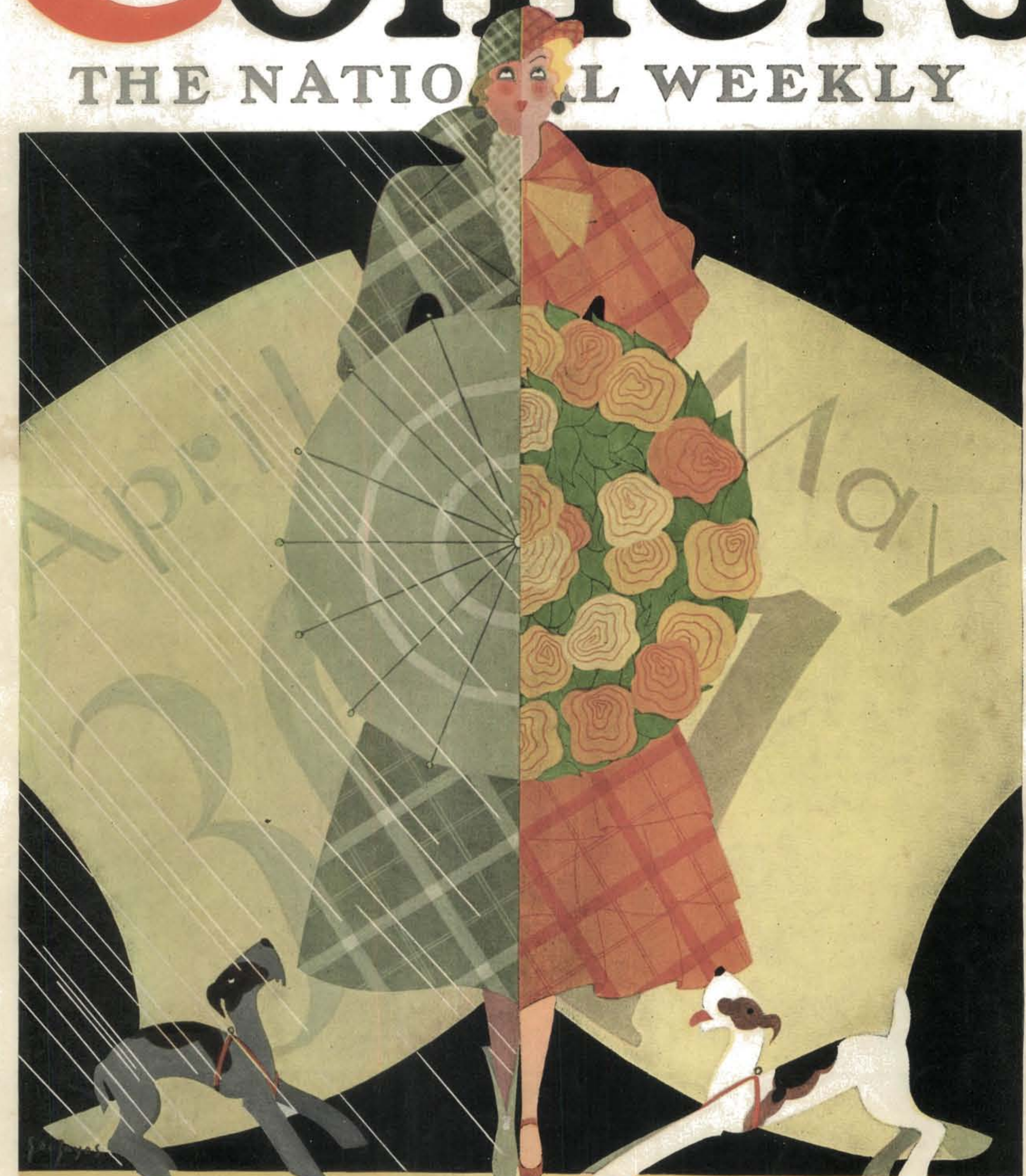
# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★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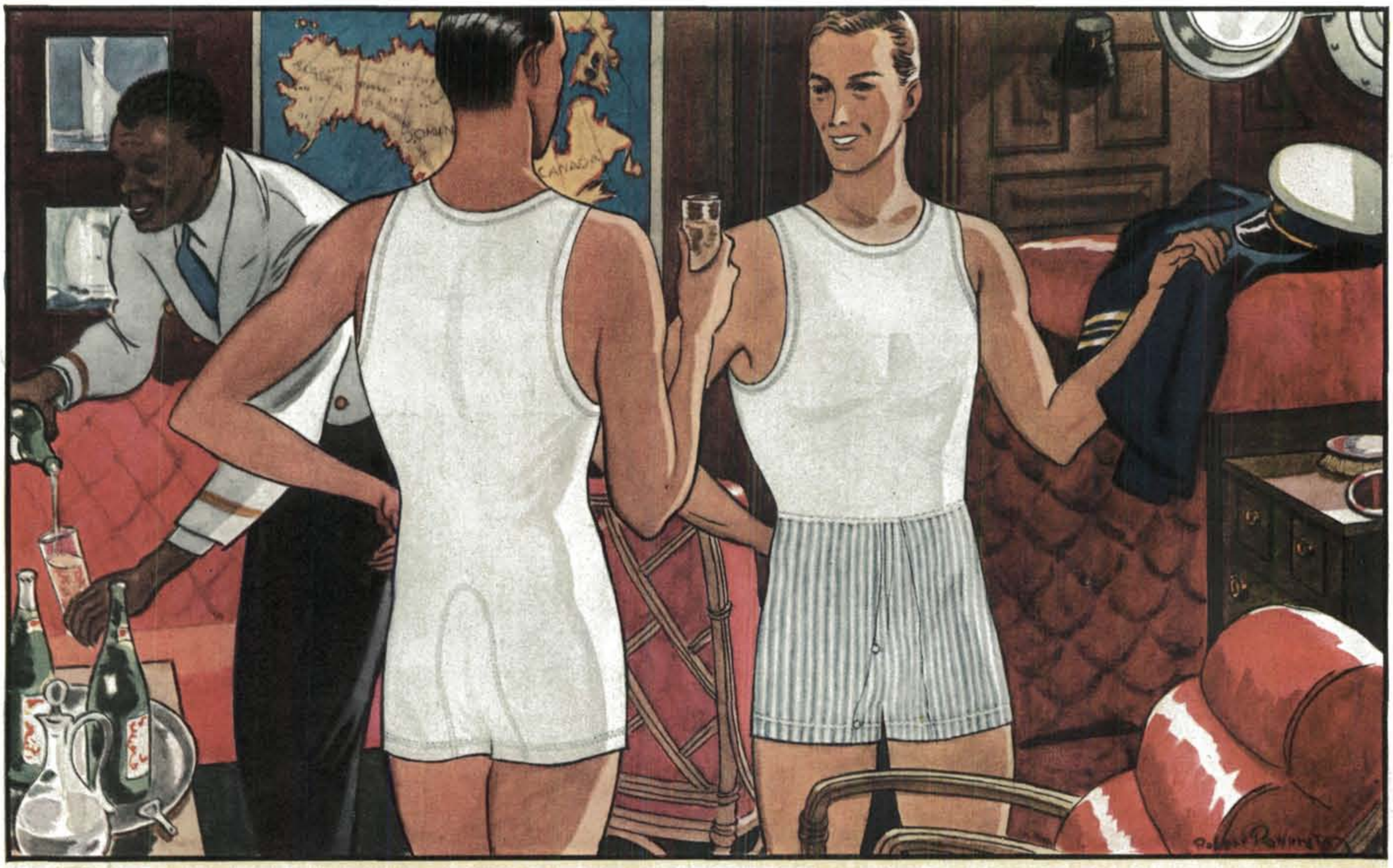
**Show Business** a short story by **"Bugs" Baer**

May 5, 1934



# Off with underwear that binds and bunches . . . . . On with Du-Ons

Remember how old style underwear bound, pinched, pulled out, crawled up your back, and bunched up around your waist? ℂNow you can be relieved of all such annoyances. Simply ease into Du-Ons. And know the comfort of *today's* fashion in men's underwear. Du-Ons are one-piece garments designed to fit the requirements of the *masculine* figure. They never pinch . . . never bind. They cannot separate or bunch up at the waist. They fit you neatly and correctly . . . and *stay* that way. And they are the briefest, coolest things you ever wore. ℂ*All* these gratifying features are found *only* in Du-Ons. Their styling is exclusive, patented. To top off all these satisfying qualities, Du-Ons are now put up in individual packs—clean, fresh, unhandled, *actually* ready to wear. Ask your retailer for *Du-Ons.* DUOFOLD, INC., Dept. G-2, MOHAWK, N.Y.

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## *DU-ONS

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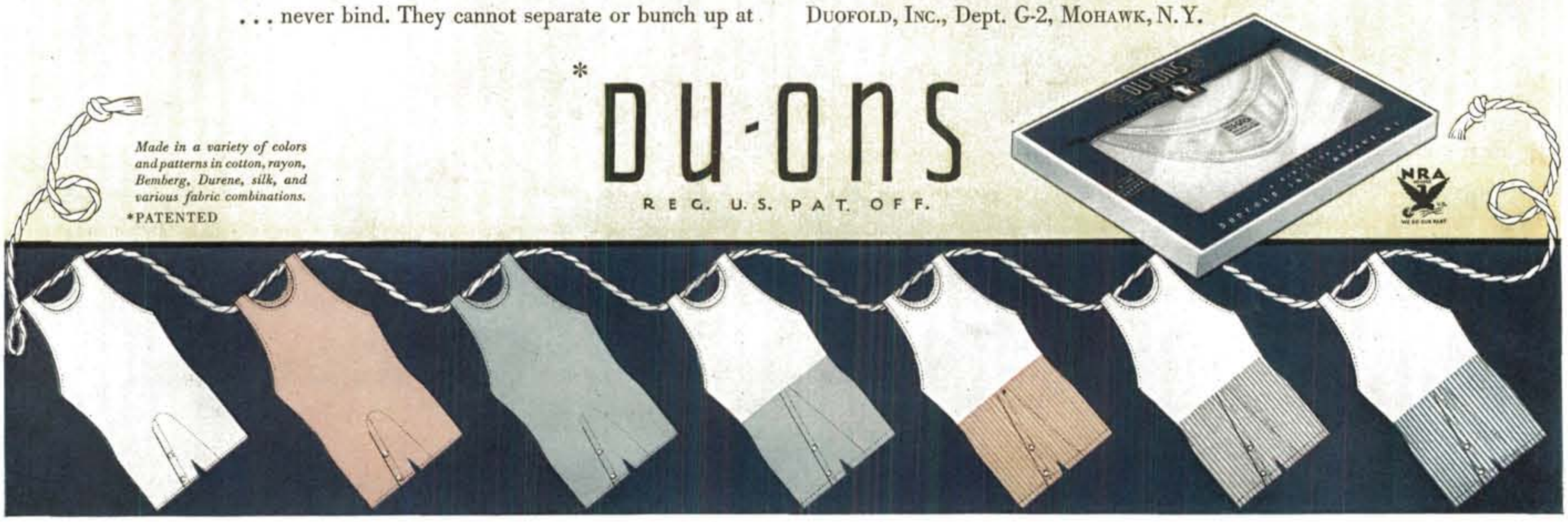
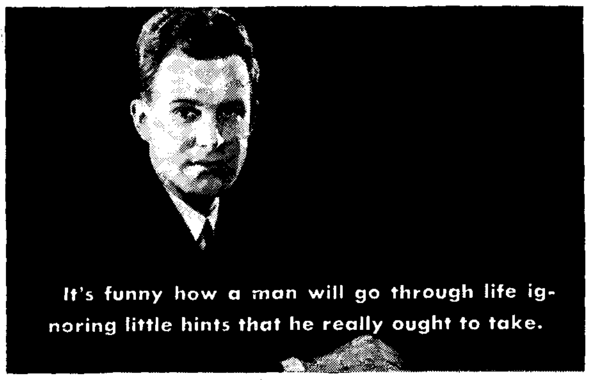
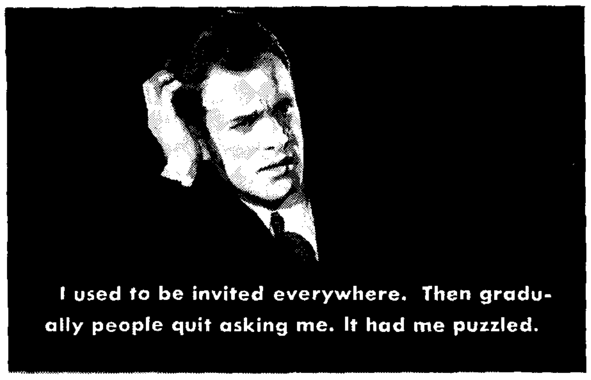
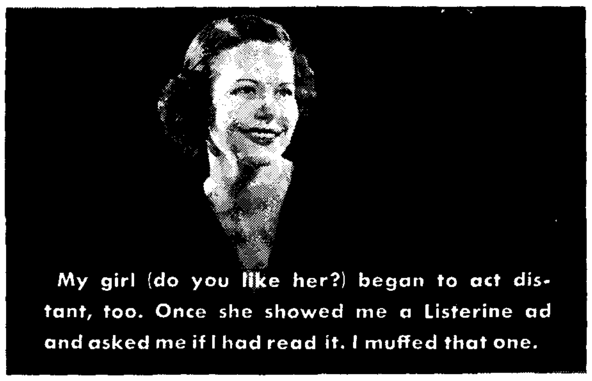




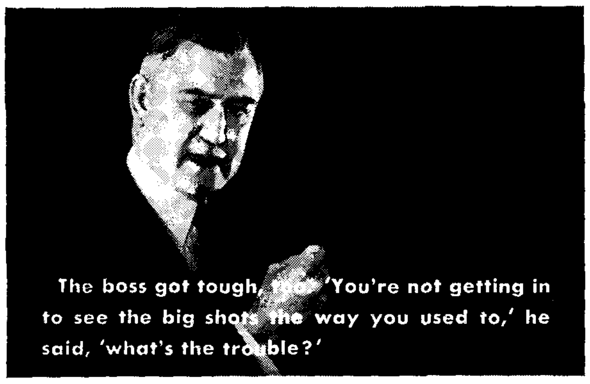
It's funny how a man will go through life ignoring little hints that he really ought to take.



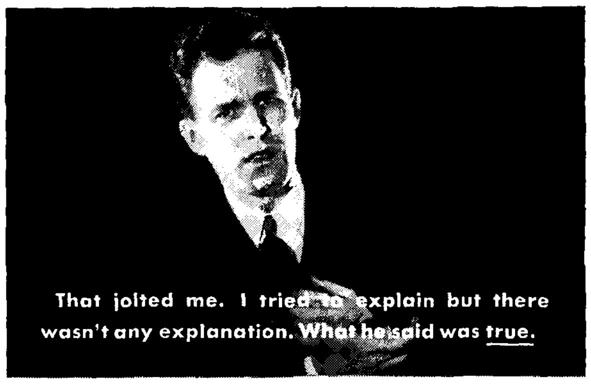
I used to be invited everywhere. Then gradually people quit asking me. It had me puzzled.



My girl (do you like her?) began to act distant, too. Once she showed me a Listerine ad and asked me if I had read it. I muffed that one.

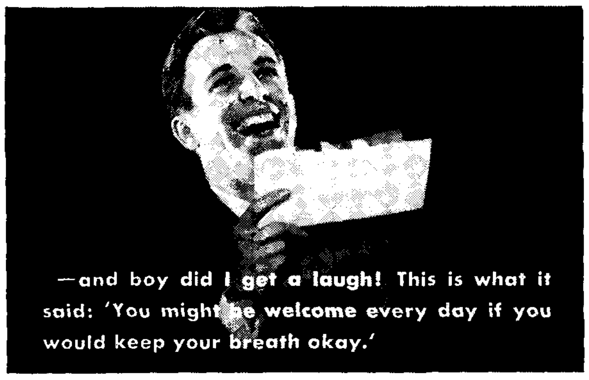


The boss got tough, too. 'You're not getting in to see the big shots the way you used to,' he said, 'what's the trouble?'

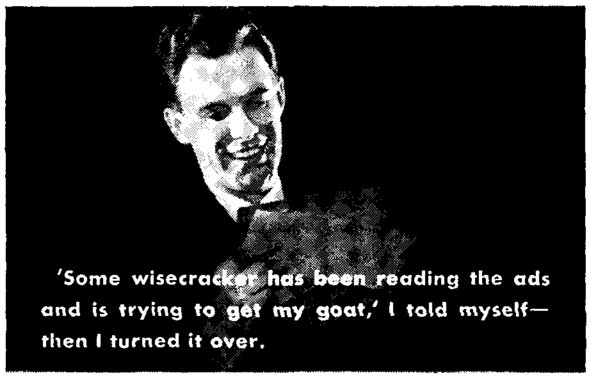


That jolted me. I tried to explain but there wasn't any explanation. What he said was true.

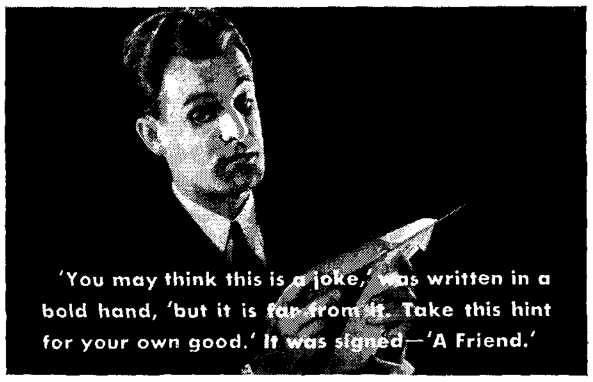
Then on Valentine's Day I got one of those ridiculous comics we kids used to send.



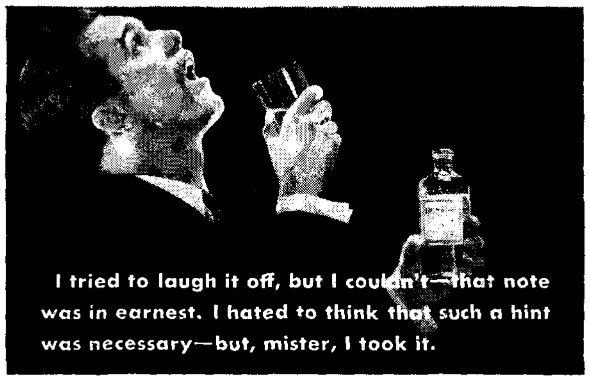
—and boy did I get a laugh! This is what it said: 'You might be welcome every day if you would keep your breath okay.'



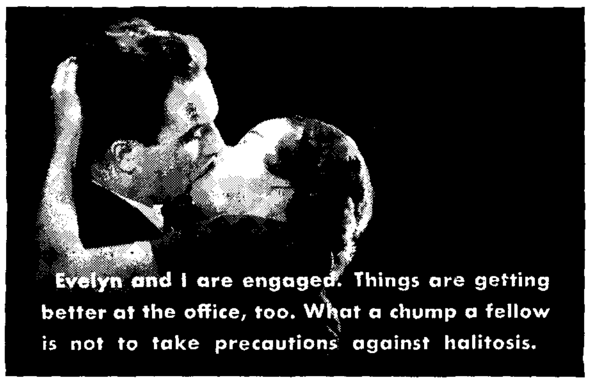
'Some wisecracker has been reading the ads and is trying to get my goat,' I told myself—then I turned it over.



'You may think this is a joke,' was written in a bold hand, 'but it is far from it. Take this hint for your own good.' It was signed—'A Friend.'



I tried to laugh it off, but I couldn't—that note was in earnest. I hated to think that such a hint was necessary—but, mister, I took it.



Evelyn and I are engaged. Things are getting better at the office, too. What a chump a fellow is not to take precautions against halitosis.

I'm off to the theatre with Evelyn and then to a party afterward. It's certainly great to be going places again!

# A WORD TO THE WISE ISN'T ALWAYS SUFFICIENT

## (Sometimes 3 or 4 are needed)

You may take it for granted that your breath is agreeable, *but is it?* How do you know at this moment that it is not offensive to others? The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. And since the subject is a very delicate one, your best friend won't tell you. Now bear this in mind: Everyone is likely to have halitosis at some time or other. Ninety per cent of cases, says one dental authority, are due to fermentation of tiny bits of food particles skipped by the tooth brush and left clinging to mouth, gums and tooth surfaces.

A quick, safe way to get rid of unpleasant breath is to rinse the mouth with Listerine. Listerine instantly halts fermentation and checks the odors it causes. When you wish to put yourself on the safe side, do not trust to ordinary mouth washes which may be devoid of deodorant power. Use only Listerine. It deodorizes hours longer. Simply rinse the mouth with it every morning and night and between times before meeting others.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

**Before any appointment use LISTERINE to end Halitosis [*Unpleasant Breath*]**

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

# Next Week

EDGAR was too proud to ask for favors. At the orphanage he wouldn't even pray not to have rice pudding and not to have to wear second-hand clothes. When the superintendent used to get the power of the Lord on him for smiting sinners, he could never lick a yell out of Edgar.

Edgar could take it all right—at the Home. But when Mrs. Marchand decided he was to take the place of her dead son, Alfred, he was up against a tougher proposition. The honester he was, the worse he failed. And the more he found out about Alfred, the less he wanted to be like him. In "Another Son" Frederick Hazlitt Brennan gives you the dramatic consequences of this honesty.

SEVENTY miles due east of the Florida coast there's a brush-covered splinter of coral that is known on the maps as Grand Bahama and elsewhere as West End. From this island's sandy shore a little group of adventurers fly creaky land planes across the seventy-mile stretch of shark-infested waters to Florida.

The planes reel and stagger under the weight of whisky that they carry, and the men who fly them do it for the joy of fighting odds in the bright fragrance of the South. Quentin Reynolds, the only writer who has ever made the trip, went along as crew. You'll get a thrill out of his adventure in "Whisky Ships."

IN THE hush before a typhoon in the Japan Sea you can see a curious thing—ripples spreading over the water before an impalpable wind. The Japanese call it "The Wishing Wind," and Marianna took advantage of it to wish for excitement. Whether it was the wind, or Takamura, the wrestler, or the wild crowd that did it, doesn't matter: she got her wish. Sidney Herschel Small shows you how.

FOR months now the California climate has taken second place in the pæans of praise that resound along the West Coast. The twin bridges of San Francisco have monopolized attention. They're in the California tradition—bigger and better. Perched on a girder, George Creel explains to you just what happens "When California Builds a Bridge."

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER writes the Short Short Story. Roland Pertwee contributes a Hollywood comedy. Ray Tucker, Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, Sax Rohmer, Freling Foster and Arthur Somers Roche finish in a fine burst of speed. Pace them and see.

# This Week

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May 5, 1934

*Cover by George de Zayas*

**ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER**
*Show Business.* A story about the hind legs of a horse, told by the front legs. Page 7

**STANLEY PAUL**
*Center Court.* The love story of a champion. Page 10

**WALTER DAVENPORT**
*Recovery Throws Away a Crutch.* What's to take the place of the CWA? Page 12

**SAX ROHMER**
*The Trail of Fu Manchu, Part II.* Nayland Smith leads the attack. Page 14

**ELMER DAVIS**
*Desperate Character.* The triumph of a timid man. Page 16

**ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE**
*The Case Against Mrs. Ames, Part IX.* New revelations. Page 18

**FRANK CONDON**
*The Menace of Contract Bridge.* The low moans of a victim. Page 20

**FRANK BUCK**
*Story of Lal.* Divided loyalties. Page 21

**MARIE BEYNON RAY**
*Decorated for Today.* Sweetness and light in the modern manner. Page 22

**BERNARD DeVOTO**
*Nature's Wise Plan.* Frustrated by an invisible moon and a pair of highly ornamental shorts. Page 25

**QUENTIN REYNOLDS**
*The Star Test.* The American Walker Cup team prepares to face St. Andrews. Page 26

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*Madam is Right,* by George S. Brooks. Page 28

**FRELING FOSTER**
*Keep Up with the World.* Our frivolous planet. Page 41

**EDITORIAL**
*Turn the Robbers Out!* Page 70

●

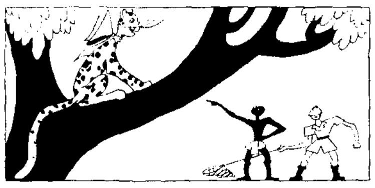
# Any Week

TARTLY Dr. Fred L. Gross of Baltimore, Maryland, takes us to task for saying "something nasty about thinking with one's prejudices or emotions. Well," goes on Dr. Gross, "you can cut it out at once as far as I'm concerned. I think with both and have a far better time and arrive at conclusions quicker and I dare say more accurately than any of your brain-trusters."

AND Mr. E. N. Vilberg of Madison, Wisconsin, suggests that "if and when Samuel Insull is brought to trial, admission thereto be by one of the worthless bonds he unloaded upon a gullible public. Or wouldn't it be practicable to hold trial in Soldier's Field, Chicago?"

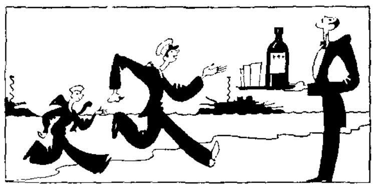
MR. PAUL R. PALMQUIST of Rock Island, Illinois, is "not greatly exercised over the postmastership wrangle at Stanton, Iowa," in which we became involved—as an innocent bystander. But he thinks that we should receive acknowledgment of some sort for "putting the town in the limelight. In closing," concludes Mr. Palmquist, "may I add that your publication is as much a fixture in our home as the (see advertising pages) alarm clock which routs me out at 7:15 of a morning?" We wish we might have more news for Mr. Palmquist of that bitter fight in Stanton. But probably all the wires have been torn down.

MORE in sorrow than anger, G. E. Dumbauld of Toledo, Ohio, writes critically of Frank Buck's "Clouded Leopard." Mr. Buck described his leopard on a limb over a hundred feet from the ground—so high, in fact, "that she looked not much bigger than a house cat." Says Critic Dumbauld: "A hundred-and-fifty-pound leopard less than a hundred and fifty feet away would look to nobody except perhaps Mr. Buck like a tabby. I leave it to you."



"WHAT are those New York newspapers raving about?" demands Mr. M. Jolly of Chicago, Illinois. "They are taking on something awful just because a few Tammany politicians are caught robbing the inmates of the county poorhouse of their few remaining pennies. Don't New Yorkers know that a great, benign political organization like Tammany has to have funds to maintain itself in its efforts to uphold the best traditions of the city?"

AMONG the various late orders which won't make any difference in the lives of our naval officers, thinks Mr. Edward E. Lobdell of Savannah, Georgia, is "this new regulation permitting them to drink hard liquor while ashore. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if somebody, crocked to the ears with this New Deal beer we've been getting, issued an order permitting our Jolly Tars to have pictures of gals hanging over their bunks after sunset. This liberalism is getting awful."



MANY years ago we were a young and peculiarly inept private in what was soon to be the A. E. F. An aunt of ours, seeing us for the first time in our uniform, said: "Now that you're going to France, tell me: Just what do you propose to do when you get there?" We thought of this this morning when we read a letter from Mr. Warren A. Hower of Catawissa, Pennsylvania. "We," writes Mr. Hower, "would like your opinion of just what the Roosevelt policies are and their chances of success." And we haven't even answered our aunt yet.

DR. J. E. WALTHER of Rushville, Indiana, read Harold Lamb's "The Bear's Head" in this magazine recently. He read every word of it. More, he gave every detail of all the illustrations minute inspection. And he emerged with an "objection to that pre-Columbus Indian carrying an obviously metal tomahawk. Just a shade too much of the modernistic touch, don't you think?" We have studied that picture intently, Doctor, and have come to the conclusion that it is a stone tomahawk in that Indian's fist. If it isn't, all we have to say is that he stole an iron one from one of the Vikings. And that, we gloat, is leaving a customer hanging on the fence with an answer in each hand and our reputation unimpaired.

TELEGRAM, hey? All right, let's see it. Well, well. "Facing great problem," wires Dennis L. Bartok of Washington, D. C. "House sagging under five years' growth of Collier's. Don't like to throw them away. Advise."

NEVER mind house, Mr. Bartok. Too many houses anyway.

NOTHING matters but Collier's.

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"What!...You mean you and I are through?"

# "Romance Dies—when a man neglects shaving!"

## SAYS FAITH BALDWIN, NOTED AUTHORESS

FAITH BALDWIN

YES, the young man has lost his girl. Neglect—just neglect of shaving—has turned her against him. Stubble is repulsive to her as it is to most girls and women. So the engagement is broken. This is a page from life. Things like this *do* happen to people.

Let Faith Baldwin, famous author of "Office Wife," "Skyscraper" and "Weekend Marriage," give you the facts. She knows her feminine psychology—knows what women think. Says Miss Baldwin, "the *slightly soiled*, faintly blue appearance of sprouting whiskers by no means indicates a he-man; it merely brands one as careless, slovenly. I *know* of romances wrecked by stubble. An untidy growth of whiskers is intolerable, and no man can expect to win the regard of others, either men or women, unless he is careful about shaving."

* * *

FEW will disagree with Miss Baldwin's statement—yet how many men employ hit-or-miss shaving methods! Today there is no excuse for neglect. The Gillette "Blue Blade"—especially made for men with tender skin—shaves sensitive faces without irritation. In fact, this blade *invites* frequent, close shaves. **No razor can be entirely satisfactory unless adjustable for the requirements of *your beard*.** The Gillette Razor with its *flexible* blade provides this essential feature. Automatic honing and stropping assure uniformity and sharpness previously impossible to achieve. You will find shaving daily and twice a day, when necessary, entirely comfortable if you use the Gillette "Blue Blade." Prove this for yourself. Try the Gillette "Blue Blade." Buy a package today.

***Hear Gene and Glenn on the air every night except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and coast-to-coast hook-up: 6:15 E. S. T. or 9:15 C. S. T.***

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**BLUE BLADES**
*Now* **5 FOR 25¢**
**10 FOR 49¢**

**Genuine Gold-Plated Gillette Razor and five Gillette "Blue Blades" Only 49¢**

Heavily gold-plated, with new-style "husky" handle. Comes in handsome red and black case with 5 "Blue Blades." If your dealer cannot supply you, send coupon and 49 cents to:—

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DONALD
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# WHY ROME FELL

If mimeographing had been invented two thousand years earlier the empire of the Cæsars might have survived. But Rome had no quick way of unifying its world-wide organization. » » A really important factor in unifying the great business and educational organizations of the modern world has been the Mimeograph. Its low-cost and high-speed duplicating of all kinds of bulletins, letters, questionnaires, forms, graphs, etc., has made it essential equipment in progress. Let us tell you what the new Mimeograph can do for you right now. Write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or see classified telephone directory for local address.

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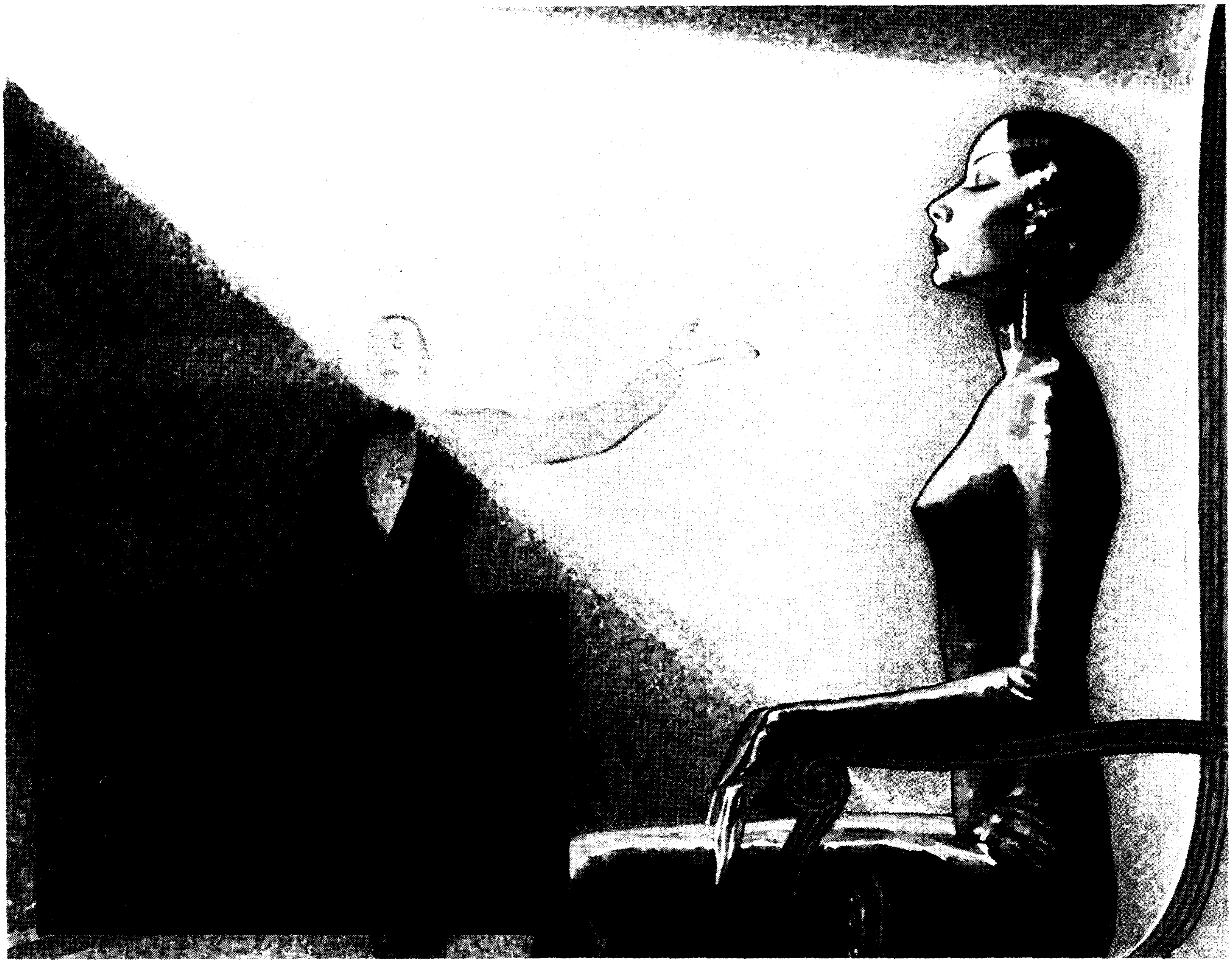
*The National Weekly for May 5, 1934*



Robert O. Reid

**"Answer, Mystera," he says. She's suffering from a light and inexpensive chill. She's wading out into a trance**

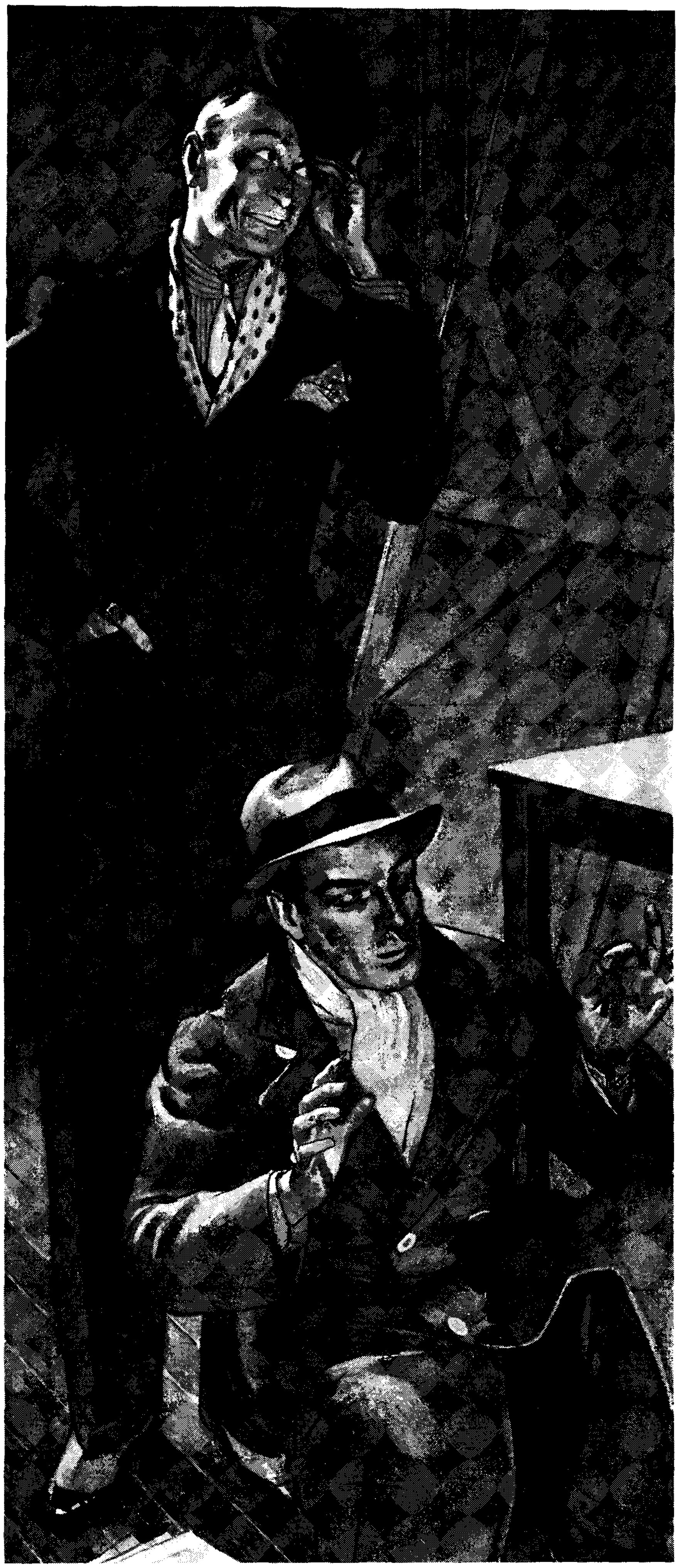
THE Hind Legs was as fine a looking actor as you ever saw. Except you never saw him. Not while he was hooked up with me anyway. I guess he must have been somebody on the stage before the depression tagged him. After I had prodded him with a million questions and got two answers, I respected his privacy. I just figured he was a handsome old gent and was on the lam, and let it go at that. He was one of these progressive citizens who keep up with the news by reading Shakespeare. He carried a book of Bill's black-outs with him all over the Pan and Delmar time. Nobody ever saw him on the stage that I know of. Even the other vaudevillians didn't know him. He never got to the theater until we were ready to trot out the Old Gray Mare. We pulled the hoss on in the dressing-room. After the act was over we backed into the dressing-room and he got out. He only made one personal appearance when he was with me. That was in Minneapolis.

After we had washed up on the Delmar time we dropped off for a split week in Trenton. It wasn't much, but it kept the pennies bouncing on the drum. When times are tough, monkeys will eat red pepper. We hit Trenton at eight one Monday morning and I sent the Hind Legs to the Eltorium Annex while I hustled the baggage and beat it for the Orpheum to fix the music cues. That's important on Monday morning. Get there first before the headliners. Arrange your lights and cues and then get back to the hotel for a little sleep before the matinée. If you didn't click on your first show in the Orpheum you were out colder than a penguin egg omelet. The manager of that house was old Pictures-on-a-Broom and he was tougher than a leather vest with the buckles on the inside.

THE baggage took me some time and I got around to the Orpheum late. The house is colder than dead fish. The audience is three or four scrub ladies pulling Saturday's chewing gum from the bottoms of the seats and letting it fly back.

The orchestra is in the pit because they're getting paid for it. They're all wearing their hats and coats; you ain't heard no music till you hear a piccolo player thumbing stops with his mittens on. There were a lot of performers on the stage, all trying to hand their music to the leader at the same time. It's an open meet, so I watch my chance and try to cop a sneak with the leader. I hustled stage center and was handing over my unfinished hoss symphony when a hand grabs me by the ruff of the nape and I sat down with all on board. I looked up and saw I had been dry-docked by a total stranger.

I drew back the double fives and was about to give him the message the bee gave the nudist colony, when a dame slides in and beats us both to it. She's new to me, and you can't slug a gal without an introduction. But you can't



stop my line plays with a two-man defense if one of them is a woman. I bundled in quick but the guy who upset me had already made his pitch. He was explaining to the leader, "Vamp with a clog waltz. At the shot and scream offstage sagway into She's a Pal of the Daughter of Sweet Rosy O'Grady. Give us Jingle Bells, double forte, for the big skating finish. We start in two and close in one. Got it? Now, here's Miss Mystera's music—"

"Just a minute, Brother," I cut in. "Let Mystera set her own act when she gets here. First come, first served."

The leader gave me the nod to lay off. I knew the gal who slid in on us was the great Mystera, the sensation of the season. She was a mind reader and had scored all over the circuit. But I wasn't laying off for even the great Mystera.

"You know my act," I said to the leader. "Same old business. The Old Gray Mare for the big hoss laugh. Douse the foots and come up white—"

"Pardon me," says the other guy, "Miss Mystera is being featured here this week. She cannot run second to a burlap horse—"

"Mister," I said, "you're talking to the Front Legs. We've wowed them all over the circuit. We've scored in towns where they eat their young—"

WELL, he gave me the elbows and I gave him the hips. We waggled back and forth like windshield wipers on St. Swithin's day. Just then I piped Pictures coming down a dark aisle and I quit cold.

"Lady," I tossed in a bow to Mystera, "you first." I got a look at her then and she was a pip. While her boy friend was buzzing the leader I got a load of his profile and placed him like that. I remembered him plenty. He was Torcho, the former Fire Eater. Now he was an adagio dancer. Before the change he could have breathed on Mae West and simonized her. I knew he was Mystera's fair-haired boy when I saw him taking charge of her routine, and knowing Torcho, I knew he was taking care of most of her dough, too.

While I got everybody in the grease I might as well drop Pictures-on-a-Broom into the hot fat and sprinkle a few cracker crumbs on him. He was as crazy as a turtle with a ticklish stomach. If you didn't click in his theater Monday matinée you were fired then and there. He'd come whooping down the middle aisle hollering, "Pictures on a broom!"

You closed right in the middle of your act. Five minutes later there would be a rap on your dressing-room door. When you opened the door somebody shoved a broom in. On the other end of the broom was Pictures holding it straight out in one hand. On your end of the broom were the pictures that had been in the lobby display announcing your coming arrival. With the other hand the manager was holding his nose indicating that the pictures on the far end of the broom smelled very bad indeed. And that the performer who posed for them smelled worse. There was no use arguing with him. He never signed any contracts in ink. When you played his theater you were penciled in lightly.

Well, Pictures climbs up the steps by the proscenium, toddles out on the stage and throws his arms around Mystera. She's the attraction that is going to draw 'em in for three days. And, from what I hear of her, she can do it. While he was muzzling Mystera I finished explaining to the leader about my stuff. I'm about to tie off when Torcho hooks my arm and says, "Why, if it ain't the horse's neck!"

HE GRABS me by the mitt. Which is all right, too. You can't lose anything shaking hands with Torcho if you count your fingers afterward.

"How about working in the act?" he asked. I told him I had an act of my own.

"You're adagio, ain't you?" I asked. "What good is a guy in the aisles for you?"

"It ain't my act," he explains. "It's Mystera."

Oh, oh, I got it. Torcho was all over the bill like chicken feathers on a farm. And he had grabbed himself a headliner. I always wondered how a mule with that many stables could find his way home at night.

"Sorry," I ties him off, "I don't want it."

"How about the Hind Legs?" he comes back.

"He's booked solid."

"What's he like?"

"The Hind Legs."

"Where's he stopping?"

"In back of me."

Torcho saw he wasn't getting nowhere. He starts to haul his scenery, and then heads in again.

"You ain't going to stop a man from sopping up some easy gravy, are you?" he wants to know. "Is he in the dressing-room?"

The guy is as insistent as a toothache. I'm trying to flag him down because I know the Hind Legs won't take the job. Nobody has ever seen him in the theater yet, and I know he don't want them to. I know, too, that Torcho couldn't locate him unless he grabbed him by the tail in the middle of our act. But he was just the kind of a bird who would do that.

SO FINALLY I says, "I'll take the job. How many sides of talk?"

"No talk," says Torcho. "It's dumb. I bulldoze them from the mantelpiece in one. Then we go down and canvass them in the aisles."

"Well," I tell him, "that's better than them coming up and getting us. Give us the business."

Torcho routines it for me. After he tells me everything twice I got it set. I ain't working for him because I like him. I'm protecting the Hind Legs.

I get a little sleep before the matinée and my act goes good. The mothers bring their babies to the afternoon shows. And I can always fool the kids. The Hind Legs smuggles himself out of the joint as usual and I go to work for Torcho. Say, that Mystera is terrific, even though she gets no laughs. She works straight. She tells them things she doesn't know herself.

You've all seen vaudeville, so there's no use routining the bill for you. Nobody recognizes Torcho as the adagio dancer in the first half of the bill when he comes on and lays down a great introduction for Mystera in the second. Then the traveler rolls back and there's Mystera on a pasteboard throne with plenty of gilt. She carries her own black velvet drops that must have cost five grand. It's a great set. She's dressed in black silk and is wearing the purest of all precious gems. Which is rhinestones—stones which never tempted nobody.

The act is set in about one-and-a-half. First, Torcho and Mystera do a mind-reading act in a green flood. That's standard. But it heats the house up. Torcho bows out on her applause and she goes into a trance. They nail her with a baby spot and she looks very ghostly. She predicts what's going to happen for the next fifty years. Nobody can dispute that.

Then she goes in for the big number. I come front with Torcho and we work the orchestra under house lights. That's

so everybody can see. Mystera will now answer any written question. We only work the first few rows. That's so the folks up in the hanging gardens can watch us. It also keeps us close to a bugle player in the house orchestra. He is like the Australian fillaloo bird. He can't fly a yard or play a note, but he has his uses.

TORCHO draws a young fellow and goes to work. He hands him a pad and a pencil and tells him to write down anything he wants to know. Business, personal, the past, the present, the future and any other times. Anything.

Then Torcho steps down to the pit rail to show he is using no hooks and no mirrors. He's ten feet away from the young fellow.

"Write," says Torcho.

The kid holds his hat over the pad and writes under the derby. He's taking no chances. A girl with him giggles like dishwater in a sink.

"Have you written?" asked Torcho. "Then sign your name to it." The pit is choking Hearts and Flowers down to a whisper. Mystera waves her hands over her blindfolded pan. The kid says he has.

"Tear off the sheet on which you have written," Torcho instructs, good and loud. "Let no one see it. Fold it. Place it in an envelope. Seal the envelope. Place it inside your vest pocket. Sit on it, or eat it if you desire. Mystera will answer though you sink it in the depths of the ocean."

The boy followed instructions. People in the seats cram to see what he's doing. He puts it inside his shoe. Torcho gets the pad and pencil back and offices me to go to work. When we hand out the pad and pencil after that, everybody knows what to do. One man sits on his. An old lady folds her sheet carefully and stashes it in her pocketbook. Another man places his question under his big foot and keeps stamping it down. After we stake out about a dozen people, Torcho and me go to the pit rail. Torcho takes what's left of our pads and asks a gent to look them over for carbon paper or any form of cheating. The gent gives us a clean bill of health. Torcho takes the pads and tears them up. Then he faces the stage.

"Answer, Mystera," he says. Her eyelids flutter. She's suffering from a light and inexpensive chill. She's wading out into a trance.

THEN she speaks. She proceeds to start answering questions that was written on them pads—names, dates and all—until finally she has that house hanging on her words like they are ringside tips right out of the Promised Land. It is a beautiful sight to see her tie the yokels up in brainstorms, and the act has been running overlong when Torcho finally prods her for what proves the pay-off of the evening.

"What," says Torcho for the dozenth time, "do you see, Mystera?"

"I see a lady," she says. "I see a lady."

"Do you know her name?" Torcho asks.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"I can't reveal her first name. There seems to be a cloud."

"Do you know her initial?"

"Yes."

"Reveal it."

"W."

"What is the full name, Mystera?"

"Mrs. W. Summers."

An old lady in my aisle gives a muffled squawk through a handkerchief she has stuffed into her mouth. She's one of my questions. She's close enough for me to see she is trembling all over. She's the one who stashed the paper in her pocketbook, and she looks frightened now.

"No, no, no!" she says, low-like. A very pretty girl is putting her arms around her and patting her back.

"Does Mrs. W. Summers want to know anything?" Torcho prompts. He is a great feeder.

"She does."

"Can you tell her?"

"I can—I think I can."

"Concentrate, Mystera, concentrate."

"It is about her—"

"Go on."

"It is about her—husband."

THIS time the old lady lets out a real scream. The house knows it is on the level and she ain't no plant. The girl tries to comfort her.

"What is it about her husband?"

"She wants to know where he is."

That gets the old lady good. I see it's going to be serious, and I pantomimes an usher to hustle a glass of water.

"Do you know where he is?"

"I seem to see a lot of people."

"A lot of people? Is Mrs. Summers' husband one of them?"

"I have lost him again."

"Find him, Mystera!"

"I see him. I see him. There are many faces."

"Where is he, Mystera?"

"In a big city."

"Do you know the name of the city?"

"Yes, I see that, too."

"Where do you see him, Mystera?"

"I see him on a street in Minneapolis."

Well, the old lady passes out like grafting aldermen at election time. Mystera helps things by putting on a fake swoon on the stage. She's wowed them.

In the meantime I hustle backstage. I can hear 'em applauding Mystera, and Torcho has promised to stall for me. Her music is still playing. It kind of makes me sore when I figure her bows are longer than my whole act. I'm in the dressing-room and there ain't no Hind Legs. Which is strange. He hustles in right after me. Before I can ask him where he was he has his muffler and coat off and is in back of the boss and I'm in front. We paw in the wings to get the tempo, and gallop out on the cue. It's a big laugh after the nervous tension of Mystera's act.

I look for the old lady and see an usher just helping her out in the aisle. She totters out and then I get too busy to think about it. We go big.

Pictures is happier than a hitch-hiker with double-jointed thumbs. A show like that is biscuits in his oven. He stands in the lobby when they come out and he knows they like it.

The Hind Legs is just leaving the dressing-room when we hear a commotion out in the corridor. Now, the Hind Legs never leaves the room when there is anybody out there. We hear voices in some kind of an argument. One of them is a girl. When there's voices in an argument in show business one of them is always a girl. Sometimes, it's two girls. I'm ready to go. So I go.

TORCHO is out there by the call board sort of pushing a dame around. An old lady is standing by crying. It's Mrs. W. Summers. They want to see Mystera, and Torcho is explaining that she is under the care of three doctors and can see nobody. The girl leads the old lady away.

Torcho stalls the girl Tuesday matinée and again at night. Wednesday about one P. M. I'm standing in the stage alley taking a smoke and doing just about enough thinking to give a meatball a brain fever. I recognize the girl coming up the alley. I think she's brushing by but she stops and says, "Pardon me, you're in the show, aren't you?"

That jumped the ash off my cigar.

"Yes, miss," I says. "How did you know?" I was afraid I was starting to look like the boss.

"Can you take me in to see Mystera?" she asks. I guess my face must have had sympathetic twinges in it somewhere for she starts crying and tells me her story. Seems that the old lady is her mother. They ain't seen their father in five years. The old lady has gone gears, brake and steering wheel for the mind-reading act, has drawn all her money out of the bank, is trying to mortgage the home and is off for Minneapolis in the morning. The girl wants to see Mystera and get her to admit that the act is a fake. She thinks that will break the gypsy curse.

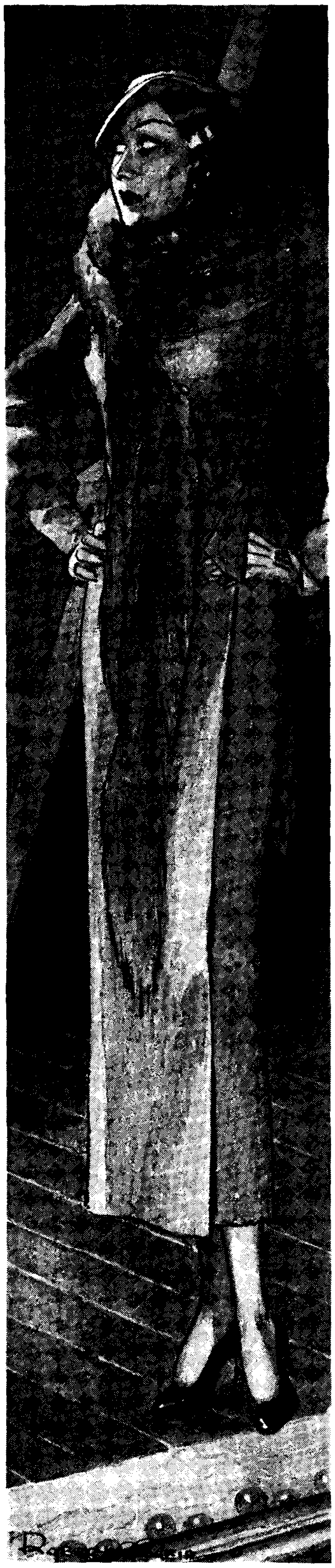
I stall her off. I feel bad about it, but I got to keep quiet. That's show business.

WE GOT forty weeks, but it ain't solid. We play in towns you never heard of. Scattered Sand, West Garage, Burned Mills, Broken Earth and places like that. Naturally, we're always glad to see a big town again when we work east to Minneapolis. Nobody ever seems to know about the Hind Legs. Naturally, they see a bird all muffled up on the railroad platforms in the mornings and late at nights. But they're busy with their own affairs.

Mystera is billed all over Minneapolis like a cyclone warning in a fishing village. By now she is topping everything in vaudeville. Torcho is handling her business. And in addition to her money, he has money of his own.

Monday morning in Minneapolis is the same all over the world. I routine the act and then head back for the hotel. A girl stops me in the lobby. She's kind of shabby, but she's pretty. After she talks a few minutes I peg her for the girl who talked to me in the stage alley in Trenton over a year ago. She's the one who was stalled by Torcho. It's a tough plot she unloads. Her mother fell for Mystera, raised all the money she could and is now haunting the streets of Minneapolis. She ain't found the right street yet and their money is gone. In spite of the fact that her trouble ain't no stripes off my zebra I feel sorry for her. But what am I to do? You can't blow the whistle on your own racket.

I feed her some double talk and bow out. In the room I tell the Hind Legs about it, and he seems to remember the Trenton thing. Then he shows me a



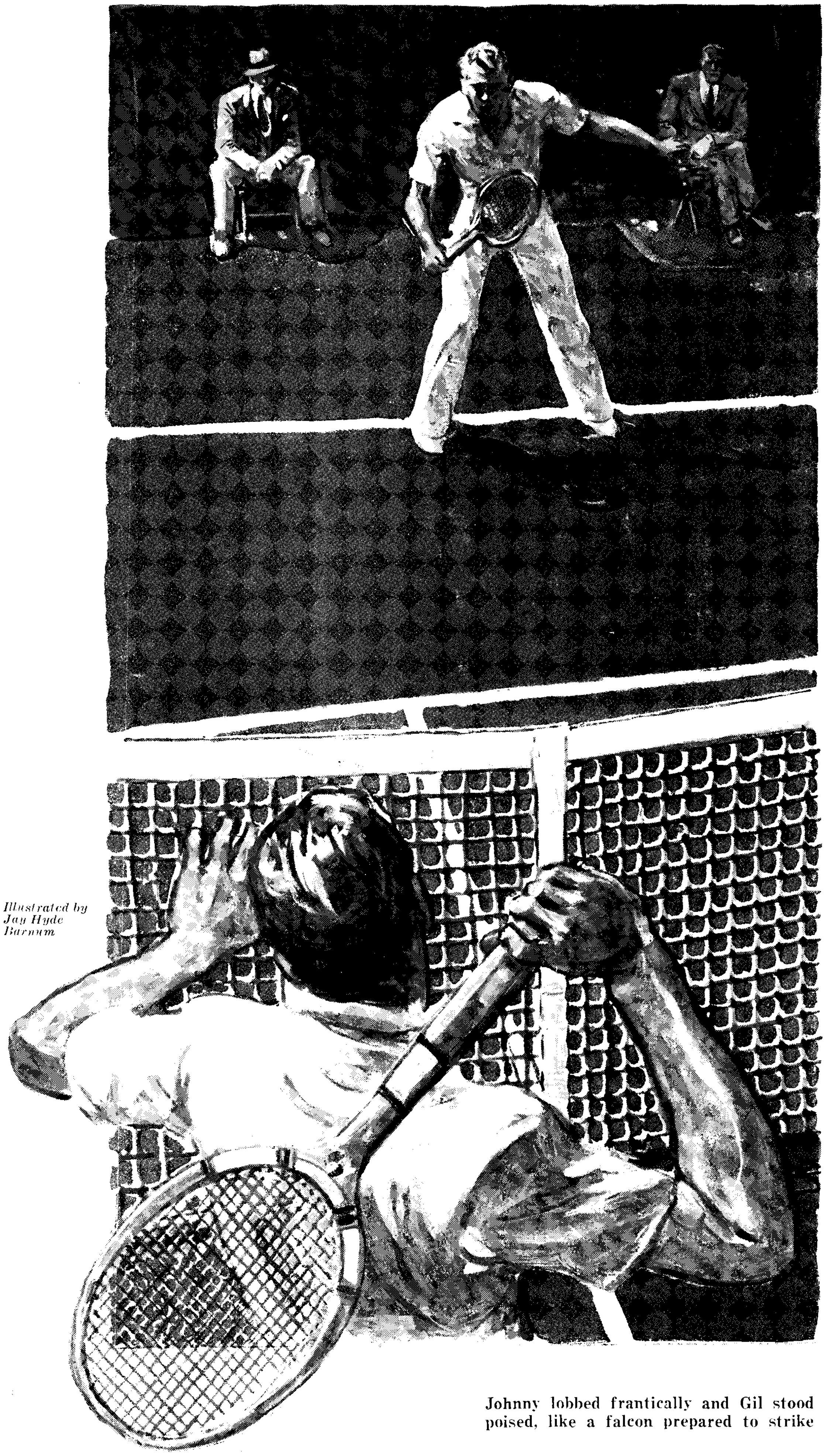
**Just then I piped Pictures coming down a dark aisle and I quit cold. "Lady," I tossed a bow to Mystera, "you first." I got a look at her then and she was a pip**

*(Continued on page 38)*

# Center Court

## By Stanley Paul

*The story of a love game which was not all played on a tennis court*



*Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum*

Johnny lobbed frantically and Gil stood poised, like a falcon prepared to strike

GILBERT TOLMAN'S right foot—which, with its mate, had trod center court turf at Wimbledon and Forest Hills and had slithered in the clay at Saint Cloud—beat time under his table to the dance band. The music was low and incipiently hot.

His eyes strayed again to the buttercup blonde, the slim and fresh-faced girl who danced with Brockway, the youngster from Chicago; Brockway—who this year might tumble Gil from his tennis throne—that is, if Brockway could march through the whole top flight in doing it.

Each time the attractive couple passed his table the girl looked deliberately at Gil: not invitingly, nor provocatively; just a level and direct glance which singled him out and held him for a moment as a definite objective. And each time she did so something stirred in his senses: something very familiar—nevertheless indefinable.

She held her exquisitely modeled head just so. When she drew it back to converse with her partner, her soft, pure throat became classic in its profiled line. Her face was lovely: beautiful, almost, in its honest vivaciousness. She was very attractive; but—who *was* she?

Not until the music had stopped, and she was moving off the floor, did he realize suddenly that a girl who walked so gracefully must be a Bailey. She was Eden again. Eden: younger and softer. Gil's heart ballooned a little. He got up and walked to her table.

"Hello, Nitsy," he said.

"Hello, Gil." Her eyes, so like Eden's, looked up at him from under the same fascinating brow. "You remembered me at last, didn't you?" she asked; then: "This is Johnny Brockway, Gil."

"How do you do, sir?" said Brockway, extending an eager hand. When Gil clasped it, he added: "Here's to the day I take you!"

Gil grinned.

"Not far off, I'm afraid. However, there are a few ahead of you, aren't there? Anyway, I'll see that you have a good go when it happens."

"Johnny," said his lovely companion, "now's your chance to dance with Jane Goodale. You should, you know. She's very important. Gil will sit with me until you come back."

"Oh, see here," said the youngster in vast indignation, "I'd much rather stay and talk tennis with Mr. Tolman."

"RUN along, Johnny. You're to meet Boston's best, you know. It may come in handy some day. There's a good boy."

Brockway turned to Gil.

"You'll not think me rude?"

"Not a bit." Gil watched the broad shoulders retreat through the throng; then he sat down at the table. They lighted cigarettes.

"Nitsy," said Gil ruminatively. "Nitsy. That's hardly adequate. What do they call you now, Nitsy?"

Her eyes narrowed a little; mockingly, he thought.

"Clever, Gil," she said, "but not clever enough. They call me just what they used to call me when I was dressed up for dinner."

Dinner! Gil remembered week-ends at Lenox in the Berkshires in an old brick house: a table lighted softly by candles; little winds, hill winds, speaking in the shafted pines outside; the eminently hospitable Baileys at opposite ends of the table; Eden beside him; and, across the serviced board, a round, solemn little face, fresh-scrubbed and glowing with young vigor; intent—almost to the point of embarrassing him—upon every word he uttered.

He blew out a puff of smoke.

"That would be Martha," he said.

"Good old Gil!" Her pleasure in his recollection of her name danced in her clear, blue eyes. "You *did* have to think, though; didn't you?"

"A bit," Gil admitted. "How many years is it?"

"Six," she replied. "Seven, perhaps."

Gil wondered again if the eyes were mocking him. "Go ahead," they seemed to say, "why don't you ask about Eden?" He stiffened against utterance of the question, and said instead:

"It's strange, seeing you here. I mean—you've grown up so."

"What would you expect in six years?"

"I know; I meant you and Brockway. You look so . . ." He waved a vague hand and glanced up inquiringly.

"Oh!" said Martha. "Do we really look like that? Well, I *am* supposed to marry him."

"What do you mean—'supposed to marry him'?"

"He's a protégé of Eden's husband. You know how quickly he rose in tennis. After he's made a name in the game he'll go back to Chicago to bigger and better things à la executivedom. Eden implied that I was to fall in love with him and be brought west. I might as well. I'm twenty, you know. At least, I'll have an affair with him. Twenty's the year for affairs, isn't it?"

"QUIT, Nitsy," said Gil, quite as he had years ago. "You're too young to be cynical."

"Am I? Well, anyway, he's nice. And he confidently expects to beat you, Gil. If not here at Brightwood, then at Newport; and certainly at Forest Hills in September."

"He may," Gil observed. "Remember Maurice McLoughlin? Perhaps Johnny's another."

"McLoughlin," said Martha, "didn't have you in his way."

Gil laughed.

"You aren't reading the papers," he stated.

"What do you mean?"

"This is my year to fade. The sports writers have my toboggan all picked out. It's true, all right. I just escaped a scalping last year. I'm thirty, you know. And thirty is old in tennis."

"Why don't you quit, Gil? Now?"

"Vanity, I guess. Besides, I'll never forget the thrill I got when I had my first shot at a champion. These youngsters that have been gunning for me deserve their whack. It'd be letting them down to get out."

"Well," said Martha, "you'll find that thirty isn't old, once you're out of the game."

"That depends on the viewpoint. I'm afraid that a chap who gives ten years to the game might always think of himself in terms of it."

"What will you do?" asked Martha.

"Oh . . . I don't know . . . " Gil had avoided asking himself this same question many times. "Report it, perhaps. Play with a few oldsters such as myself. I'm too fond of it to break away entirely. Who wouldn't be, after ten years of it?"

"Poor Gil." Martha's eyes were quickly compassionate. "Will it hurt, do you think?"

"Hurt? No; hurt isn't the word. Look here, you'll be having me sorry for myself in a minute. Let's talk about something else; shall we?"

"All right," said Martha; "what?"

Gil dropped his eyes to the cloth and moved a crumb around with a knuckle; then he looked up. She must have sensed the unasked question for she said:

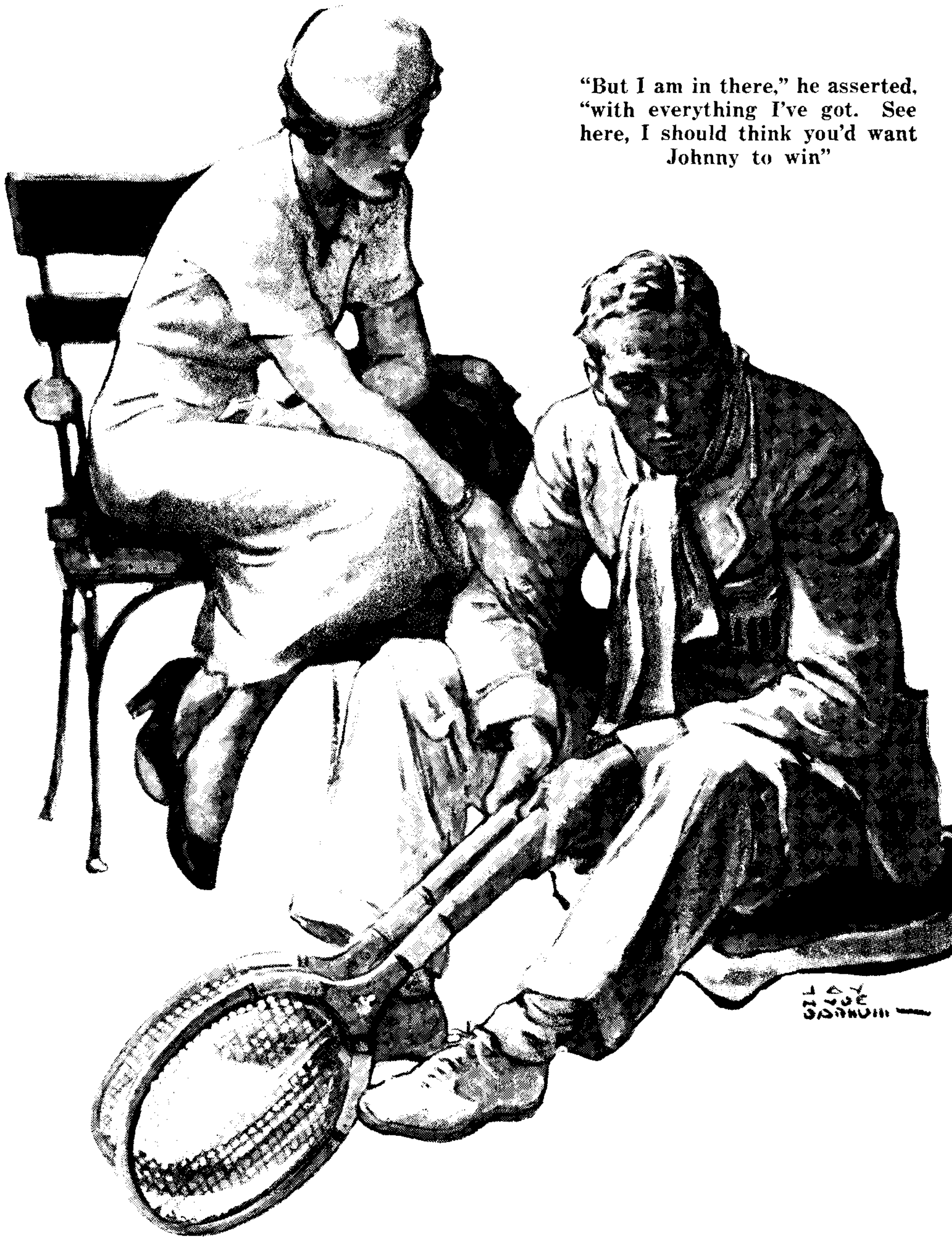
"Eden's well, Gil."

"Is she?" He noticed his hand shook a little; he folded it in its mate. "Tell me about her," he said. "She's happy, of course?"

MARTHA shrugged her slim shoulders.

"I suppose so. She has what she wanted, anyway."

"I could have given her that—if she'd been willing to wait," Gil said rather bitterly.



**"But I am in there," he asserted, "with everything I've got. See here, I should think you'd want Johnny to win"**

"No, you couldn't have, Gil. Oh, I know you've come into a potful of your family's money. Eden wanted more than just money. She wanted power, or at least a man who could give it to her. Active power. Excitement. Struggle."

Gil dropped an ash from his cigarette rather thoughtfully.

"Tell me," he asked, "what is he really like?"

"That's right," said Martha. "You weren't at the wedding, were you?"

"No," Gil said, trying not to appear stiff. "If you remember—that was the week of the Church Cup play at Merion. I couldn't get away."

"Well," Martha said, "he's Chicagoish—rather. I mean important-looking about the neck . . . has a massagey type skin; and he's constantly surrounded by the panoply of big business, even out of hours—things like having a secretary meet him in the lounge of a night club to take late dictation. And he's always signing something, a bit ostentatiously."

"Sounds attractive," Gil observed.

"But he's good to her," Martha went on. "She drives the smartest roadster on Michigan Boulevard. He's given her a coöperative apartment on the Gold Coast and a summer place at Geneva. She's doing well, really. Oh, yes! And he's given her a baby. She's bringing it home to Lenox week after next for us all to poke at."

"Oh!" Gil said. "Perhaps I'll see her."

Martha regarded him for a long moment.

"Gil," she asked at last, "do you really think you'd like seeing Eden with a baby?"

Gil colored.

"No," he said slowly, "I don't think I would."

"Don't come up, then."

"Right, Martha. I shan't."

They sat silent for a moment.

"POOR Gil," she said with her eyes tracing the line of his lean brown face. "I cried for you the night she told you about things . . . the night she said goodby to you."

"Cried for me?"

"Yes; in my room . . . right over the veranda. I heard it all—purposely. You were so splendid, so sporting, and yet I knew your heart was breaking. You couldn't cry—so I did it for you. Then, when you'd left and Eden had come in, I watched you down the drive. I thought you turned at the end. Did you turn, Gil? Anyway, I blew a kiss to you from out of the dark; then I cried some more."

Gil felt deeply touched.

"Good Lord!" he said. "You were only fourteen!"

"One can cry at fourteen, Gil."

"Yes; about bicycles and dresses one wants and can't have, and about schools and parties one wants to go to and isn't allowed; but not about older sisters' love affairs, I shouldn't think."

"I wasn't crying for Eden," said Martha.

Gil could find no answer to this. He sat up; it seemed absurd, really, that he should be discussing things with Martha which occurred when she was so young. It must, he realized, make him appear slightly ridiculous. He wished, somehow, that he hadn't come here tonight. He looked about the room at the bright host of youth, busy and happy with eating, laughing, loving. It was where he and Eden had come when Eden was in Boston. It was where, he resolved, he would come no more.

It was disconcerting also to discover that a chubby face had thinned and softened into beauty; to see mature and tender molding in a mouth remembered as youthfully severe and commanding; to hear echoes of a familiar and cherished voice in the voice of another that had been strident with lusty girlhood; but which was now clear, modulated and even.

SUDDENLY a seed ball of melody burst softly in the strings of a guitar across the room and spread through the entire orchestra; in a moment the reeds were sobbing above the ruffled thump of percussion; couples rose and weaved through the tables toward the floor to become moving units upon its surface. Gil stirred uneasily in his chair. By way of masking discomposure, he said:

"I'll be seeing you next week? You'll be coming out to watch the play at Brightwood?"

"Yes," said Martha, looking at him. He seemed to sense faint invitation in her eyes. It was strange. All the grandiose introduction over, the orchestra now played an old, old song. The rumble of hot syncopation had faded. The strings sang high and sweet.

He said: "Will you dance with me?"

"Of course."

They rose and threaded toward the floor. Over her shoulder he caught the words:

"Do you remember Eden's début? It was there that I had my first real dance—I mean, a man asking me and all. It was you. I've never forgotten it."

Gill chuckled.

"How absurd!" he said.

She turned to face him; they were at the floor's edge.

"Oh, but it isn't," she said. "It isn't at all."

She slipped into his arms so easily that he held her almost before he was aware of it; then his breath caught a little at her slenderness. Her head, he discovered by its faint pressure, came just to his ear. He thought, for a moment, after her face was lost over his shoulder, that it might be Eden he danced

*(Continued on page 31)*

# Recovery throws away a Crutch

## By Walter Davenport

***After the ball is over, after the CWA has spent its last reckless million, what then? Whose pay roll is going to absorb the present recipients of its weekly pay envelopes?***

***The answer is: Industry. And lest there be any misunderstanding about it, the Administration is ready to explain details and picture the alternatives.***

***Here Mr. Davenport takes you behind the scenes to watch, amid tearful lamentations of vote-hungry politicians, the checker game that is to result in Recovery's freedom from artificial support***

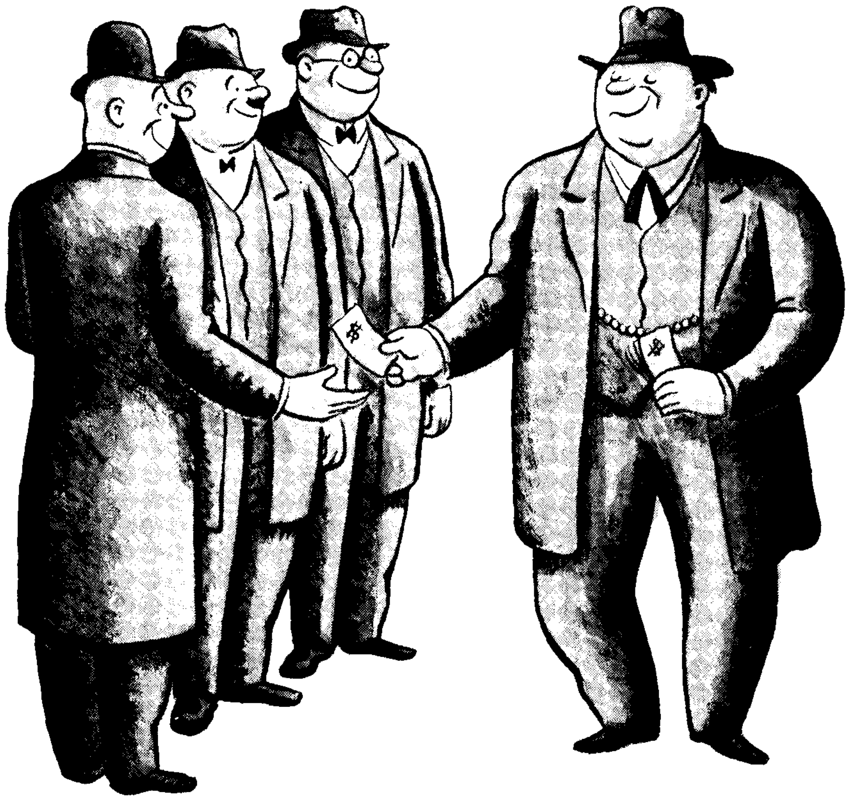
THE decision was made one particularly nasty afternoon in February. And in the evening, with the gale making suds of the Potomac and the sleet slashing the White House windows—a most appropriate night for such scenes—an audience of New Deal prophets and administrators and members of Congress forgathered to be told that CWA, the Civil Works Administration, was to be turned adrift, ejected from the recovery homestead, disowned by her hard-boiled parent, the PWA.

She had, it seems, always been regarded by the rest of the house as an interloper—a workhouse brat with a bad background, a dizzy Jezebel for racketeering politicians to trifle with. She had never enjoyed the indulgent smiles and sympathetic concern that had been the happy lot of the other children—NRA, AAA, CCC, HOLC and the rest of the cornucopia brood. If something like this weren't done the wayward wench would ruin the family. Turn her loose in the morning with a hundred million dollars to do a bit of shopping and she'd be back at dinner time without a sou and minus most of her clothes.

So she was about to be sent packing back to her friends, the towns, cities and states who for months had lived fatly on her loose-handed generosity. An untidy, undisciplined, trouble-breeding baggage. And although she had been on a billion-dollar spree and had scarcely a nickel left for carfare, she was departing with an impudent leer and a fresh warning to the solemn gathering to wait, just wait, until New York, California, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri and the rest of them heard about it.

But out she went notwithstanding, with a few sharp words from President Roosevelt himself. As she turned the corner sneering in the storm, it was observed that her thumb was jammed against the tip of her nose. The little congregation that witnessed her expulsion dissolved slowly with what, I am told, amounted to mingled feelings.

The economists, for example (and who isn't one in Washington these days?), were inclined to congratulate the President, the country and themselves on purely scientific grounds. But their smiles grew small when, in the raucous tones of the stump, representatives from bankrupt districts of badly busted states bellowed that she'd be back again by fall. The sociologists, the industrial engineers, the slide-rule operators and the researchers with all their graph-draftsmen, chart-makers and auxiliary thinkers admitted frankly to a sinking feeling, although conceding freely that it was the only thing to do in the circumstances. This banishment of the CWA, you must understand, was the first negative experiment the President had attempted. Heretofore it had always been an additional bureau, board, authority, administration or corporation. All told, there were twenty-eight such buttresses, each designed to shore up some faltering corner of our social and economic structure—all bearing alphabetical titles and all but two of them inventions of the Roosevelt Administration. And now alphabetical combinations, to say nothing of the money to make them function, were approaching exhaustion.



Too many members of Congress had held the affections of their constituents with government funds freely disbursed

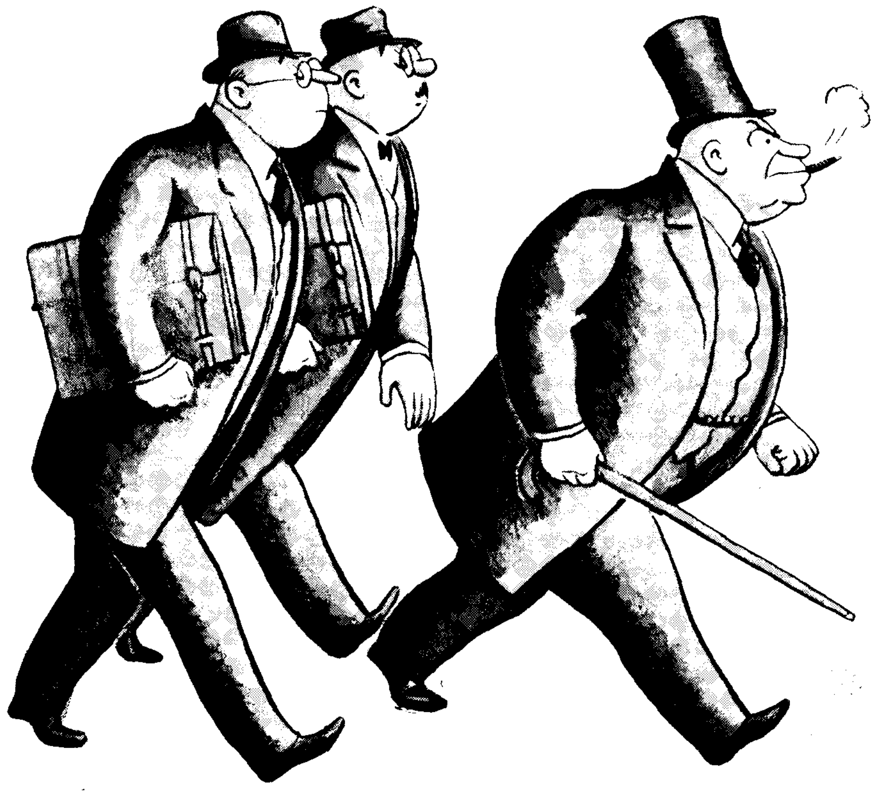
### Bad News for the Politicians

A certain and impressive number of the professional politicians who were about to look to hungry constituencies for the renewal of their meal tickets departed suffering from a bad chill that the weather had nothing to do with. Any officeholder will tell you that there are very few votes in telling the folks back home that they are not going to get the usual weekly pay check. Primary elections were in the immediate offing. In the fall an entire House of Representatives was to be elected, and thirty-five senators. Clearly the demobilization of the CWA was bad news for quite a number of them. And to make it worse, the prevailing idea was that much of the work of the CWA was to be taken over by her stern father, the PWA, who demanded of communities that sought federal funds a pledge to repay seventy per cent of the amount lent and to back up the pledge with healthy security.

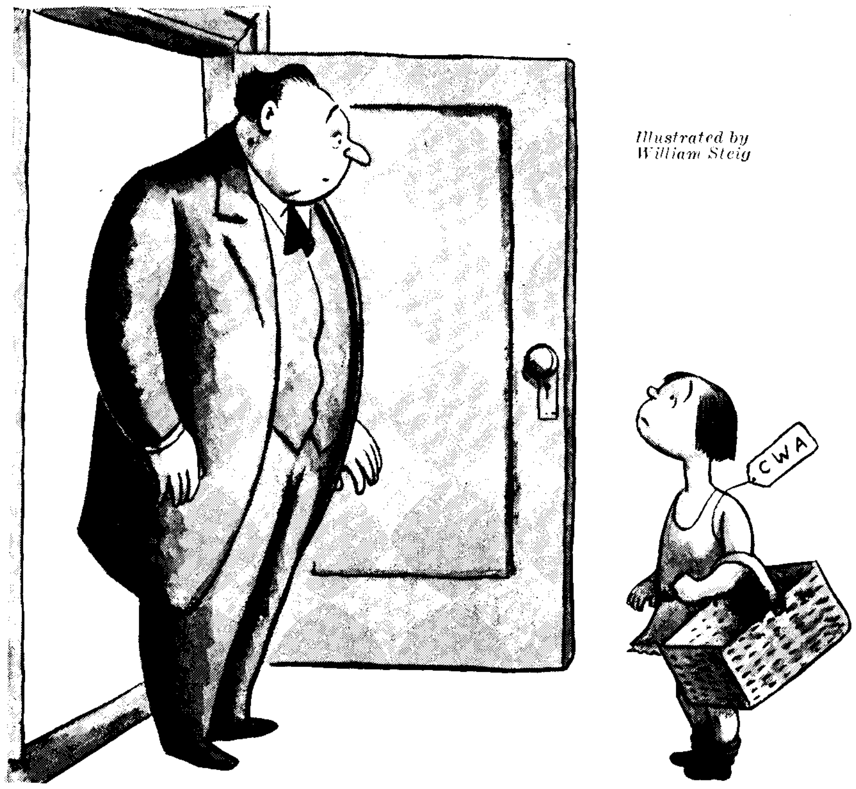
Thus not only the erstwhile wards of the CWA were going to be badly out of sorts, but the local political bosses to whom so many national legislators were beholden were going to be pretty peevish. You see, the burden of taking over the relief which had been coming from Washington was going to break the axles of a lot of local political chariots. Here, then, was a political crisis for a large group of members of Congress. Too many of them had held the affections of their constituents with government funds disbursed variously.

To be sure, all this is a gnat's-eye view of the vast panorama of recovery and a pretty miserable piece of groveling in the presence of the all-important question of recovery—economic nationalism, economic internationalism or the middle path between them. But unfortunately large numbers of congressmen must look for votes among constituencies to whom these terms are entirely mysterious, whose immediate problems are stated in simple terms of bread and butter, who aren't therefore interested in their extremity in whether we withdraw fifty million acres of rich farmland from cultivation or, by smashing down our towering tariff walls and reorganizing industry, import an extra billion dollars' worth of foreign-made goods. Neither do they care at present whether we take to that much-discussed middle path—the reduction of our best farming land by 25,000,000 acres and the importation of another half billion dollars' worth of the outside world's goods. In Washington nobody dreams of anything in terms of less than hundreds of millions; but outside, fifteen dollars is big money.

Therefore the announcement of the passing of the CWA became for the practical politician an issue more poignant than any of these distant scenes

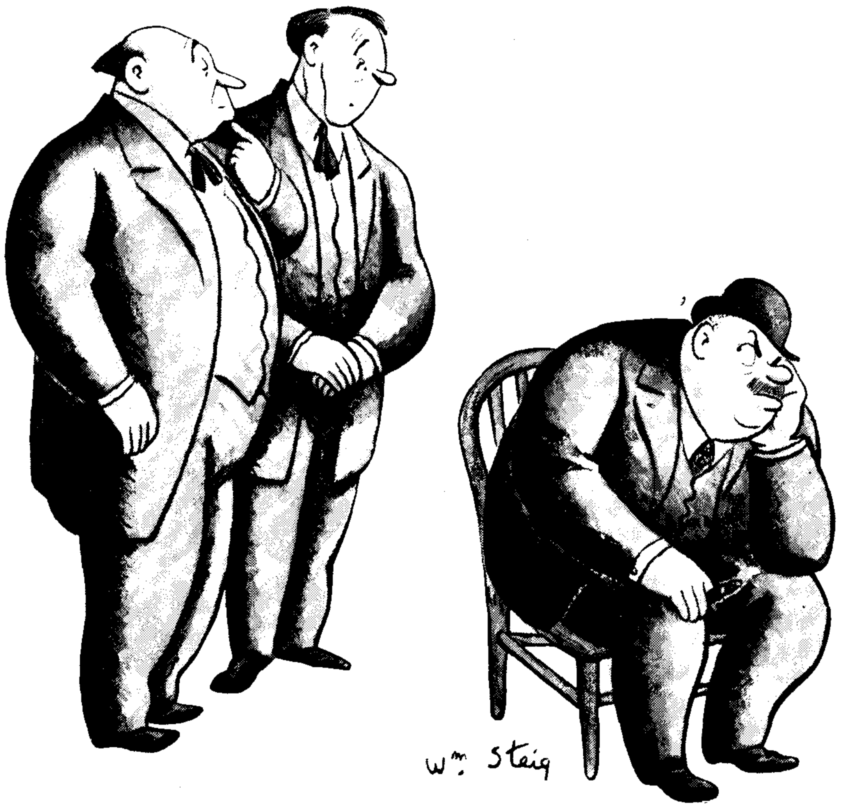


By the hundreds, militant industrialists invaded Washington, with lawyers and economists to expound the Constitution



Illustrated by William Steig

She had, it seems, always been regarded by the rest of the house as an interloper—a workhouse brat



The departure of the CWA would be bad news both for its erstwhile beneficiaries and their local bosses

with hifalutin names. What with one thing and another, local political lines back home had been largely obliterated, local political bosses were shivering impotently on fire escapes. The mass vote was ready to fall into the lap of him who stood boldly for mass food and rent, whatever the source thereof might be. There was no nourishment in preaching economies and economy to jobless citizens who had been ruined by the former and had pursued the latter to the starvation point.

### Calming the Constituents

However, the outlook was not entirely hopeless. Congressmen could ease the home-going by voting for the bonus bill and restoration of Veteran benefits. Then, home again casting about for votes, they could cite the comforting fact that at least $950,000,000 had been given by them to the President to take up some of the slack that would inevitably come when so many local communities should demonstrate their inability to carry on where the CWA had left off. Moreover, it was a moral certainty that this $950,000,000 would be increased, even doubled. Nevertheless, there were going to be a vast number of erstwhile beneficiaries of the CWA who would never get back on the government's pay roll again and there was going to be a large army of ward heelers and district leaders who were going to be pretty resentful of losing the CWA gravy that made such elegant finger-licking.

Expelling the CWA from Recovery House was not without political logic. To get the whole story you have to look the situation over with pretty practical eyes. Much of it was to be had in the Kremlin, which is the name the hard-pressed industrialists have put upon the vast Department of Commerce Building, where the toughest of the New Deal's commissars holds forth —General Hugh S. Johnson. With ninety per cent of American industry under codes, some of which chafed either because they weren't expertly fitted or because the wearer was one of those animals which never get broken to harness, the important question of compelling the coded to abide thereby was demanding immediate solution.

So the season of complaint and protest was ordered. By the hundreds, industrialists militant with the spirit of laissez-faire invaded Washington, accompanied by lawyers to expound the Constitution and economists brimming with Adam Smith economics. Thus armed, they proposed forever to silence the New Deal's streamlined economists who contend that this depression has relegated important pages of Mr. Smith to the limbo of blunderbusses, buggies and bustles. There was more than a trace of guile in the invitation to Washington; the Administration was welcoming criticism of the codes and of the labor union clauses of the National Industrial Recovery Act, but it also was eager to have all these important men gathered in one place at the same time, that it might give tongue to a few additional ideas—particularly the Wagner Bill—and be sure they were heard.

### Industry Gets Its Orders

Therefore it had been decided well in advance of the invitation to tell the assembled industrialists that it was up to them to take up much of the slack that would follow the dissolution of the CWA. The CWA had given work to three or four million men. Some of these would have to be put to work, or otherwise provided for, by their local governments. But industry was to do a noble share of absorbing. Nobody in Washington or elsewhere believed that without radical and definite changes in hours and wages would industry—particularly the capital or durable goods industries—be able immediately to do much about it.

Yet the theory of the Administration was exceedingly simple: While the President was seeking price and cost stabilization somewhere in the neighborhood of 1926 levels, nothing else in the New Deal's program was even remotely related to anything that had obtained before, except possibly prosperity. And even prosperity was to be regarded as something to be achieved with eyes to the future and not on the past. Not until the universal trend toward nationalism—economic nationalism—had traveled its course and a "new internationalism" emerged could anything approximating the free and easy oceanic commerce of the dead decade of Harding and Coolidge be looked for. And even then the profits would be but wraiths of their ancestors. To all this and much more the industrialists listened with well-controlled enthusiasm.

The durable goods industries informed the government through General Johnson (who informed right back at them) that something like 5,000,000 workers, or half their normal pay roll, were idle. And the so-called service industries, connecting the retailer or the consumer with the manufacturer, demonstrated that 4,000,000 persons to whom they might give work were hanging around employment agencies waiting for the basic or capital industries to get going. And all industries, claiming vigorously that they knew more about running themselves than the theorists, demanded that the Administration quit its interfering and assign to them the business of restoring prosperity.

Naturally this was contrary to the New Deal's plan. To have conceded this, to have agreed to a hands-off policy, would have been tantamount to an abandonment of all that the NRA had been trying to accomplish. Perhaps a less inspired program of recovery would have weakened under the pressure. But the Administration had gone too far to the left to retrace its steps in a single bound like that. And industry was told what was expected of it. And if industry did not want to go along peaceably and without fuss there was that bill in Congress—several bills in fact—which would compel the employers to adopt the thirty-hour week and several other innovations. Some of General Johnson's guests then spoke feelingly of coercion. Others were content merely to protest that this would make imperative the almost revolutionary revision and reorganization of industry—even to the extent perhaps of eliminating certain industries and scrapping hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of equipment and machinery. The Kremlin and all the other halls wherein the industrialists gathered to listen and answer roared with high-explosive oratory that had it that the old days of "unbridled greed and opportunism" were over and done; that the era of planned production and even commerce regimentation was upon us.

### The President Has the Last Word

All of which put the beset employers in a nerve-racking position. The Administration had a whole handful of cards it still could play—tariff reductions, new monetary experiments, regimentation of land production and so on. Industry had but one—and it couldn't play that. Everything that industry had or had amassed was invested in its business and it had to go on under whatever conditions were forced upon it. Some of them made gloomy forecasts of certain failure and permanent disappearance. Others assured the Administration that within the narrow confines set up by the codes millions of workers could never be absorbed, that if industry had to pay higher wages for shorter weeks of work the prices of their produce would increase with a resultant inability of an unemployed public to buy. And then what?

At any rate it was in this spirit that the industrialists left Washington. The entire country knew by this time that President Roosevelt had demanded that business so adjust itself that it make room for more employees at the expense of proprietors' profits; and the masses were nodding approval—as usual.

Moreover, the demand made upon industry by the President, through General Johnson, lost none of its popularity because of the publication by the United States Senate of the salaries and bonuses paid to the topside officials of many of the corporations that were protesting against the New Deal's actions.

More important in the immediate situation, however, were the unintended uses to which the CWA was being put by local politicians. As long as the free spending by the CWA continued, there was no hurry for such centers of

(Continued on page 61)

# The Trail of Fu Manchu

### By Sax Rohmer

*The Story Thus Far:*

IN FRANCE, Professor Pietro Ambroso *evolves a remarkable statue*—the lovely figure of a girl which, made of Sèvres porcelain and skillfully tinted, is amazingly lifelike. He wires Scotland Yard, says he is bringing the statue to England, requests police protection for his house in London. He *arrives with a case containing the statue.*

Shortly after, while watching the house on a foggy night, Constable Ireland hears a girl's shriek: *"Help! For God's sake, help me!"* He slips into the house. No one is there—the place is deserted!

Meanwhile, *Sir Denis Nayland Smith*, England's most brilliant criminal investigator, has been working on a shocking case. His young friend *Alan Sterling* is engaged to the famous Dr. Petrie's gloriously beautiful daughter, Fleurette. And Fleurette—apparently kidnapped on a steamer bound from France to Egypt—has disappeared. In a frenzy of activity, Sir Denis has learned that the *real* Ambroso is still in Italy; that the man posing as Ambroso does not even resemble the professor; that the statue brought to London is not the same as the one made in France. He has reason to believe that the notorious Dr. Fu Manchu—the most dangerous criminal the world has ever known—is in some way involved in Fleurette's disappearance, may even have murdered the girl!

Constable Ireland reports his adventure by telephone. With Chief Inspector Gallaho, Sterling (in a frenzy of apprehension) and several members of the Flying Squad, Sir Denis dashes to the "Ambroso" house. He listens to Ireland's story. The man claims to have heard someone, or some *thing*, in the fog near the house. A search follows. No one is found. There is a large studio in the house. In it a long, narrow box—obviously the one in which the statue had been brought from France—is found. It is empty.

Sir Denis examines it carefully, with a magnifying glass. Then— "Sterling," he exclaims, "look at this." He places something in the light so that Sterling can inspect it. Sterling looks at it, gasps. "It's a wavy, Titian-red hair." Sir Denis continues. "You, Sterling, know where it came from. It proves that the beautiful figure which once lay in that case was—*Fleurette!*"

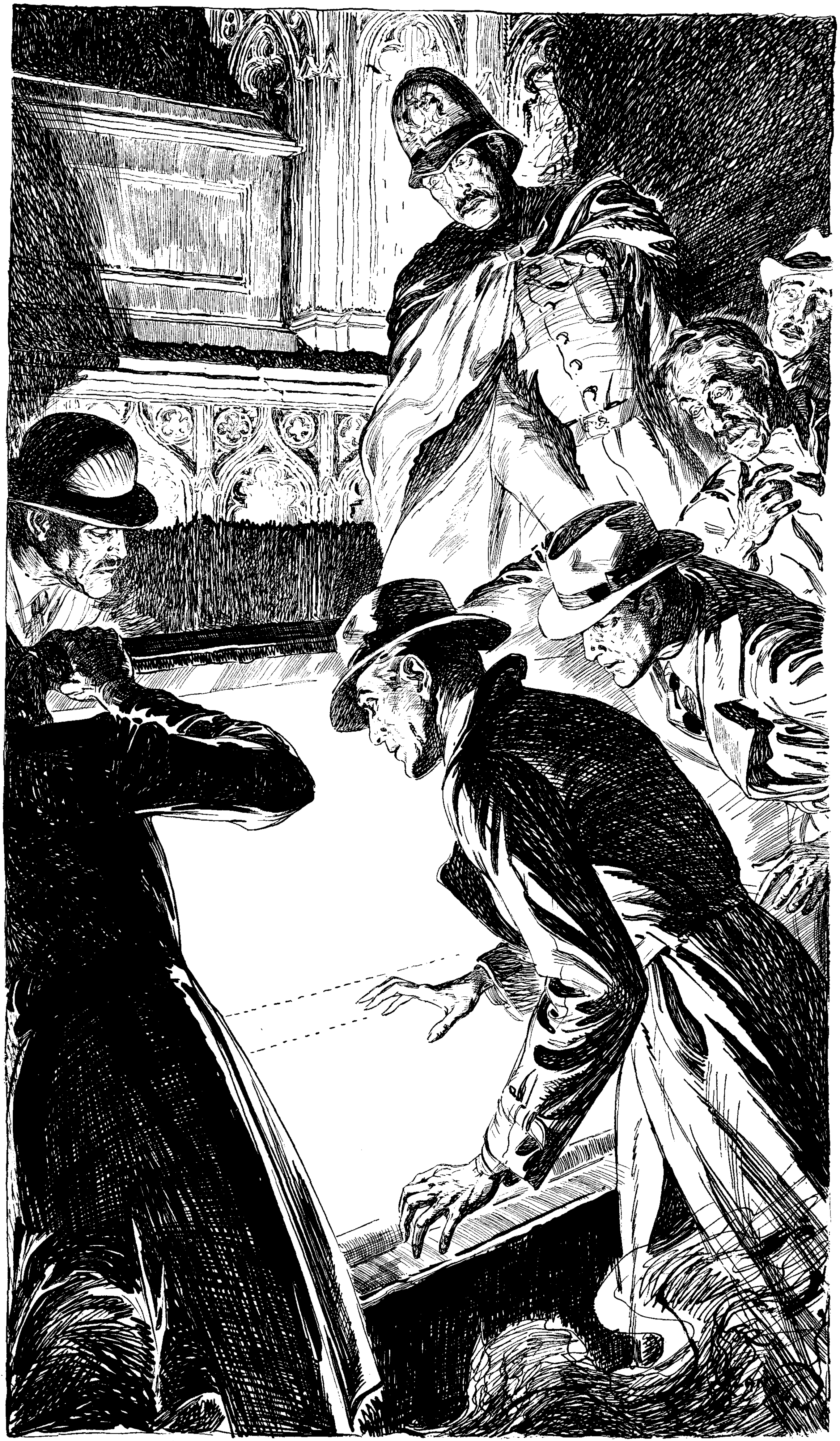
## II

"THIS blasted fog is blotting everything out again," said Nayland Smith irritably. "The river is out of sight already. By dusk it will be as bad as ever.

He turned from the window and stared across the room in the direction of a leather couch upon which his visitor was extended. Alan Sterling, his keen, tanned face very haggard, summoned up a smile.

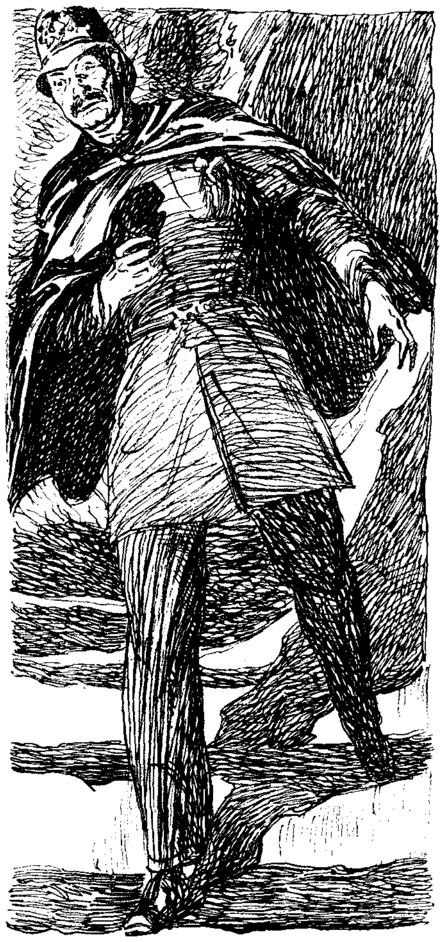
A log fire burned in the open hearth. Red leather was the predominant note in the furniture, and there were some fine, strong oil paintings on the wall. The big, lofty room was underfurnished, but homely and habitable. One might have supposed its appointments had been dictated by somebody long resident in the East, and therefore used to scanty furniture. Some of the paintings were of Eastern subjects, and there was some good jade on top of a bookcase, which seemed to be filled with works of a medico-legal character, with a sprinkling of Orientalism.

"You know, Sir Denis," said Alan Sterling, sitting upright, "you are like a tonic to me. I am keen enough about my own job, which happens to be botany; but if I may say so, for an ex-



*Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan*

Complete silence claimed the tomb of the Demurases, until: "Look!" said Nayland Smith



Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police to select a residence right in Whitehall—next door, as it were, to Scotland Yard—indicates an even greater keenness."

NAYLAND SMITH glanced swiftly at the speaker. He knew the tension under which Sterling was laboring; how good it was to distract his mind from those torturing queries: Where is she? Is she alive or dead?

"You are quite right," he replied, quietly. "I have been through the sort of fires which are burning you now, Sterling, and I have always found that work was the best ointment for the burns. It was fate, I suppose, that made me an officer of Indian police. The gods—whoever the gods may be—had selected me as an opponent for—"

"Dr. Fu Manchu," said Sterling.

He brushed his hair back from his forehead: it was a gesture of distraction, almost of despair. Nayland Smith crossed to the buffet and from a tobacco jar which stood there began to load his brier.

"Dr. Fu Manchu. Yes. I know I have failed, Sterling, because the man still lives. But *he* has failed, too; because, thank God, I have succeeded in checking him, step by step."

"I know you have, Sir Denis. No other man in the world could have done what you have done."

"That's open to question." Nayland Smith stuffed broad-cut mixture into the cracked bowl; "but the point is that if I can't throw him—I can hold him." He struck a match. "He's here, Sterling. He's here, in London."

Alan Sterling clenched his fists and Nayland Smith watched him as he lighted his pipe. Passivity threatened Sterling, that Eastern resignation with which Smith was all too familiar. It must be combated: he must revivify the man; awaken the fiery spirit which he had good reason to know burned in him.

"Let's review the facts," he went on, briskly, his pipe now well alight. He began to walk up and down the Persian carpet. "You will find, Sterling, that they are not as unfavorable as they seem. To arrange them in some sort of order: First"—he raised a lean finger—"Dr. Fu Manchu, hunted by the police of Europe, succeeds in reaching England disguised as Professor Ambroso. You and I know that he is an illusionist unrivaled since the death of the late Harry Houdini. Very well: Next"—he raised his second finger—"Fleurette Petrie, incidentally your fiancée, was smuggled off the Oxfordshire by means of some trick which we may never solve, and taken to Nice; third"—he raised the third finger—"doubtless in that state of trance which Dr. Fu Manchu is able to induce, she traveled from Nice to London as the Sleeping Venus of Professor Ambroso, and duly arrived at the house on the North Side of the Common."

"SHE is dead," Sterling groaned. "They have killed her."

"I emphatically deny that she is dead," snapped Nayland Smith. "Definitely, she was not dead last night."

"What do you mean, Sir Denis?"

A pathetic light of hope had sprung into the haggard eyes of Sterling.

"A dead girl—foully murdered—her spirit silently appealing to a stolid London policeman?"

"But the appeal was not silent. Ireland heard the cry for help."

"Exactly—therefore the girl was not dead."

Alan Sterling, his hands clutching his knees, watched the speaker as, of old, supplicants might have watched the Cumæan sibyl.

"It's an old move of the master schemer; I recognize it. While he holds Fleurette, he holds the winning card. His own safety is bound up in hers. Don't you see that? Let us proceed. Fourth"—he held up his little finger—"Pietro Ambroso is either a dupe or an accomplice of Fu Manchu—it doesn't matter much one way or the other. But the desertion of his entire household is significant. We have the evidence of P. C. Ireland—an excellent officer—that no car approached or left the house prior to the time of our arrival. Consider this fact. It has extraordinary significance."

"I am trying to think," Sterling murmured.

"Keep on trying, and see if your thoughts run parallel with mine. Look at the blasted fog!" He jerked his arm toward the window. "There's going to be another blanket tonight. Have you grasped what I mean?"

"Not entirely."

"They can't have taken her far, Sterling. Ireland and his opposite number have been on that point all night and all day."

Suddenly Sterling sprang up, his eyes shining. "You're right, Sir Denis. I see what you mean."

"Dr. Fu Manchu, for the second time in his career, is on the run. You don't know, Sterling, but I have clipped his wings pretty severely. I have cut him off from many of his associates. I am getting very near to the heart of the mystery. He is financially embarrassed. He's a hunted man. Fleurette is his last hope. Don't imagine for one moment that she is dead. Dead—she would be useless: alive, she's a triumph for the doctor."

A muffled bell rang. Nayland Smith crossed to a side table and took up a telephone.

"Yes," he said; "put him through to me, please."

He turned around to Sterling.

"Police Constable Waterlow," he said, "on duty outside Professor Ambroso's house. Hello! Yes?" He spoke into the mouthpiece. "Here . . ."

Police Constable Waterlow proved to be speaking from a call-box somewhere in Brixton.

"After P. C. Ireland relieved me, sir, and I went off duty, I began thinking. I don't know if I should have reported it—my orders were a bit vague-like. But talking it over with the missis, I came to the conclusion that you ought to know, sir. Divisional Inspector Watford gave me permission to speak to you, and gave me your number."

"Carry on, Constable. I'm all attention."

"Well, sir, the inspector didn't seem to think there was anything in it. But he said that you might like to know. There was a funeral next door to Professor Ambroso's house this afternoon—"

"What!"

"From a ground floor flat, sir, in the next house. I can't tell you much about it, because I don't know. But it was a Miss Demuras—has been living there for about a month, I understand. I never thought of mentioning it to Ireland when he took over from me, but my missis says, 'This is a murder case, and here's a funeral next door: ring up the inspector.' I did it, and he said he had instructions to put me straight through to you."

"Who was in charge of the funeral, Constable?"

Alan Sterling sprang to his feet; fists clenched, quivering, he stood watching Nayland Smith at the telephone.

"The London Necropolis Company, sir."

"At what time did it take place?"

"At four o'clock this afternoon."

"Were there any followers?"

"Only one, sir. A foreign gentleman."

"You don't know who was attending the patient?"

"Yes, sir; as it happens, I do. A Dr. Norton, who lives on South Side. He was my own doctor, sir, when I lived in Clapham."

"Thanks, Constable. I wish you had reported this earlier. But it's not your fault."

Nayland Smith turned to Sterling.

"Don't look like that," he pleaded. "It may mean nothing or it may be a red herring. But while I pick up one or two things that I want in the other room, get Gallaho at Scotland Yard, and ask him to join us here with a fast car."

DR. NORTON was surprised, somewhat annoyed and obviously perturbed by the invasion of Sir Denis Nayland Smith, Chief Inspector Gallaho and Alan Sterling. His consultations were finished, and he had hastily changed into evening kit. Clearly, he had a dinner appointment. He was a man approaching middle age, of sanguine complexion—West Country, as Nayland Smith recognized at a glance—and clever without being brilliant.

As his three visitors were shown into the upstairs study and made themselves known to Dr. Norton, Nayland Smith's behavior was somewhat peculiar. Watched by the others, he walked around the room inspecting the bookcases, the pictures, and even the window, smiling in a manner that was almost sad.

"This is the first time I have had the pleasure of meeting you, Sir Denis," said Dr. Norton, "but we have a mutual friend."

"I know." Nayland Smith turned, and stared at him. "You bought this practice from Petrie."

"I've stuck to it ever since, although it isn't particularly profitable."

Nayland Smith nodded and glanced at Gallaho. The celebrated detective inspector on this occasion had removed his bowler, revealing a close-cropped head and graying dark hair.

"You must have observed, Inspector, during your great experience of human life, that things move in circles."

"I have often noticed it, sir."

"Many years have elapsed, and much history has been made since Dr. Fu Manchu first visited England. But it was in this very room—" he turned to Dr. Norton—"that the Mandarin Fu Manchu made his second attempt upon my life."

"What!"

Dr. Norton could not conceal his astonishment. "I know something, but very little, from Petrie, of the queer matters to which you refer, Sir Denis, but I hadn't recognized—"

"You hadn't recognized the existence of the circle," snapped Nayland Smith. "No, I suppose we have to live many lives before we do. It's a law, but it always strikes me as odd when I come in contact with it. It was here, in this very room, that Petrie, from whom you bought this practice, came to an understanding with the beautiful woman who is now his wife. It was here that Dr. Fu Manchu endeavored to remove me by means of the Zayat Kiss. Ah!—" he looked about him, and then pulled his pipe and his pouch from the pocket of his tweed jacket. "The circle narrows. I begin to hope again."

DR. NORTON'S interest in his dinner engagement was evidently weakening. The magnetic personality of Nayland Smith was beginning to dominate.

"Of course, Sir Denis, one has heard of Fu Manchu. I haven't seen Petrie since he settled in Cairo; but odd things crop up in the press from time to time. Am I to understand that you gentlemen have called this evening with regard to this mythical monster?"

"That's it," said Gallaho. "The circle to which Sir Denis referred has roped you in now, Doctor."

"I am afraid I don't understand."

"Naturally," rapped Nayland Smith.

"May I suggest whiskies-and-soda?" said the physician. "It doesn't run to cocktails."

"It's a suggestion," Gallaho replied, "that doesn't leave me unmoved."

Dr. Norton dispensed drinks for his unexpected visitors, and then:

"My recognition of the fact," said Nayland Smith, "that fate had brought me back to Petrie's old quarters, with their many associations, rather took me off the track. The point of our visit is this, Doctor—" He fixed his penetrating eyes upon their host: "You have been attending a Miss Demuras, who lived on the North Side of the Common—"

"Yes." Dr. Norton visibly started. "I regret to say that she died yesterday, and was buried today."

"Without recourse to your case-book," Nayland Smith went on, "what, roughly, were the symptoms which led to her end?"

Dr. Norton passed his hand over his face and then brushed his fair mustache. He was considering his reply, but finally:

"It was a case of pernicious anemia," he replied. "Miss Demuras had resided in the tropics. She was practically

*(Continued on page 65)*

# Desperate Character

## By Elmer Davis

***The singular adventure of Mrs. Ferrand's husband, who simply astounded his wife. No, you never can tell about these lamblike commuters***

THERE are men who will do anything for money, and men who surpass themselves for a woman (or at least promise to surpass themselves, before they've got her); there are men who do incredible things from ambition, and men who do very curious things merely from force of habit. But none of this explains the case of Joe Ferrand.

Joe was a commuter; and the virtue of the commuter is meekness, the patient endurance of endless impositions. If you'd seen him running for the 8:11, or plodding homeward through the snow or the mud (there's usually one or the other, in a commuting suburb) you'd have said he was the last man on earth to do anything unexpected. His waistline was getting away from him, his face was beginning to sag, but his mild blue eyes behind rimless spectacles looked as if he figured that he'd always manage to get by somehow, even if he had ceased to expect anything much. And he was the sort of man who never forgot his rubbers.

All the normal human motives had operated on Joe, without driving him to any spectacular accomplishment. He had had ambitions, before 1929; after that he was satisfied to keep his nose above water. For money, he caught the 8:11 every morning, and shoved into a crowded subway train at the Grand Central, and went downtown to an office where he stayed from nine to five.

You never heard him talk about Service; he tried to sell honest stuff at honest prices, but he was in business to make a living. He certainly worked harder because he was working for his wife and children; and if he had promised Esther things when they were engaged that he couldn't make good on afterward, you couldn't say he hadn't tried. (He hadn't promised to keep her interested, because he had supposed that when two people who were in love got married, they automatically stayed interested for the rest of their lives.)

But he was a good husband, as husbands go; he supported his family, and hardly ever lost his temper; and he hadn't looked at another woman since he was married. (If you'd asked Esther, she might have said that he never really looked at her any more.) He liked a cocktail with his lunch, and a highball at home after dinner; but he never drank too much—not even at the club on Saturday night, when commuters and commuters' wives were trying to forget mortgages and orthodontia and boredom. A solid citizen, Joe Ferrand; but distinctly not a ball of fire. So no wonder his friends couldn't understand what he did, the morning after Professor Baldaquin had dined with them.

"My dear Esther, there's no such thing as a moral problem."

Professor Baldaquin was speaking, as usual; and the rest of the party, gathered in the living-room after dinner—the Ferrands, the Motleys, and Uncle Dave Liscum, the village bachelor—was listening with proper deference. A world-famous psychologist speaks with authority; and commuters and their wives respect authority wherever found.

THEY had been talking about the marital tragedy of the Todds, and on such matters Baldaquin could speak with peculiar authority, for he had made three wives happy—three of his own, not counting other men's. It was known that he made them happy because they always raised such a fuss when he got tired of them and asked for a divorce—a quiet divorce, with no names brought into it. That was how he happened to be commuting from Connecticut that winter; he had had to move to a state with more liberal laws than New York's so that he could sue his current wife for divorce, on the ground of her cruelty in refusing to sue him. But you couldn't say that Baldaquin was miserable in his exile; he always appreciated a fresh audience. Also, he had met Esther Ferrand. . . .

"No moral problems?" she said. "Maybe there aren't, for you; you always do whatever you want." There was a vicious edge in her voice that made the others squirm—all but Joe, phlegmatic as ever. "But other people—" she said. "What do you call it, when they're tempted to do something they know they shouldn't?"

"I call it a problem in physics. Every nervous organization has a given amount of tensile strength. Certain strains it can endure; others—if it ever happens to meet them—will be too much for it. Many a man was shell-shocked who might have stayed sane all his life, under normal conditions; but war was more of a strain than he was built to stand. That's as true of behavior as it is of mental balance. Some day we'll know enough to express the most complex emotional situation in a mathematical formula, and predict the outcome in advance."

"Oh, we will?" There was more than hostility in the way she looked at him; there was fear, and a reluctant fascination. Ben Motley, lighting his pipe, didn't see that; and neither did Joe, of course. He never saw anything that wasn't right in front of him. But Uncle Dave Liscum saw it; and he was afraid Lucia Motley had seen it, too.

"And you don't think," Esther demanded, "that you can give yourself strength to hold out by— Well, you'd laugh if I called it conscience; so call it just plain guts. You don't believe that?"

Baldaquin shrugged away such an unscientific notion.

"We've all been trained in certain nervous reactions," he explained. "Some of them are socially useful, some are mere superstitions. That jumble of nervous habits is what you call your character. Experience gives us impulses—temptations, people used to call them—that clash with the habits. Whether you resist the temptation or give in depends on the pressure. You've so much tensile strength, and no more."

"You mean to say," said Lucia Motley, "that— Well, take Joe here. That the only reason Joe doesn't kill somebody, or forge a check, or desert his family and run off to the South Seas, is that the pressure isn't strong enough yet?"

They all laughed at the idea of Joe doing anything like that; even Joe laughed politely, though he wasn't quite sure what Lucia had said. Knowing from experience that the conversation was likely to be beyond his depth, he'd been thinking about that note at the bank.

"Joe's an extreme case, I must admit," said Baldaquin dryly. "I don't suppose he'd recognize a temptation if he saw one, unless it wore a label. But even Joe has his breaking point somewhere."

NOW Uncle Dave Liscum thought it was time to intervene. A bachelor of sixty-four, he stood above the combat; but he liked peace and quiet, with everybody doing what they ought to do and everything running the way it should. As it certainly wasn't, here and now.

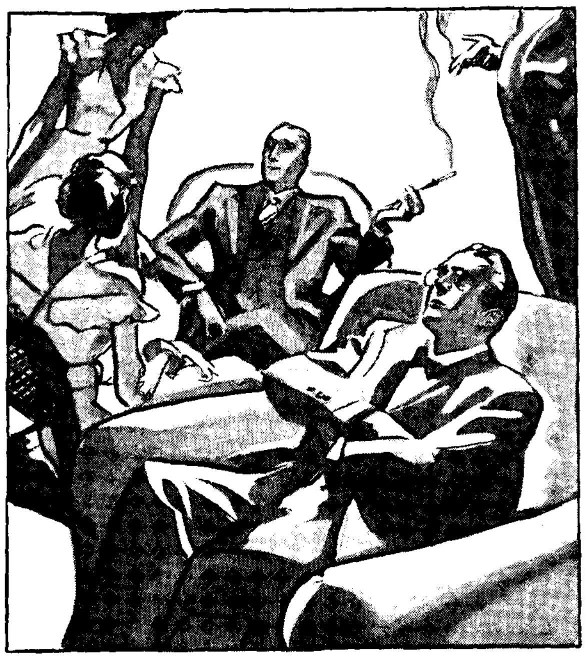
"Applying all this to Mike Todd's suicide—I believe that was what we were talking about," he reminded them. "I take it you think, Esther, that if Mike had had more guts he'd have kept on trying, even if he wasn't getting along with his wife." She nodded.

"You can stand lots of things," she said obscurely, "if you try."

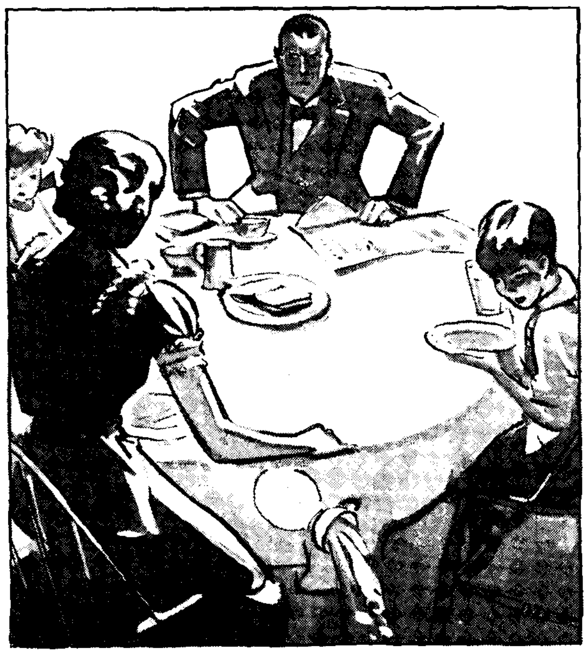
"The virtuous are intolerant," Baldaquin observed; and the look she gave him then was pure poison. "Let's hear what Joe thinks about it," he suggested. "Get the sublimely normal viewpoint."

"Me?" Grinning and embarrassed, Joe came back from his abstraction. "I think it's a mess. Don't ask me what Mike ought to have done. I'm no expert on morals."

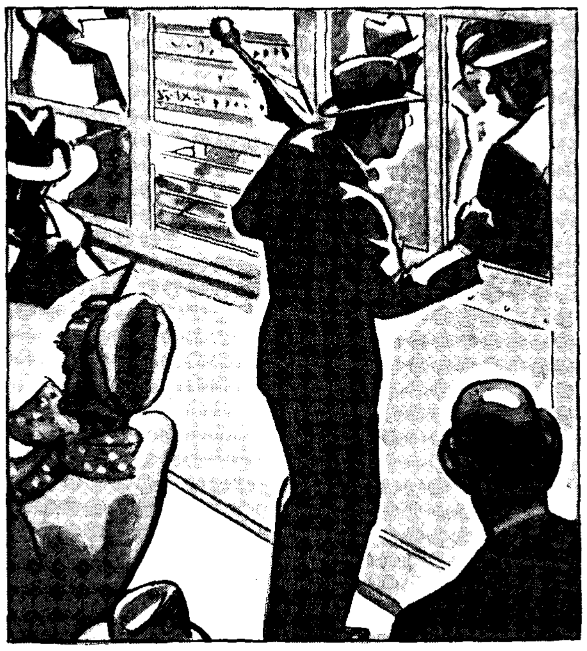
"Well, I tell you what I think," Ben Motley announced. "I think Mike had it figured out, in a cockeyed way. It's like this—any decent man wants to do what he can for his wife, so long as she does her job; even if he can't get along with her. Well, Mike and Mary had got to the point where he probably figured there was nothing he could do for himself, and only one thing he could do for her. In short, that his life insurance was worth more to her than his company."



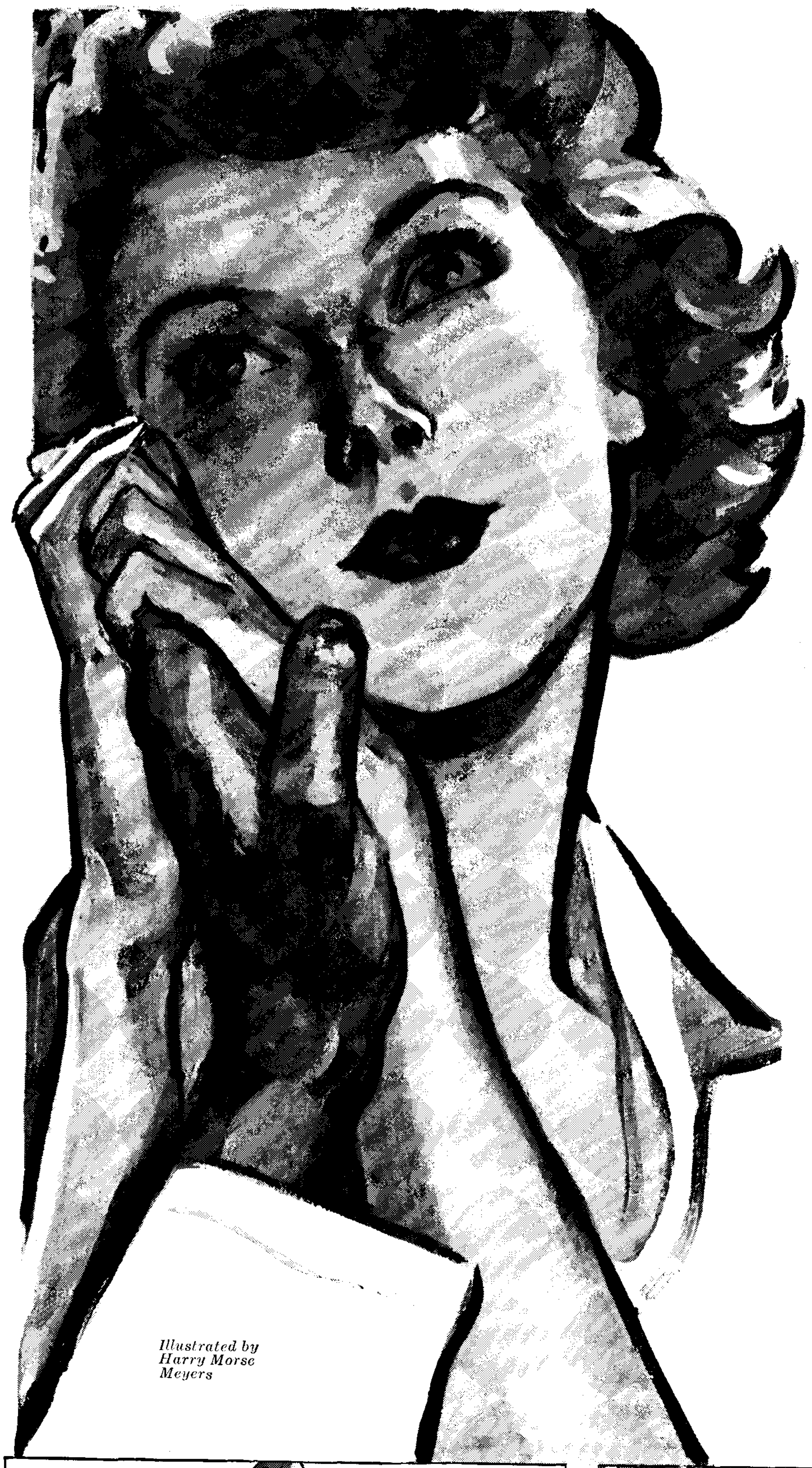
Knowing the conversation to be beyond his depth, Joe was thinking about that note



"No," she said, "you can't imagine anything! I'm sick of it—of everything." She jumped up



But the fat man had squeezed into the car. Joe stood there, helpless, and watched



Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

She said, "Oh, darling," over and over again, and for a long time she wouldn't say anything else

"Ben!" his wife gasped. "What an idea! The way she took it—"

"Oh, I know she's all cut up over it now; but in a year or so—"

"Good heavens, no! She might have been happier," Lucia admitted, "if Mike had died; but not that way."

"Certainly not!" Esther agreed. "And such an ugly memory to leave the children. Mike might have thought of that."

"He wasn't thinking," Baldaquin insisted. "He'd merely reached his breaking point." Then, with a Mephistophelian grin: "Somewhere it's waiting for every one of us; it's only luck if we don't meet it."

"Cheerful idea," said Lucia, and looked at her wrist watch. "Good heavens, Esther, I'd no idea it was so late. We've got to be going."

UNCLE DAVE was going their way, so they said they'd take him along; but Baldaquin, who lived at the club, had to telephone for a taxi. When Joe took the others out to their car Esther lingered with Baldaquin in the entrance hall; it was too cold to take bare arms and shoulders out into the air. He grinned at her, with a private amusement.

"So I'm only a problem in physics, am I?" she demanded sullenly.

"Not you. But your absurd way of looking at the situation—"

"There isn't any situation! . . . It's enough to drive me to some sort of breaking point, at that," she said desperately. "Between you seeing things that aren't there, and Joe not seeing them even when they are— I hate you. You know I hate you. Why don't you leave me alone?"

"You don't hate me; you only hate growing up. Once you've got rid of your superstitions— Going to be at home tomorrow afternoon?"

"No!"

"Esther, why don't you give yourself a chance to be yourself, not just a household appliance?"

And then Joe Ferrand came in, beating his arms together.

"Cold out tonight!" he told them, as if it were an occasion for civic pride. "Baldaquin, this must be your taxi coming now."

When Baldaquin had gone Joe locked the door and turned to his wife, smothering a yawn.

"I couldn't keep up with all that talk," he confessed. "But it was a good party, anyway."

He always said that, even when it had been a terrible party. Absently, his arm slid around her shoulders; she writhed away from him.

"Don't touch me!" she said furiously. "Let me alone!"

IN TWIN beds two feet apart Mr. and Mrs. Ferrand lay awake, and worried. Esther worried, at first, about herself. Aside from everything else, she definitely didn't like Baldaquin; yet there was something about him that got her—or threatened to get her, if she weren't on guard every moment. If there was anything in his theory that you had only a certain amount of tensile strength—

Presently, with a new uneasiness, she began to worry about Joe. If he'd overheard Baldaquin saying that she was only a household appliance—it might do him good, she thought savagely; it might wake him up. But it implied too much—more than there was, or ever would be; still, even Joe would realize that a remark like that wasn't the first move in the game. And if he discovered that something had started between her and Baldaquin— Nothing would happen, of course; he couldn't afford to force an issue, even if he had the spirit; the children needed them both. A quarrel might clear the air, but Joe wasn't given to domestic fireworks. He wouldn't, couldn't conceivably, strike her; he'd never dream of striking a woman. He'd only brood over his grievance, and let it sour. . . . And meanwhile there he was lying awake on the other bed—thinking, beyond doubt, about her and Baldaquin. . . .

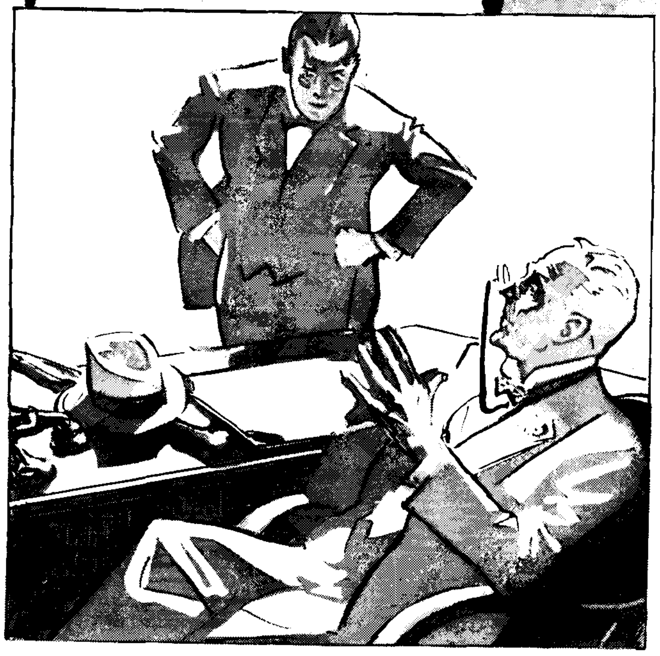
She flattered herself; he was thinking about that note at the bank. Her last snappish "Let me alone" had rankled; but whether he let her alone or didn't let her alone, these days, she seemed equally dissatisfied, and he'd given up trying to understand her. As for Baldaquin, Joe didn't like the fellow; but he was aware of him now only as something faintly unpleasant in the background, like an untraceable bad smell. But that note— It had been extended a couple of times already, and he was going to have to get it extended once more. He'd have to see Mr. Foy, the branch bank manager, about it, the first thing in the morning. Foy would be reasonable, he reflected with the assurance of the man who supposes he will get by somehow, because he always has; but something kept him awake and worrying—perhaps Baldaquin's remark about the breaking point that is waiting, somewhere, for every one of us.

SO IT was pretty late before either of them got to sleep; and in no time at all the alarm clock was clamoring like a fire bell. Joe wished he never had to get out of bed again; but he jumped up—aching with drowsiness, shivering in the cold—and closed the window.

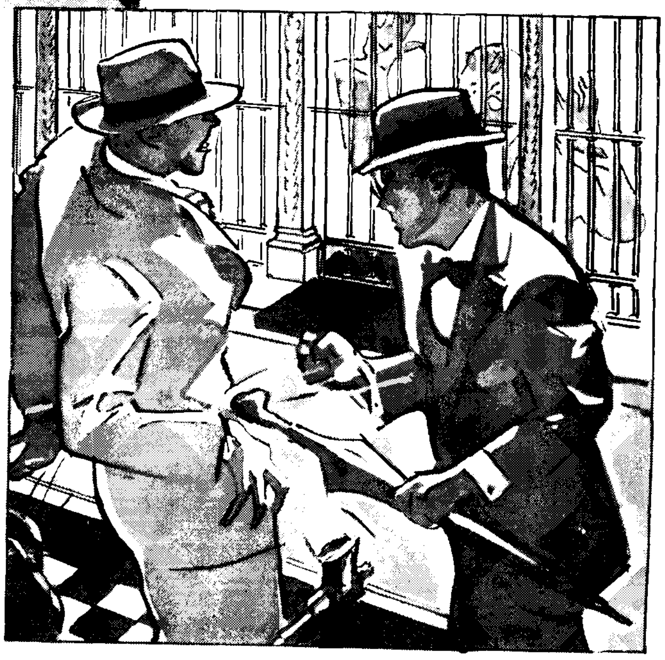
"Hope it's warming up downstairs," he grunted as Esther pulled on her dressing gown and set off to get the children ready for school. Any wife would have recognized that as an application for an armistice, but she ignored it; there was no friendliness in her blurred and heavy eyes. And it didn't occur to Joe that the dominant fact in Esther's life at the moment, as in his, was that they hadn't had enough sleep.

Shaving, he managed to cut his chin, and had to waste five minutes and a towel or two repairing the damage. It was the sort of morning when doors that you shut fly open again, when what you hang up falls off the hook, when

*(Continued on page 44)*



"Exactly," said Mr. Foy. "In my judgment, the time has come to tighten up on you"



Joe's umbrella handle came down with a whack on the hand that held the automatic

# The Case against Mrs. Ames

## By Arthur Somers Roche

*Illustrated by John H. Crosman*

*The Story Thus Far:*

TRIED for the murder of her husband, the wealthy John Ames, Rose Ames is acquitted. Whereupon she receives a shocking surprise: Carlton Forman, her attorney—who, she is sure, loves her—tells her that he believes her guilty, and sails for Europe.

Protesting her innocence, Mrs. Ames finds the most brilliant criminal investigator in New York—Sam Kernochan, detective-reporter—and offers him fifty thousand dollars to find the murderer. The offer is accepted. Kernochan does not, however, believe the woman's story—that, alone in her bedroom, she had heard a shot, rushed to her husband, found him dead, a revolver beside him. All exits had been locked *on the inside*. No third person had been present. In a skeptical frame of mind, Kernochan sets to work. Assisted by Laurette Marks, a Broadway butterfly, who, professing to be in love with him, gives him numerous "leads," he establishes the following facts: Emily Trephon is, and has been for years, very close to Jimmy Pottery, killer and racketeer. *Two other men*—Ansell Layman and John Ames—had had an affair with her. Both had been murdered. Johnson (Mrs. Ames' butler who, for reasons of his own, is secretly in the retail hardware business) knows Pottery and is, apparently, a good friend of Callie Curtis, one of Pottery's girls.

Having incurred the enmity of Pottery during a quarrel, Kernochan receives numerous warnings from Laurette Marks. The girl tells him he is in peril, tries frantically to inveigle him into going to Havana with her. . . . Someone, Kernochan believes, might have shot John Ames, slipped out through the bathroom door, and turned the key *from the outside* with pliers. He is wrong—the key, according to his old friend, Lieutenant Kellerman of headquarters, shows no plier marks. . . . Johnson—who, Mrs. Ames learns, has been robbing her—is discharged. Early the following morning, he is shot to death in his hardware store.

Kernochan does not drop his key theory. He calls on Mrs. Ames at her imposing mansion on East 63d Street, asks her to show him to the room Johnson had occupied. She does so. In a drawer Kernochan finds a number of loose keys. One of them, he notes, has a mark on the end.

With Mrs. Ames he goes to the bathroom door—the only door through which the murderer could possibly have escaped. He inserts the marked key in the lock. Rose Ames turns to him. "It—*it fits!*" she gasps.

### IX

KERNOCHAN'S fingers had been trembling as he put the key in the lock, and as they walked back into the sitting-room he noticed that Rose Ames' hands, as she lighted a cigarette, were shaking. She sat down and stared at him. For a moment she puffed in silence. Then she spoke.

"But what does it prove?" she asked.

"Nothing," he answered. "But it suggests possibilities. If this key was in the door at the time of the murder, it might be that it was turned from the outside. What's the matter?" he asked quickly.

Her face was dead white, and there was in her eyes an expression which he did not understand.

"You said murder," she replied slowly. "Does that mean—you don't think that I—"

For the first time since he had met her, since he had seen her, there was something pathetic about her. Strangely, it aroused antagonism in him. She had so many moods: she could be courageous, serene, disdainful, aloof, sympathetic—she could be everything that a man wanted. And every one of her moods, or their expressions, aroused in him a feeling that he wished to quell.

"I'm investigating this case, Mrs. Ames," he said almost brutally. "If you wish to draw inferences from what I say or do, you're at liberty to do so, but please don't expect me to agree with those inferences."

Color came back to her cheeks instantly. And with it came, incredibly, gayety to her eyes.

"I won't offend you again," she said. "I understand how much you dislike me—"

"Who said I disliked you?" He felt his own cheeks blazing now. "What has like or dislike to do with this, anyway?"

"Nothing at all," she said meekly. "I'm sorry I interrupted you."

EMBARRASSMENT came to him. He was tempted to stamp out of the room in rage, the while he wondered why he should be embarrassed, why he should be enraged. She made him feel childish; he felt all the time that she mocked him, that she was so aware of her effect upon him that she was tempted to use against him the power she possessed. And he wasn't going to permit her to have that power.

"Is Lizzie the housemaid here now?" he asked abruptly.

She reached for a button cunningly concealed on the dressing table.

"Shall I ring for her?"

He nodded. Her fingers pressed the button.

"Suppose," she said, "that someone did turn that key—I tell you no one was in the room or the bath when I looked in there. The only entrance to John's room is from this room where we are."

"And from the outer bathroom door," he amended. "Why couldn't someone have been in the hall, heard him come in, opened the bath from the outside, stepped in—"

She shook her head.

"It doesn't sound reasonable."

"You expect a reasonable solution?" he demanded. "If you're innocent, Mrs. Ames, and if your husband didn't kill himself—those are the only two logical explanations of his death. You're as aware of that as I am. If there's a third explanation, be sure it won't be reasonable. If it were reasonable, if it were logical, if it were even faintly probable, it would have occurred to you, to the police, and to me long before this."

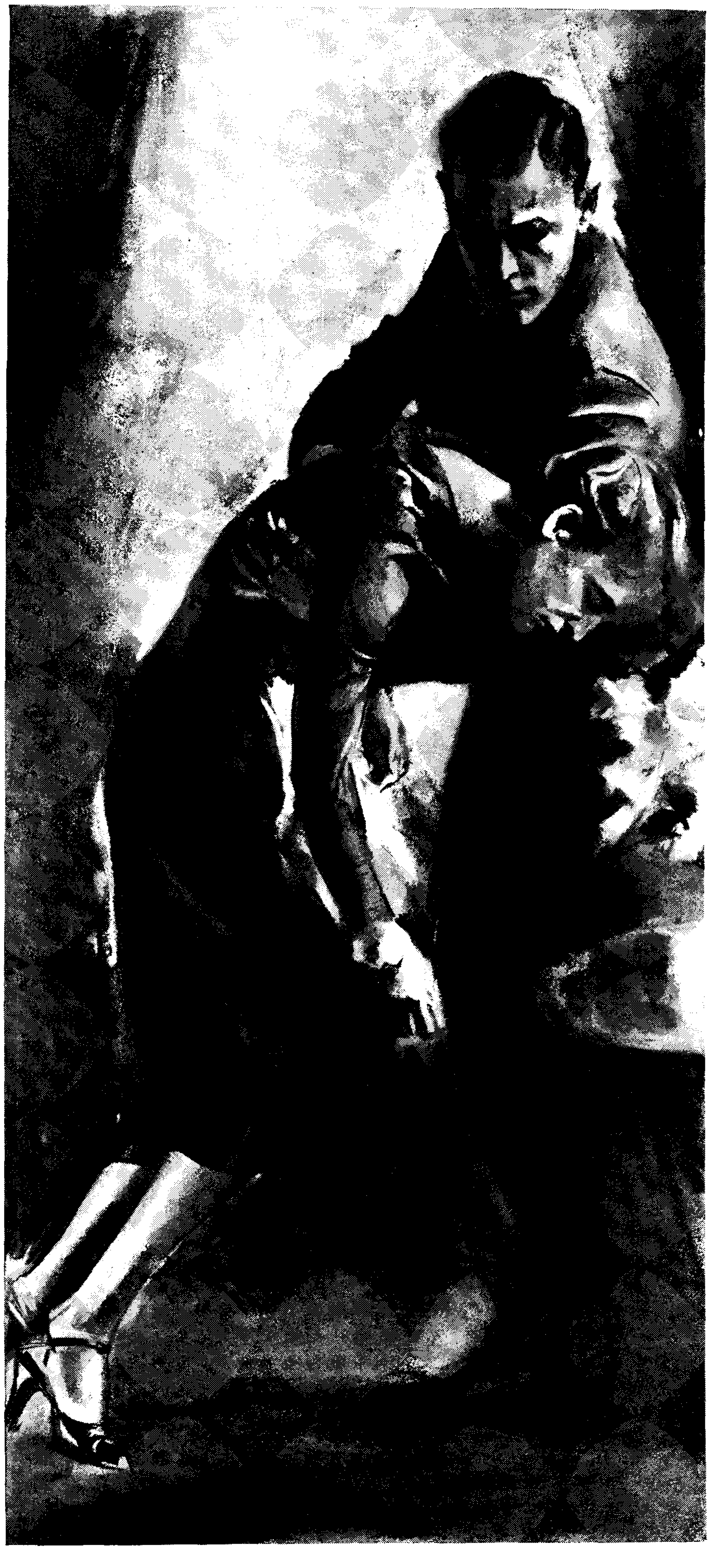
He paused as the trim figure of a maid appeared in the doorway. Kernochan pursed his lips. Johnson had had an eye for a pretty woman. Callie Curtis wasn't so bad, and this white-aproned brunette was as pretty as a musical comedy soubrette. The traces of tears upon her cheeks, the misery in her eyes, could not hide the fact that she was a most attractive young woman.

"This is Lizzie," said Mrs. Ames. "Lizzie, Mr. Kernochan wants to talk to you."

Quick alarm was in the girl's eyes as she looked at Kernochan.

"Don't be frightened, Lizzie," said Kernochan gently.

The girl turned to Mrs. Ames.



"You said you wouldn't tell the police—"

"Mr. Kernochan isn't from the police," said her mistress. "He's a friend of mine. He wants to talk to you."

"THAT'S all," said Kernochan. "Tell me, Lizzie, why you didn't let Mrs. Ames know that you were married."

"I was afraid I'd lose my job," said the girl. "Lots of people won't have married couples."

"But hadn't your husband made considerable money? Did you need the job?"

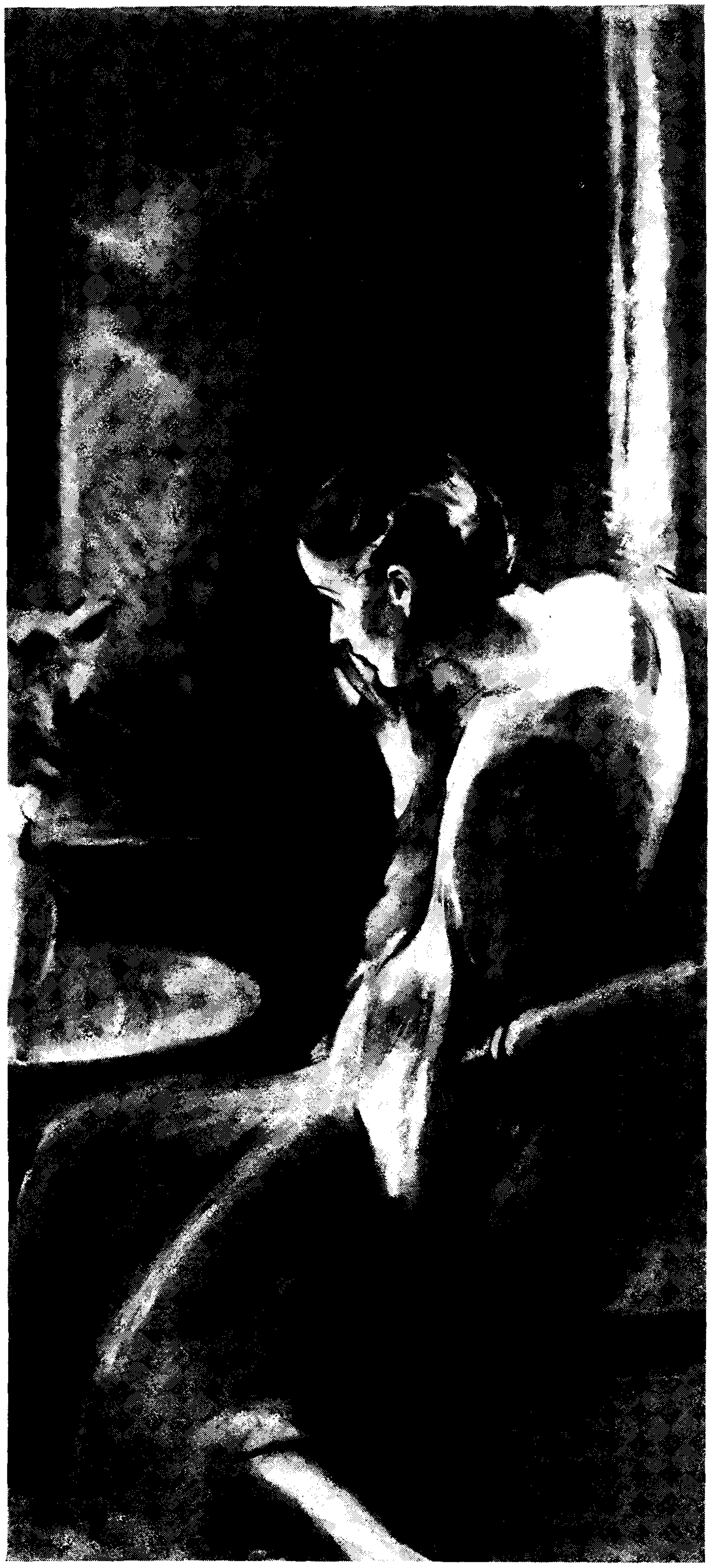
"I wanted to be near Frank. Frank—well, he likes other women. And I thought that if I worked near him—"

"Of course," agreed Kernochan. "Now, don't cry, Lizzie. Just talk to me frankly. Nothing's going to happen to you."

"But what about Frank?" she asked quickly.

Kernochan crushed the feeling of shame within him. If he told the girl now that her husband was dead she might go into hysterics. That she had any information of value was doubtful, yet he could not afford to jeopardize the opportunity of acquiring information. It was cruel to deceive her by inference, but the deceit could not harm her.

"Mrs. Ames will do nothing to Frank,"



**The maid, white-faced, nodded an assent. Kernochan caught her just as she pitched forward**

he said. "Are you happy with him, Lizzie?"

She shook her head slowly.

"How can you be happy with a man that's always chasing? And now that I know he's been stealing from Mrs. Ames—I don't ever want to see him again. I could stand other things, but that he should be dishonest with Mrs. Ames is too much. I am glad he's gone. But I don't want him to go to jail," she added quickly.

"Mrs. Ames will not prosecute him," Kernochan assured her. "In fact, Lizzie, Mrs. Ames doesn't care about that matter. I'm not interested in it. I want to talk to you about something else. You and your husband were the only servants on duty on the afternoon that Mr. Ames was killed, weren't you?"

The girl nodded, her eyes wide.

"That's right, sir."

"And as I remember it, nobody called that afternoon. Is that the truth, Lizzie?"

The girl glanced quickly at her mistress.

"Why, yes," she answered.

"Are you sure?" persisted Kernochan.

Again the girl glanced at her mistress.

"Mrs. Ames will tell you that she had no callers," said the girl.

"I didn't," said Rose Ames.

Lizzie turned to Kernochan.

"You see," she said.

"I see that Mrs. Ames didn't know she had a caller," said Kernochan. "But what about you, Lizzie?"

"I don't know what you mean," said the girl.

"I mean that if Mrs. Ames did have a caller it's of the most tremendous importance that I should know it," he told her.

"But if Mrs. Ames did have a caller, she'd tell you," said the girl.

ROSE AMES leaned forward.

"Lizzie, did anyone call on me that afternoon? Lizzie, tell the truth. Lizzie, if anyone called on me I didn't know it. Mr. Kernochan is right. It's most important that he should know."

The girl stared at her.

"You mean that if someone did call on you you'd want anyone to know about it?"

"Why not?" Rose Ames' surprise was convincing proof that until this moment she had not suspected that anyone had called on her the afternoon of the tragedy.

"But Frank told me I must never tell," half sobbed the girl. "He said you wouldn't want anyone to know."

"Why wouldn't I want anyone to know?" demanded Rose Ames.

"He said that with Mr. Ames dead, the fact you had a man visitor might make people think you quarreled with your husband over the man."

Rose Ames stared at Kernochan. Incredulity was in her eyes.

"Who was the man?" demanded Kernochan.

"I don't know," she answered. "Frank and I were on duty and we were sitting together in the kitchen when the doorbell rang."

"What time was this?" asked Rose Ames.

"A little after four. I started to answer and Frank told me that he would go to the door. He came back in a few minutes to say that a man was calling on Mrs. Ames. I thought nothing of it. About half an hour later Frank left the kitchen and went to the front of the house. He came back in a few minutes and said that he had let the visitor out. Then, after Mr. Ames was killed, Frank came to me. He said that it might look funny if it became known that you had received a caller in your sitting-room, Mrs. Ames. He told me never to mention it to anyone, not even to the police. He said that Mr. Ames was terribly jealous, and that it might come out that he was jealous, and then people would think that there had been trouble between you and Mr. Ames about your visitor.

"I asked Frank who the caller was and he replied that the fewer people knew of things the better it was. The man had left quite a while before Mr. Ames came in, so I couldn't see that it mattered. And I wasn't going to tell the police anything that would make it look bad for you, Mrs. Ames. And all the time Frank would keep telling me never to mention it. Did I do wrong?"

She looked from Rose Ames to Kernochan.

"That doesn't matter now," said Kernochan. "Are you telling all the truth, Lizzie? You're sure you don't know the man's name? You're sure you didn't see him?"

The girl shook her head.

"Are you sure he left the house?" asked Kernochan.

Again she shook her head.

"I never thought until this minute about that," she said. "But he must have left."

"When you came upstairs, what stairs did you use? I mean when Mrs. Ames screamed."

"The front stairs," said the girl. "I was in the drawing-room, looking around to see if everything was all right. You know, the little things that have to be done. Sometimes petals fall off flowers and have to be picked up."

"Then, if someone had been upstairs, that someone could have gone down the back stairs, couldn't he? I mean, without being seen."

"Of course," whispered the girl. "Do you mean that somebody could have—?"

"Never mind what I mean," interrupted Kernochan. He eyed the girl sternly. "I suppose you realize what serious trouble you could get into if the police knew what you've just told me."

"But I kept quiet to protect Mrs. Ames," cried the girl. "Frank told me—"

"I'm not questioning your devotion to your mistress, Lizzie," said Kernochan. "But now that you've kept it a secret, continue to keep it one. If you tell the police what you've just told us, you'll go to jail."

"But why should I ever see the police?" asked the girl in alarm. She turned appealingly to her mistress. "I thought you weren't going to prosecute Frank. Why should the police—?"

On the verge of tears she paused. Rose Ames got up from her chair and put an arm about the maid.

"You've been loyal and brave, Lizzie. You did wrong but you did it with good intention. Now you must be brave again. Frank left you last night, didn't he?"

"He was going to a little apartment that we have together," replied the girl. "I said I'd come in to see him this afternoon. What's the matter? Isn't he there? Is that why you're telling me to be brave? Has he run away with some girl?"

"He hasn't run away. But—" Mrs. Ames hesitated.

"Something's happened to him," cried Lizzie. "What? Is he—"

"He's dead," said Rose Ames.

THE girl broke away from her mistress' clasp.

"Dead? You mean—he killed himself?"

"He was killed, murdered, in a hardware shop that he owned," said Mrs. Ames.

"Hardware shop? I never knew of that. And he's dead?" Wide-eyed, she stared at her mistress.

"And you must be brave, Lizzie," said Kernochan. "The police will want to talk to you. Answer any question, but don't tell about the man that called on Mrs. Ames."

The maid stared at him, glassy-eyed, white-faced. She nodded an assent. Kernochan caught her just as she pitched forward. He placed her on a couch.

"I've got to let the police know she was married to Johnson," he said to Mrs. Ames.

Rose Ames nodded. Even as she held smelling salts to the nose of the girl, as she chafed her hands, she seemed competent, self-possessed.

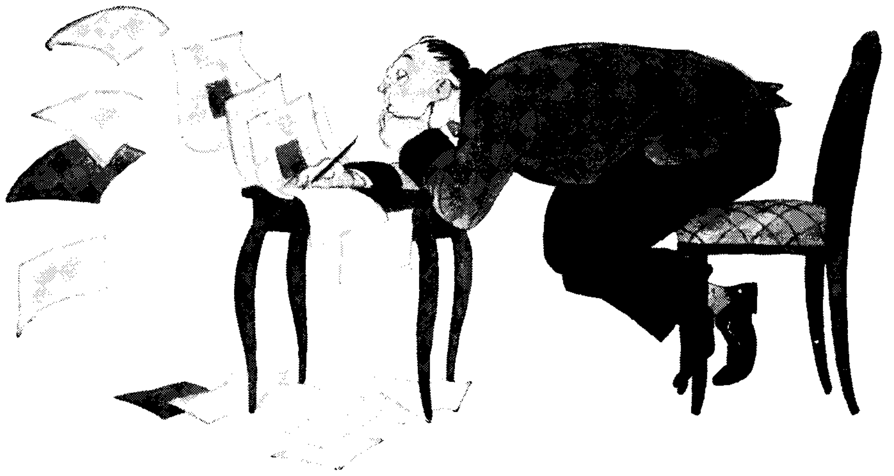
"Of course," she agreed.

"But don't let her tell about the man supposed to have called on you."

"Why not?"

"If I get anywhere on this matter, it will be because not too many suspect I'm trying to get anywhere," he replied. "And there are people who already suspect. I don't want any more to know. I don't want the police giving out things to the reporters. Can you make her keep quiet?"

*(Continued on page 51)*



Illustrated by
Harry Beckhoff

Working out bridge problems has become a national obsession. There ought to be a law

# The Menace of Contract Bridge

## By Frank Condon

*Sometimes Mr. Condon says he is a bridge expert; sometimes he says he isn't. He has the artist's wavering hold on fact. But he feels he ought to do something about contract bridge. And here, with a few loose facts, he does it*

As there have been no figures, charts, diagrams or statistics published recently on the subject of contract bridge, it affords me a great deal of pleasure to step up with a few vitally interesting notations and show the people of the United States just where we stand today, how the bidding is coming along, and how many wives are still living with how many husbands, in spite of the harsh language going home in the car. I will confess freely that I have much of my information from Professor George Rossmore Tann, who has devoted his life to the study of contract bridge statistics and may some day get to Washington.

There are now twenty-four million contract players residing in the United States of America, but only seven hundred of them are looked upon as fairly skillful shufflers, dealers and bidders. There is also an auction player, a man named either Hyatt or MacDonald, living in the suburbs of Bound Brook. . . . If all the twenty-four million were laid end to end and forced to stop talking, I would get along the same as usual, but it would be rather rough on the teachers of contract, who now have a union of their own, with by-laws, and stand ready to join the American Federation of Labor at the slightest encouragement. There are about nine thousand lady teachers and three thousand gentleman instructors, each one teaching a different system of bidding, but ready to switch at a moment's notice.

The game has now reached a point where it can be regarded as a menace to the future of the land, and I believe we can look for action from the national government within six months. No country is likely to work its way out of a depression with the population hurrying over to Mrs. Long's house every night for seven rubbers of bridge. They are hard at it, day and night, and it has been calculated by Professor Tann that the nation is now wasting 273,586,312 working hours every day in the week, or enough time to build two Boulder Dams and one Panama Canal. Many of the victims of the epidemic are husbands, but all the rest are wives, and the wives are the ones to blame.

### Curiosity Gets Its Man

In suburban communities, the wives take up contract first, and have people in for the evening while the non-playing husbands walk uneasily about the table for seven or eight months, looking on and wondering. After about a year of this, the husbands gloomily begin playing, in order to disprove a growing theory in the neighborhood that they are too dumb to learn, and that their wives are much smarter persons than they.

When the government decides to intervene and try to restore sanity in contract bridge circles, there will probably come a definite stipulation announcing the number of hours per week that a player may devote to bridge. I know people who believe that six hours a day is about right, and one lady in my home town stays at it all day and virtually all night.

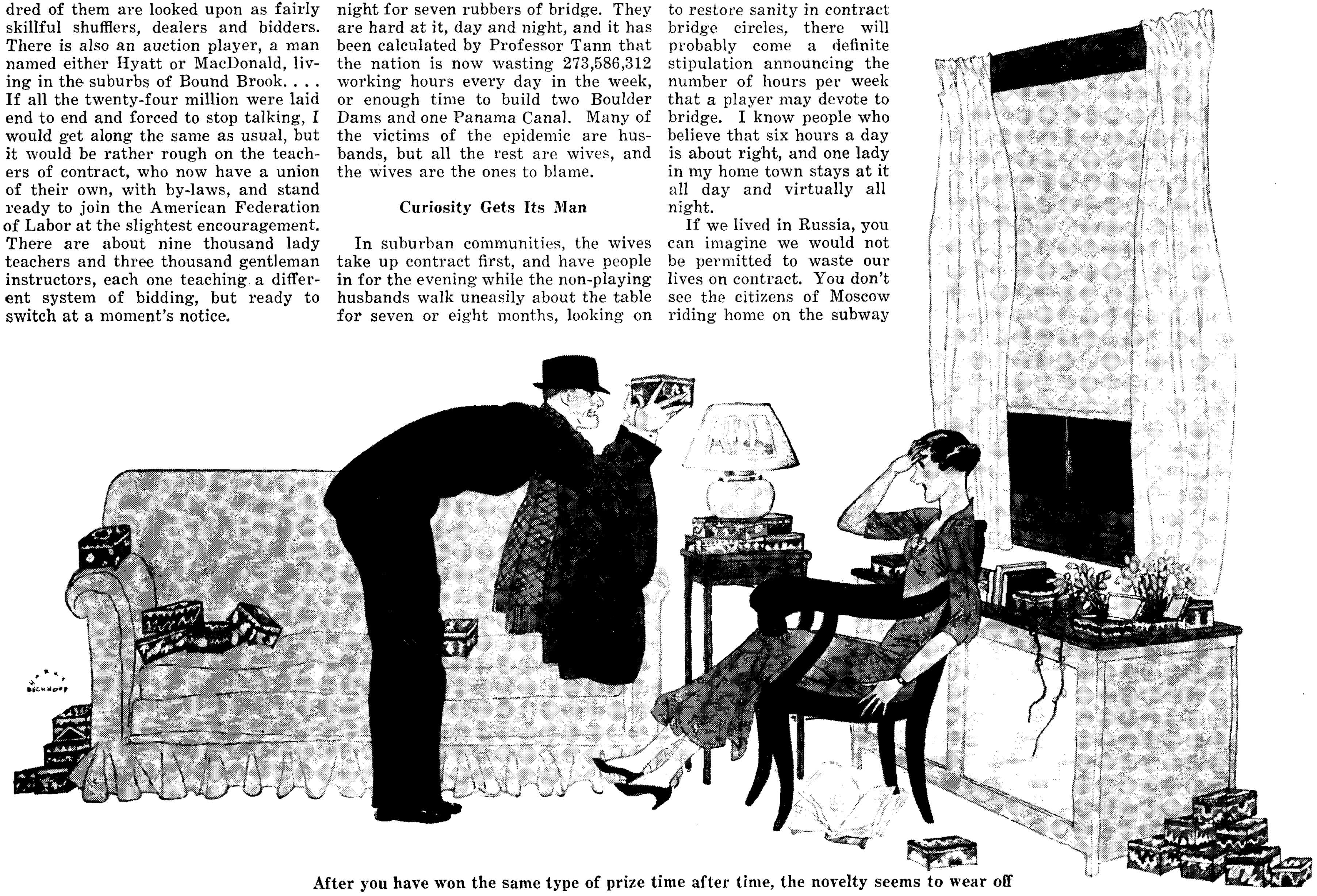
If we lived in Russia, you can imagine we would not be permitted to waste our lives on contract. You don't see the citizens of Moscow riding home on the subway and trying to work out the following bridge problem in the evening paper:

North
Hearts, A, 2
West — East
Spades, A, 2 — Clubs, A, 2
South
Diamonds, A, 2

Clubs are trumps. South, the dealer, must take the remaining tricks. West leads Spades, 2. Time for working problem, 6 hours.

The bridge situation in this country was not really acute until about six months ago, but it is now obvious that we cannot go any farther. Even the

(*Continued on page* 50)



After you have won the same type of prize time after time, the novelty seems to wear off

*He was more than a hard-working, conscientious Hindu boy—Lal was a friend. This brown-skinned little native remained loyal both to his family and to Sahib Buck until the bitter end. Here is the remarkable—*

# Story of Lal

## By Frank Buck

*Illustrated by R. H. Collins*

THIS is the story of Lal. The first time I ever saw Lal Bahuda he was squatting in front of a series of bird cages in Atol Acooli's bird bazaar.

He looked like any other Hindu at first glance, and it wasn't until I saw his bright, round eyes that I realized there was a difference. Those eyes looked straight into mine, frankly, bravely, as if he had nothing in his whole Hindu world to conceal from anyone—even Vishnu himself. They were dark and round and bright, those eyes of Lal's, and as alert as the eyes of the chattering parakeet that strutted in the cage behind him.

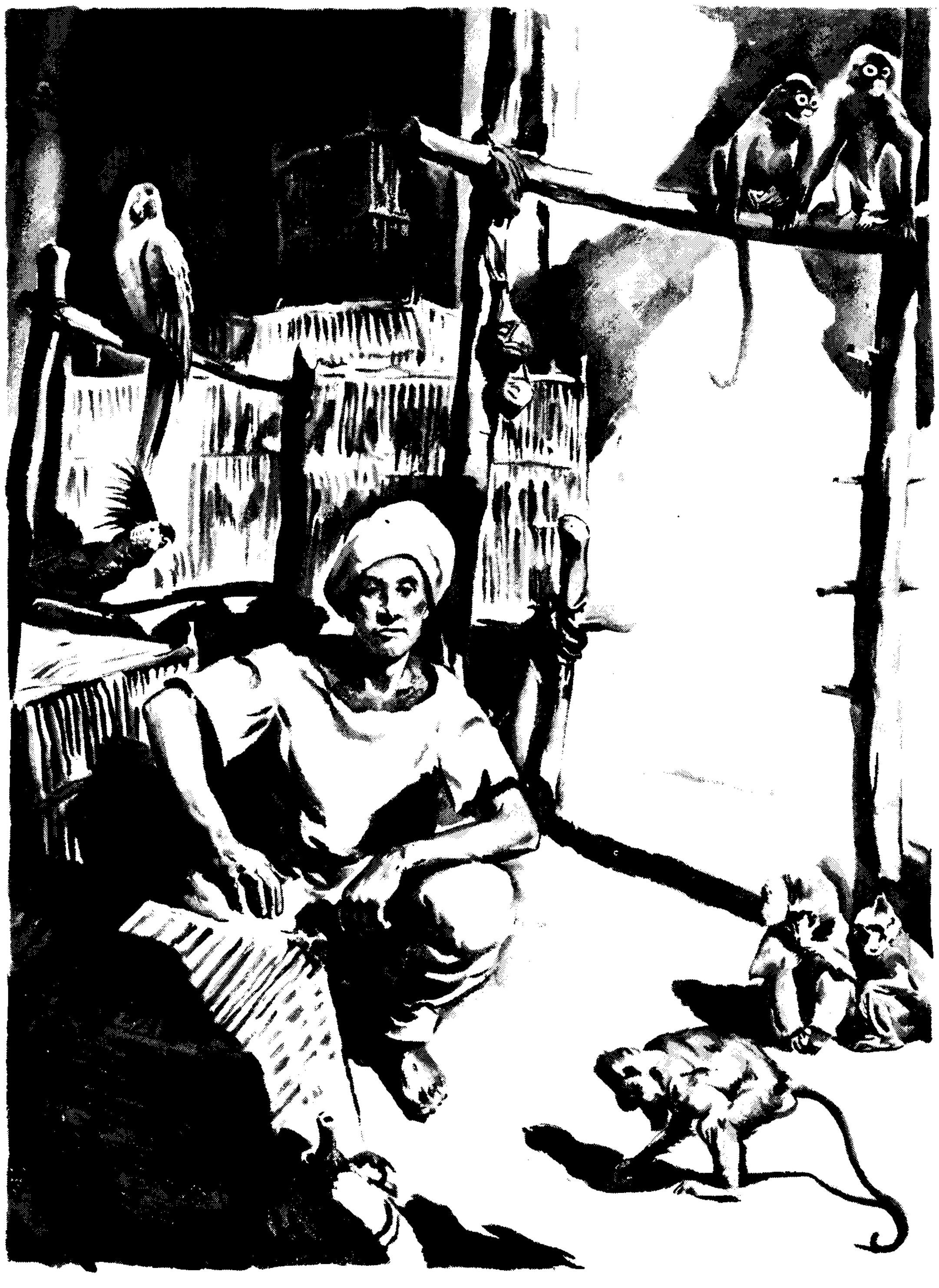
You've got to understand that I first saw those eyes across at least twenty feet of Calcutta sidewalk and roadway, and through brilliant, blinding sunlight, for Lal was squatting in the shade of Atol Acooli's bazaar, and I was riding up Parsee Church Street in a garry. I say he *was* squatting. For our eyes had no more than met when Lal, on his quick, brown feet, had covered the distance to my garry, and his hand was on the door.

He looked straight at me, smiled slightly, and opened the door. There was no salaaming or holding out his hand for *bakhshish*, as would any other Hindu boy who had done a Sahib the slightest service. Lal merely stood there, very straight, until I stepped down from the garry. Then he closed the door and went back to his bird cages.

My business was with Atol Acooli. Parsee Church Street used to be the chief bird bazaar in Calcutta, and probably its noisiest and most colorful street. Only two blocks long, the street was literally lined on both sides by bazaars containing thousands of Indian birds of all varieties, particularly fine thrushes and the ornamental birds of the Himalayas.

### Lal on the Job

Atol Acooli was the most extensive trader of the lot—a lean man, with long arms and lithe hands, and a gift of conveying information with those hands that made a puppet seem a motionless figure. I had carried on business with Acooli for many years, and had received through him many of the fine bird specimens that are now in zoölogical gardens and in aviaries all over America.



Lal, squatting in the shade of the bazaar, looked at first glance like any other Hindu

You see, this was nearly twenty years ago, when I was first starting in the animal business. I have since established connections in the interiors and on the frontiers of the various jungle countries of Asia, so that Sahib Buck is now a well-known person with the bird trappers and the *safaris* from the Himalayan slopes to Taloimannar at the southern point of the Indian peninsula. I have brought back to America as many as ten thousand birds in a single consignment, and have obtained them from the jungle people themselves. But in those younger days, when I was feeling my way in the animal world, Acooli was an essential person.

In my dealings with Acooli I had a chance to get better acquainted with Lal. You see, you don't just walk into a bazaar and say, "I want to buy a thousand birds." There is a great deal of diplomacy necessary in a deal as big as this, and even more dickering. Usually it takes three to five days before such a deal can be consummated, and then, if you believe the trader, he is being royally cheated and selling at a loss! Which, of course, he never is.

Every morning when my garry pulled up before Acooli's bazaar Lal was waiting for me. He literally sprang to get the door open. Then he stood very straight, those wonderful brown eyes of his looking frankly into mine, with just a faint touch of a smile in the corners.

I watched him while I talked with Acooli. Other boys, doing the same work, lazed about, chewed their betel nuts, and shirked more than they worked. Not Lal. He kept constantly and efficiently busy—extra attention to a bird here and a bird there, fresh water and food, a particularly good cleaning for a cage.

"Acooli," I said on the third day, "who is that boy?"

Acooli made an expressive gesture with his lithe hands. "His name is Lal Bahuda," he said. "He come with small collection of birds from Bikna Thori. He is good boy—so I keep him."

"Bikna Thori," I said. "That's in northern India near the Nepal border. Is he a Nepalese?"

"Mother Nepalese—father Bengal."

That explained a good deal. I could see in Lal the Ghurka qualities he had inherited from that Nepalese mother of his—the qualities which made the Ghurka regiments among the best fighters the British had in the World War: an absolute lack of fear, and the admirable modesty usually found in fierce fighting men.

### Servant and Friend

I said nothing more about Lal at the time, but I was thinking. I had no boy with me except the usual body servant that a Sahib must have in India. No white man, you see, can travel in India without a bearer. And I knew I was going to need help. I had left Old Ali—the uncle of my present Number One Boy—with my animals in Singapore. And I had bought a sizable collection of birds from old Tasadug Husain, whose bazaar in Moore Market, the famous market place of Calcutta, had been the source of supply for European bird merchants for over fifty years. I knew that by the time I had concluded my bargain with Atol Acooli and added his birds to my collection I was going to need plenty of help to handle them all.

I spoke to Lal when I had concluded my deal with Acooli.

"Lal," I started—

He stood straight as a Ghurka soldier, looked at me and said:

"Yes, Sahib?"

"Lal," I said, "how would you like to go away with me? It's a long way to America, Lal."

The slightest shadow of a cloud flitted across those big, round eyes. I could see that he was worried, but he spoke quickly and firmly.

"I go, Sahib," he said, "if you promise to send me back."

"Of course, Lal," I told him. "I guarantee to send you back to India."

He looked happier than I have ever seen any Hindu look.

"Very good, Sahib," he said. "We go now?"

And we went.

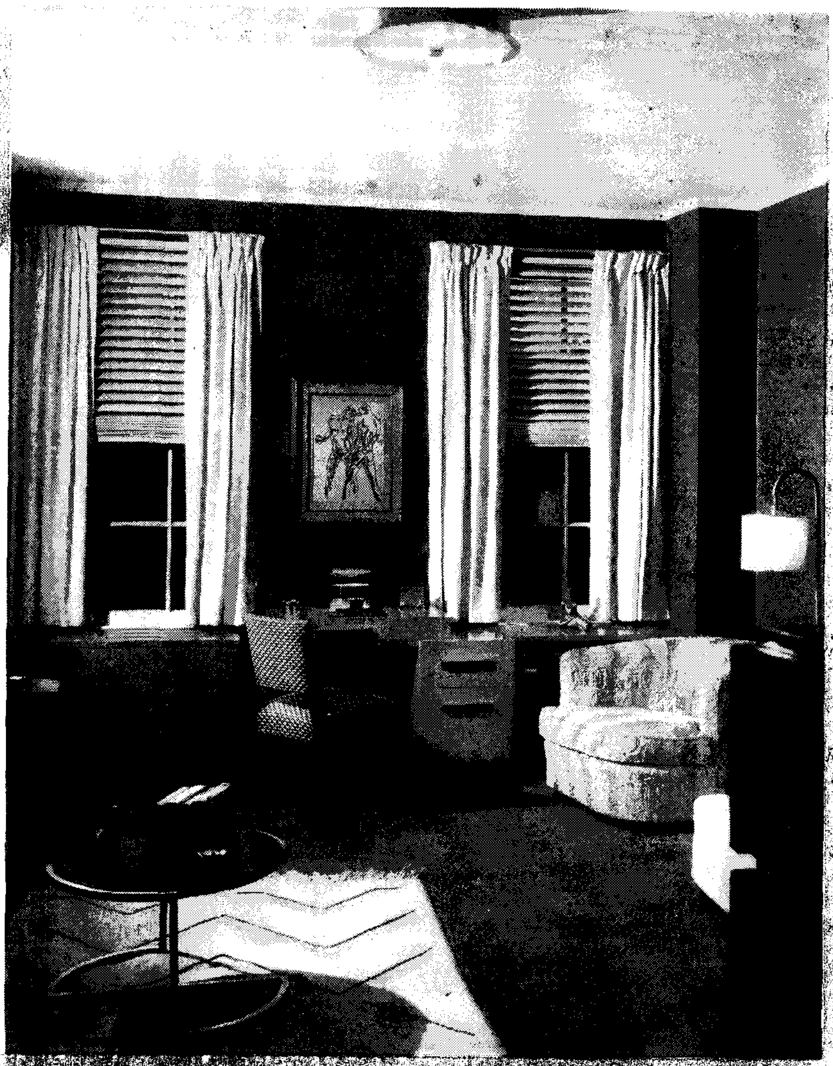
That was the beginning of Lal—the beginning of fifteen years of close association between myself and that little brown boy with the Bengal father and the Nepalese mother. Our position was, of course, and had to be, that of master and servant. But I am sure that I never had a truer friend than Lal Bahuda.

I remember we were sitting one night

(*Continued on page 63*)

A small room that gives a sense of space—a man's room with built-in desk, bookcases and cabinet. The walls are tobacco brown, the curtains white, the furnishings beige, brown and red

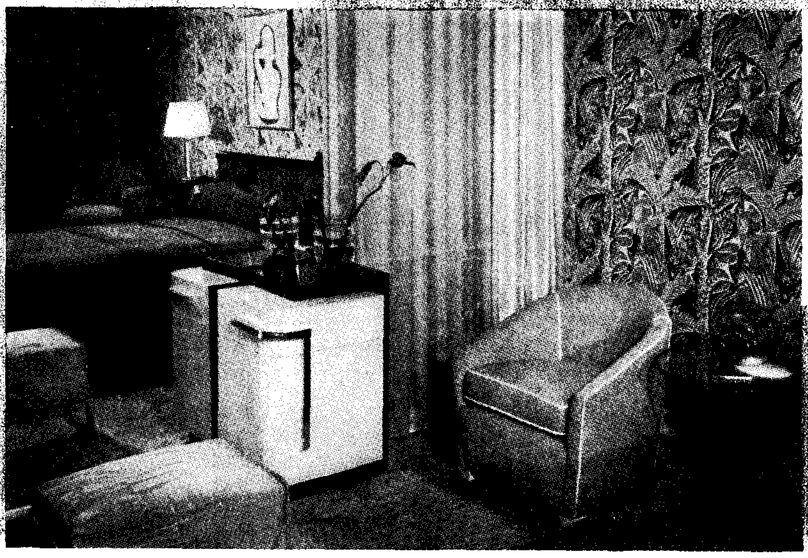
Hedrich-Blessing Studio



# Decorated for Today

## By Marie Beynon Ray

*It's fresh, it's new, it's comfortable and very easy to get along with, this modern decoration that has lost all trace of the streaked lightning, awkward angles and metal aberrations that afflicted it a while back. It's time to start speaking again*



Rooms by Donald Deskey

Rotan

Modern but not startling: a woman's room that uses modern lighting, fabrics and color—yellow, green, brown and white, taken from the walls

A HOUSE has just been built about thirty miles from New York, on the west bank of the Hudson, which, when you come upon it suddenly, stops your heart—either with shock or, if you are a sophisticated child of your century, a sense of beauty.

On Sundays the workmen who have been employed upon it gather in the neighboring fields, bringing their families, and point it out to all and sundry.

"There it is!" they say. "That's the house *we* built!"

They seem proud—and a little alarmed. Like a hen who has hatched a duck.

It's like no other house you've ever seen. It's hard to describe. One can say it's all of white stucco and brushed aluminum; that it looks quite a lot like a luxurious yacht; that it seems to be mostly promenade decks and swimming pools on the outside and sun parlors within; that it spreads itself all over the place, regardless of the price per acre of land—and yet all that doesn't make you see the strangeness of it. In a word, it's a Modern house. There are only about a dozen even remotely resembling it in the length and breadth of this fair land.

It's the country house of Mrs. Alma Wertheim, whose father is Ex-Ambassador Morgenthau ("Uncle Henry" to President Roosevelt) and whose brother is Secretary of the Treasury. . . . It was built from original designs by Professor Joseph Hoffmann.

Only Americans are shocked almost out of their senses by its queerness. There are plenty of houses like it taken for granted abroad.

But let recovery once get under way, let building start up again, and, architects assure us, such houses will be the rule in this country, not the exception. The recent Chicago Exposition certainly gave a decided fillip to people's desire for Modernism. We see that the sort of thing we've been doing in buildings and furnishings is an anachronism—what else *is* there to do? The younger generation, at all events, will have nothing of our reproductions of bygone eras. Give *them* the furniture that was born in the age of airplanes, dirigibles and skyscrapers.

I went to see the one-room (with kitchenette and bath) apartment of a young married couple who wanted what so many young married people—and single men and business women—want today: as little housework and as much leisure as possible and as beautiful an interior as they can get for a limited sum.

The young mistress of this particular apartment was as proud of it as though it were an ancestral Georgian mansion in the heart of Maryland.

"We did it for less than $1,500," she said, "or rather Donald Deskey, who did Radio City Music Hall, did it for us. That may seem a lot of money, but remember, it's three rooms in one and everything is of the finest, most everlasting quality, so that as we gradually move into bigger and better apartments (we hope) we need never discard our first purchases. How do you like it?"

I liked it very much. It was a simple, quiet, dignified room, yet with that "of-the-moment" air about it that young people have. Oyster-white walls, rose-colored hangings of specially woven fabric and a specially designed rug consisting of geometric sections of non-raveling carpet in off-white, beige, rust, brown and black joined in a new way so that not a seam showed, formed a placid background for the half dozen pieces of furniture which have no names (except the chairs, which are obviously chairs) of beautifully grained macassar ebony—an unusual, but not a startling room.

### Nameless Furniture

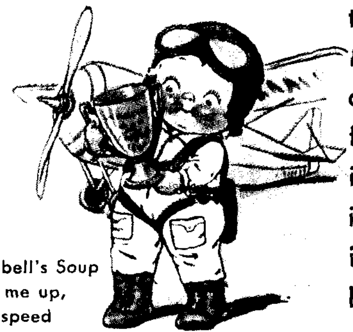
"What is that?" I asked, indicating a low, rangy piece. It might have been a commode, it might have been a buffet, or a lowboy, or—or a radio. It was higher at one end than at the other (in that asymmetric way that only Modern furniture dares) and if it had doors and drawers, it concealed them beautifully behind a suave façade, guiltless of the carving despised by the Moderns.

"That?" said the young lady. "We haven't thought of a name for it yet. How can you give a name to anything that holds—see!—my very best china and glass in one compartment, my husband's shirts in another, table linen in this drawer, towels in that? And this little item by my husband's lounge chair is a whatchamacallit to hold everything a man needs once he's settled for the evening—his cigarettes, pipe, magazines, newspapers, radio, books, lamp, all on shelves of different convenient levels. You just take your problems to the Modern designer and he solves them with pieces of furniture which never existed before."

The trouble with America is that it got off on the wrong foot. In the beginning a lot of half-baked designers caught a terrible case of Modernitis, worse than smallpox, and broke out

(*Continued on page* 48)

# It's sure to be your family's favorite soup!



With Campbell's Soup
To cheer me up,
I show the speed
That wins the cup!

Isn't it fortunate that the whole family enjoys Campbell's Tomato Soup just as much as you do? For such a great favorite is sure to be served regularly and often on your table — to your own delight and satisfaction. And it certainly can't be served too often to suit you. How your appetite revels in its bright, sunny goodness! Every spoonful has the tang and sparkle of luscious tomatoes. Every ingredient is selected, prepared and blended into soup in accordance with Campbell's exacting standards of quality — none stricter in the world. Campbell's Tomato Soup has the *assured* goodness you demand for your table.

EAT SOUP AND KEEP WELL

## Campbell's Tomato Soup

### *Enjoy it both ways!*

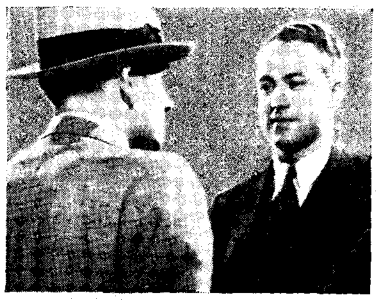
To serve as Tomato Soup, add water. To serve as Cream of Tomato, add milk or cream. Delicious either way!

Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP
Campbell Soup Company

**21 kinds to choose from . . .**

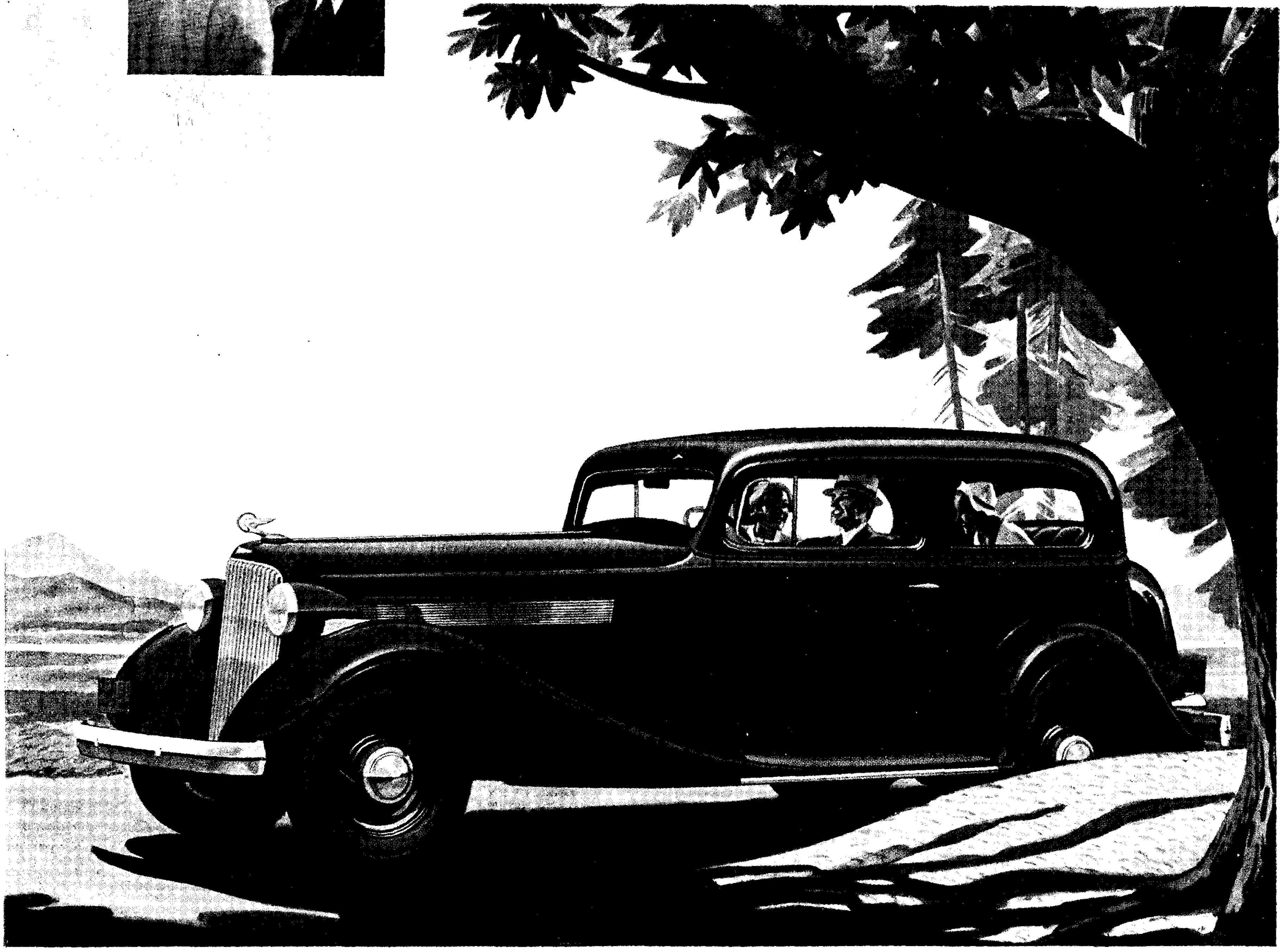
- Asparagus
- Bean
- Beef
- Bouillon
- Celery
- Chicken
- Chicken-Gumbo
- Clam Chowder
- Consommé
- Julienne
- Mock Turtle
- Mulligatawny
- Mushroom (Cream of)
- Mutton
- Noodle with chicken
- Ox Tail
- Pea
- Pepper Pot
- Printanier
- Tomato
- Vegetable
- Vegetable-Beef

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



*"...and so I bought a Pontiac*

"After looking over all others, I concluded that it really was the quality car of the low-price field."



*The 2-Door Touring Sedan—List price at Pontiac, Michigan, $785**

# *The Lowest priced Quality Car*

People who have been driving high-priced cars—no less than those who have been driving cars of far lower price—are turning to the new Pontiac.

One type of motorist finds in the new Pontiac the size and roominess for which he has previously paid much more; the other finds in it scores of advanced features that make his old car seem quite ordinary. Pontiac's smart, newly styled body by Fisher has an individuality all its own. Its new 84-horsepower Straight Eight engine, so superbly smooth and flexible . . . its new Knee-Action wheels, to which Pontiac owes its smooth, gliding ride . . . its safe and powerful Bendix brakes . . . its long, 117-inch wheelbase . . . its improved Fisher No Draft ventilation . . . all contribute to Pontiac's immense popularity.

But you needn't take our word alone. Any Pontiac dealer will be glad to show you a new Pontiac...to let you drive it. When you have seen for yourself how beautifully it rides—how easy it is to handle—you too will acclaim it the low-priced *quality* car . . . a car that really is *new* and *different.*

* List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, $715 and up. With bumpers, spare tire, metal tire cover, tire lock and spring covers, the list price is $32.00 additional.

**PONTIAC**

*The Economy Straight Eight*

# Nature's Wise Plan

## By Bernard DeVoto

*Fletch Scott loses the girl he loves, and there's plenty of excitement around Lake Ryegate, where the moonlight's swell*

COMING around the corner of the Pollard summer place at Lake Ryegate, Fletcher Scott stopped short to get the full effect of a well-composed tableau. Utterly absorbed in what she was doing, Nora Pollard, holding her swimming shoes in one hand, was sprinkling her bare feet with a garden hose. Sunlight brought out highly pictorial glints in her auburn hair, her swimming suit was a mere bandanna and some pants, and Nora's figure had always been flawless. She looked up, smiled so that the seven freckles on the bridge of her nose wrinkled, tossed the garden hose away, kissed him most satisfactorily and, taking his arm, led him up to the deep porch.

"If someone would only murder you, Fletch!" she said. "The party was last week. Everybody's gone but Claire Reynolds and Marshall Ward. You arrived a week ago today."

"I know—I even started on time. Then somehow I was in Montreal."

"If you start for the corner drug store to get some cigarettes, you end up at a gang war or a four-alarm fire. Listen, Fletch, I've been praying you wouldn't show up at all. When you're around things happen much too fast and much too eccentrically, and this party has reached a precarious phase. I'm scared of your talent for converting the tea hour into the scene of the earthquake."

He grinned. "Do I hear you shooing me out of china shops? What's precarious? You can't be thinking of your birthday tomorrow?"

The freckles danced again and Lake Ryegate's summer afternoon was distinctly less blue than her eyes. "Darling! Your social sense has never let me down. Twenty-one!" She laughed. "Years of discretion at last."

"If you live to be eighty, maybe. Tell me about this precarious phase."

"Before I start—Fletch, that wasn't a love letter you wrote me?"

"Just the social sense. Oh, the standing offer holds good. If your insanities scare the last entrant off, I won't let you stay a spinster."

"GOOD! This would be a terrible time for us to have one of our romantic throw-backs. . . . You know, Fletch, it proved I didn't think so much of Pete Stanley."

He nodded. Nora's last four years had been a sequence of deathless but self-limited infatuations. "I thought the deadline was near. That was as nutty a notion as you ever had. You couldn't fall in love with anybody sane enough to study law."

"But Fletch!" Nora pushed back a curl from her forehead and looked dismayed. "The whole point is, I've got to. I'm like you—they left the stabilizers off both of us. I've got to have a steadying influence. I've decided to marry Marshall Ward."

This was the precise point, Fletcher realized, where the world got cockeyed. It invariably did when he and Nora met. He had roomed with Marshall Ward through four years of Harvard. Marsh had solidity and industry and propriety and all the solid, pedestrian virtues, and marrying him was Nora's most insane idea yet. Which put that idea into the championship class. He stared at her. This, he decided, was going to take careful thinking, careful management, as well as a rapid revision of his plans.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "if there's any cure for your schizophrenia, he ought to be it. You'll abruptly stop being erratic. Have you let Marsh in on the plan?"

"He's getting the idea pretty adequately. That's why you've got to watch out. Don't get rattle-brained and explosive, darling; don't dare be yourself. Try to be responsible. Don't get tight, don't start us doing anything crazy, don't land us in Kamchatka or the state prison when we just want to buy a stamp."

"Okay. Tea, square dances only, and light chatter about banking."

SUDDENLY her eyes flamed. "You might show a little heartbreak! After all these years of sometimes adoring me, that lopsided grin amounts to an insult."

"I was thinking of Marsh as a polygamist. Wait!" He held up a hand. "That started as a compliment—for your birthday. I mean, you're so many kinds of lovely woman in so short a time with such bewildering changes of mood that you're a whole harem. Not so bad a tribute from the oldest friend? After all, I can remember you having your teeth straightened at the age of twelve."

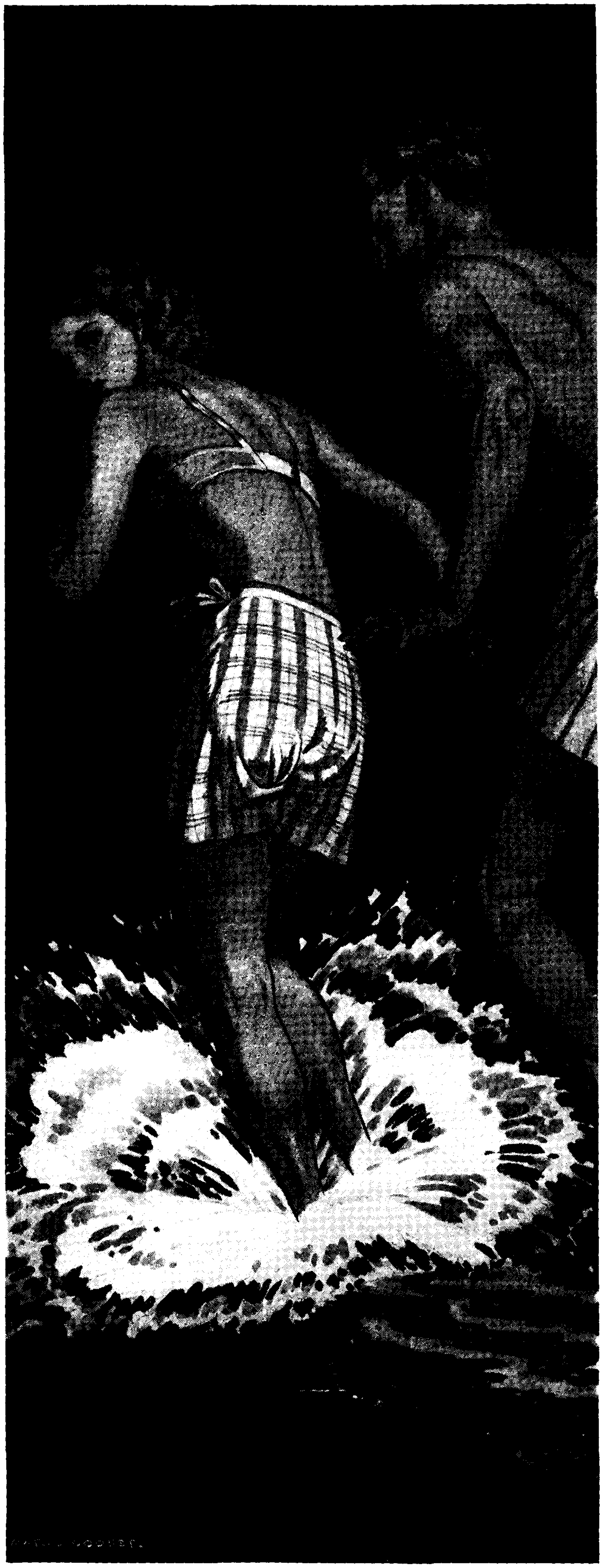
Nora smiled and pulled his arm around her waist. "Then there was that ghastly period when your voice was changing. We haven't any secrets from each other—no mystery. That's why our spells of intermittent rhapsody never turned into a romance. What a break for us, Fletch! It wouldn't do—if we got married it would just be wrecks, cloudbursts and cataclysms of nature. Too much talent for inadvertently raising hell."

With her head on his shoulder he could see the unique curve of her mouth. "Still at odd moments it sounded like a good idea. Lord, Nora, at least three times only accident preserved you from marrying me. Marsh would never have got to stabilize you."

"Four times, counting that evening at Bear Point in the moonlight, moaning because it was too late to rouse a town clerk. One of us must have some small taint of sanity that saves us. Maybe the poet doesn't show up in you till all the parsons have gone to sleep. You can be a swell poet, Fletch—I'm going to miss that. Still, I couldn't lose track of you. Not while newspapers have headlines."

Fletcher stood up. "In your vicinity, life is just a gasoline tank and a match getting together. Well, the wife of a rising young banker won't have explosions. This must be nature's wise plan

(Continued on page 56)


Illustrated by Mario Cooper

Nora ran into the lake and Fletcher hurried after her

# The Star Test

## By Quentin Reynolds

***The American Walker Cup team is up against something worse than a rival team: it has a course to beat—St. Andrews, the place where stars blow up. It's a honey and a heartbreaker. At least that's how Gene Sarazen tells it***

I SEE by the papers," the Little Guy says, lighting a very big cigar, "that the American Walker Cup team is going to have an easy time with the English team at St. Andrews. I read that, man for man, the American team is far superior and that it will hardly be a contest."

The Little Guy waved the sport page of a paper. "It says here that the American team is especially suited for St. Andrews and that in May the weather will be nice and warm, which will also favor the Americans."

"And don't you agree?" I asked the Little Guy, who incidentally is a golfer answering to the name of Gene Sarazen.

"I would like to meet some of these people who say that the English are going to roll over and play dead dog," he said with a calculating gleam in his eye. "I would like to meet them and wager a small sum that they are all wet."

"Then you don't think that the Americans will win?"

"I do not. And I'll tell you why. Mind you, they may win, as everyone seems to think, but if they do it will surprise me. They are not merely playing the English Walker Cup team. They are playing St. Andrews, and do you realize that only two of our team ever played St. Andrews before?"

Suddenly Mr. Sarazen shivered and it couldn't have been from the cold, because we were practically sitting in the lap of the Gulf Stream and it was a lovely warm day—much too nice a day to be out of doors.

"I was thinking of St. Andrews," Gene explained. "I was thinking of the 11th and 14th holes at St. Andrews. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night thinking of those holes. They certainly made a bum out of me last year and they may do the same thing to some of our young American amateurs. It was in the British Open and I was doing all right for myself until I hit those two holes. But I took three over par on each of them. Can you imagine anyone taking three over par on any hole?"

"It's no trick at all if you put your mind to it," I said modestly. "I've even done it myself."

Gene only glared. "Three over par is great golf for a man that's trying to win a British Open title. Just to show you what the American team will be up against I'll tell you what I did on that 14th hole. My caddy, young Herd of that famous Herd golfing family, told me to drive far off to the left. Wanted me to shoot 150 yards off line. I thought he was crazy. 'I know this course,' he said, and I took his advice. Well, my drive was all right and Herd nodded approvingly. The ball was just where he wanted it.

"Then he told me to do the same thing again. But I could see that flag over to the right and I saw no reason why I shouldn't aim for it. So I disregarded Herd's advice and where did I end up?"

"Behind the eight ball," I suggested brightly.

"In Hell's Bunker," Gene said bitterly, chewing savagely on that cigar. "Hell's Bunker is the worst bunker in the world. It seemed to me as if I'd spend the rest of the afternoon there. I just dug a hole in that bunker and buried my British Open title. I wound up with an eight on the hole. Well, that's what the boys will be up against."

Acme

The clubhouse by the sea at St. Andrews, scene of the approaching Walker Cup play

"I don't think you like St. Andrews."

"On the contrary," Gene said emphatically, "I think St. Andrews is the best course in the world. It's a wonderful course but you can't fool it. You've got to earn your score there and if you try to get smart like I did that old course just laughs at you.

### A Victory Won't Be Easy

"If these American youngsters (look *them up; you'll discover that most of* them are youngsters) listen to their caddies and do what Francis Ouimet tells them to do they'll have a good chance, but they won't have any easy time of it—or I'm crazy, and you know I'm not crazy."

"Oh, I don't know, Gene. All golfers are a little bit . . ."

"Never mind that," he said hastily. "Ouimet is one of the smartest golfers alive. He knows St. Andrews. Here's how smart Francis is. Where do you think he's been practicing for this match? At Timber Point on Long Island, because that is the nearest thing we have to St. Andrews. Most of the other men have been playing in the south or in California all winter, and that isn't going to help them at St. Andrews.

"Even in May it's chilly in the north of Scotland. It's right on the North Sea, just ninety miles from Edinburgh and there's always a wind fanning that course. And what a wind! Ouimet will have to walk around with the boys and tell them how to beat that wind. You've got to sneak around it, you've got to out-think it—you can't fight it.

Rotofotos

Gene Sarazen (left) and Francis Ouimet (right), veterans of St. Andrews meets

"But *the wind is only one of the* handicaps the boys will have to hurdle," Gene continued.

"What is so tough about St. Andrews that isn't tough about American courses?"

"The greens," Gene snapped. "The greens and those pot bunkers. They have double greens there and you could build a baseball diamond on some of them. They're as fast as glass too. Johnny Goodman won't find it as easy to chip to those greens as he finds it at Chicago. Johnny Fisher won't find them as easy to pitch to as he finds those Cincinnati greens. They are water-soaked and planted with bent grass, and when your ball hits them the ball stops. When the ball hits a St. Andrews green it gains new life and bounces right along merrily and then, like as not, pops over the green into a pot bunker. Sometimes you're faced with a 125-foot putt on those greens. You've got to be a great approach putter to do anything. Ouimet is a great putter. Goodman, Dunlap and Marston are also good. They'll have to be good at St. Andrews.

"And those pot bunkers," Gene went on. "You can't see them from the tee. You let go with a beautiful drive. You walk after the ball, thinking you've done pretty well, and you find it in one of those pesky pot bunkers. If you're not careful then you are going to get awfully angry at that course and that will kill your game. You have no right to get sore at that St. Andrews course. You should get sore at yourself for being such an idiot as to think you can fool the course. You know those youngsters will hate that course the first time they try it out. They'll want to throw their clubs away. Then after a while it will grow on them—and they'll end up loving it."

Gene paused to relight what was left of that cigar. "Then, there's the crowd."

"But, Gene," I protested, "I always heard that the St. Andrews crowd was the fairest in the world."

"It is," Gene said complacently. "It's a friendly, golf-wise, scrupulously fair crowd but it's different from those the boys are accustomed to playing before. Few of these kids will ever have played to such a large crowd, such a tense crowd, and it is apt to affect their nerves. You know if you make a swell drive here the crowd will let out a cheer. They don't over there.

"I remember once, playing there, that I found myself in a bad way. I wasn't far from the green but it was an awkward lie. I chipped out and my shot was greeted with silence. I walked to the green and found the ball less than a foot from the hole. I sank it and the crowd sent up a great cheer. They were cheering the chip shot, not the putt. They always wait until after the ball is holed before they cheer. You've got to get used to that, too. It's a fair crowd—but a different one.

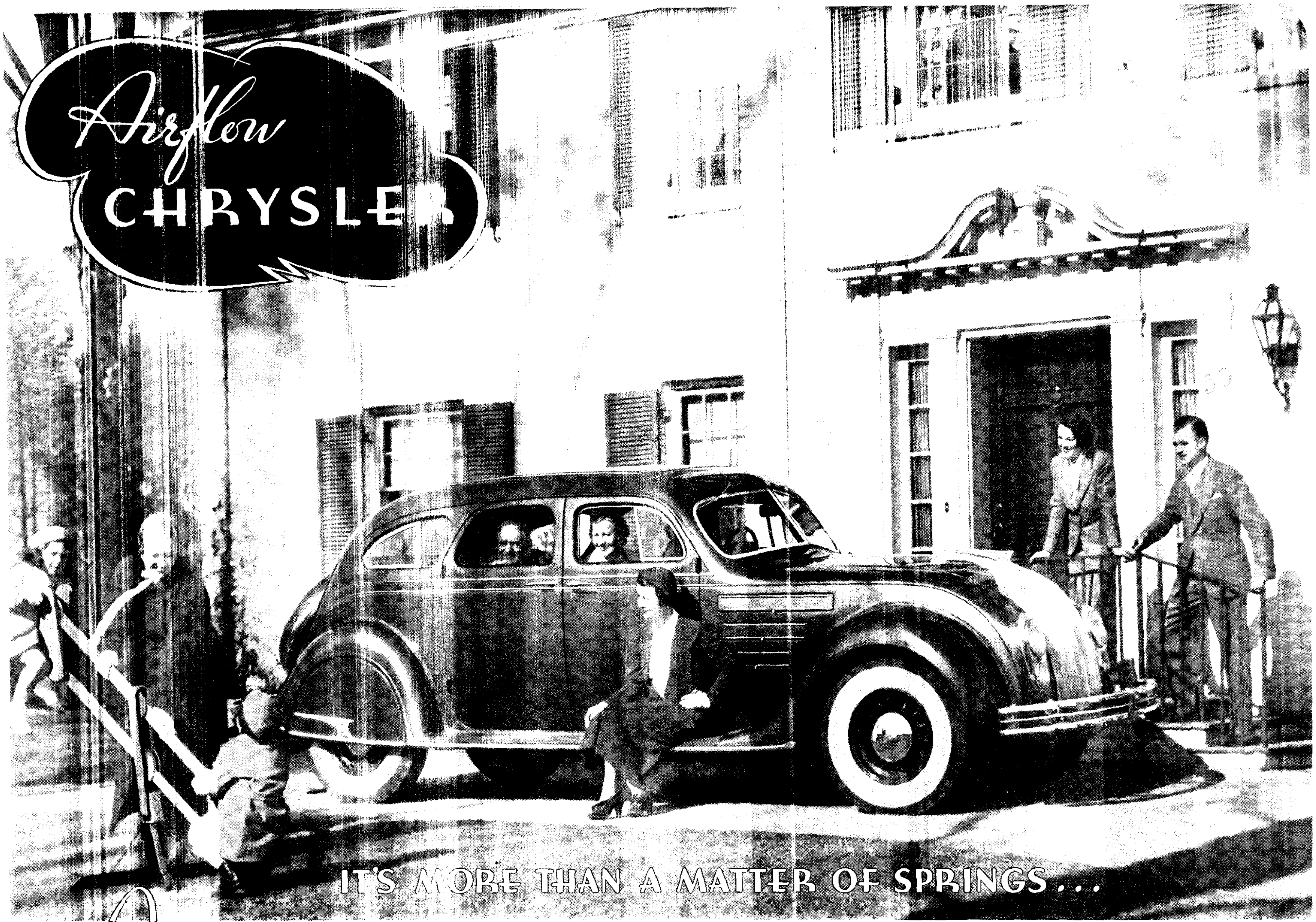
"Yes," Gene concluded, "St. Andrews will be difficult for those Walker Cup golfers. They've got tough games, many, many bunkers, a foreign crowd, and that wind to contend with. Oh, but that wind is tough—especially on your second shot. That wind has broken many a heart."

"Yours, Gene?"

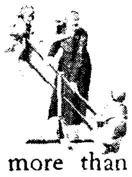
"A dozen times," he groaned.

"I don't think you really like St. Andrews, Gene," I told him.

Gene took a big breath. "When I die," he said very seriously, "I want only one thing. I want to go to auld gray St. Andrews with all of its tricky greens and its traps and its wind. I want to go to St. Andrews and if they'll give me a bag of clubs and one of those fishermen who act as caddies I'll be happy ever after."



# It's Dynamic Balance that gives Floating Ride



THE illustration above is more than a pleasing picture. The teeter-totter is being used to demonstrate a scientific truth.

The twins sit at the ends of the teeter-totter . . . bouncing . . . flying up and down in great style. But the pivot point . . . the center of balance . . . scarcely moves at all.

In like manner passengers ride in the middle of the Airflow Chrysler . . . both front and rear seats are near the center of balance. The engine is over the front axle . . . the back seat is 20 inches forward of the rear axle. This balance of weight controls spring action as nothing else can . . . slowing down the rate of motion . . . lengthening sharp jolts into easy glides . . . entirely eliminating the jiggling and bumping inherent in any kind of springs.

That shows clearly why the Floating Ride in the Airflow Chryslers is far more than a matter of spring design . . . why it gives comfort that springs alone cannot produce.

It's a simple truth that the Floating Ride in the Airflow Chryslers is so different that it is literally a new kind of travel. You can prove it for yourself in just a short ride. And you should take that ride before you even consider the purchase of any other car.

Write for the interesting booklet which describes the romantic development of Floating Ride. Address the Chrysler Sales Corporation, 12203 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

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CHRYSLER AIRFLOW EIGHT . . . 122 horsepower and 123-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan, Brougham and Town Sedan, five-passenger Coupe. All body types, $1245.

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW IMPERIAL . . . 130 horsepower . . . 128-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan and Town Sedan, five-passenger Coupe. All body types, $1495.

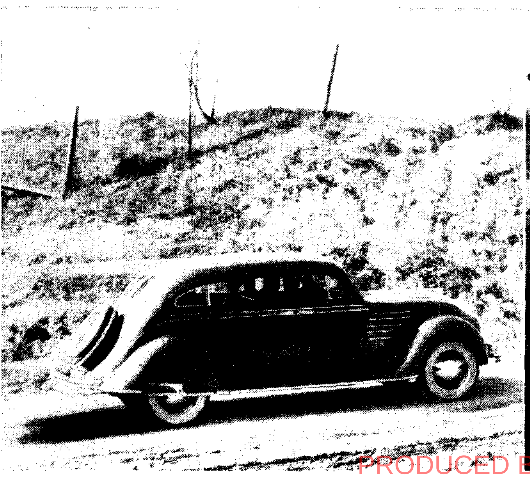
AIRFLOW CUSTOM IMPERIAL . . . 150 horsepower . . . 146-inch wheelbase. Individualized body types, prices on request.

1934 CHRYSLER SIX . . . *With independently sprung front wheels* . . . for a smooth, cushioned ride . . . 93 horsepower, 7 body types on 117-inch and 121-inch wheelbase. From $725 up. Four-door Sedan, $795.

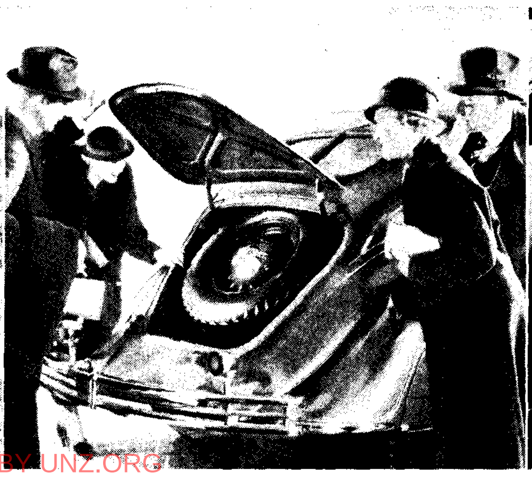
*All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, Michigan, subject to change without notice.*

★ *You* can easily write as you ride in the Airflow Chrysler, like this . . .

★ *Even* when you're speeding along an ordinary gravel road, like this . . .



★ *In* Airflow Coupes, the spare tire tucks away in a compartment like this . . .



★ *All* Airflow Chryslers have inside compartments for a lot of luggage like this . . .

# Madam is Right

### A Short Short Story complete on this page

### By George S. Brooks

*Illustrated by Floyd M. Davis*

THERE was no sign of recognition when he met her at the entrance of the dining-room. "One, madam? Thank you. This way, please."

Bernard, his left hand full of dinner and wine cards, conducted her gracefully through the maze of tables.

For this pretty woman in a light summer frock he chose a place by the Fifty-sixth Street windows.

"Too drafty here," she objected.

Bernard bowed. "Madam is right. Thank you." He led her back toward the center of the room.

"Too near the music," she complained.

The head waiter showed no irritation. "Madam is right. It is a little noisy here. Perhaps on the other side. . . ."

They crossed the room, returning almost to the entrance, where two single tables were tucked between the palms which edge every dining-room in the Consolidated Hotel Corporation chain.

"Why didn't you put me here in the first place," she asked crossly, "instead of walking me around the block?"

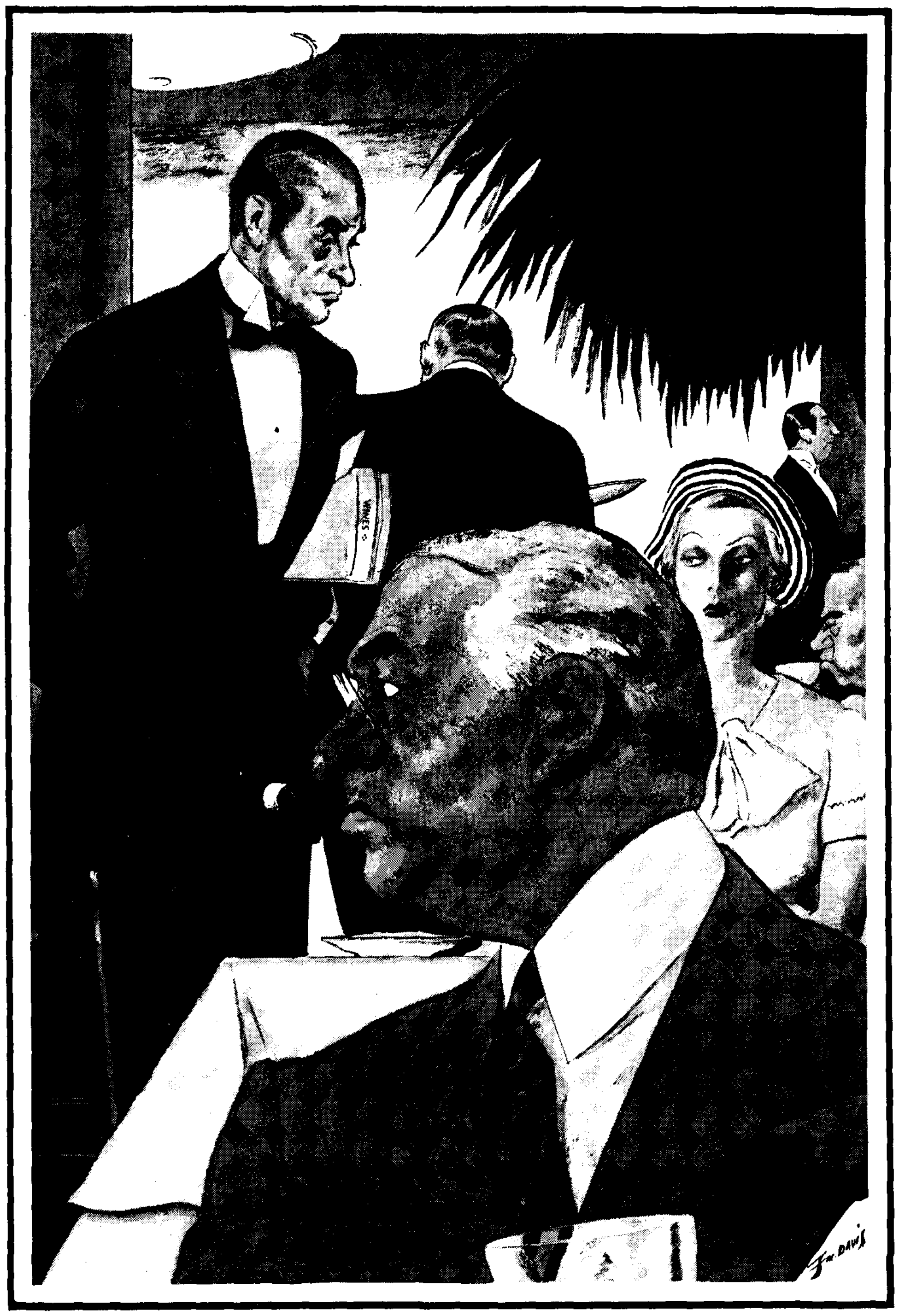
He handed her a napkin, laid the dinner and wine cards beside her service plate. "I'm sorry, *madam*. It was my fault. But most attractive ladies prefer to be seated a little more conspicuously." His tone was both apologetic and complimentary.

"I want a Planters Special. Very dry. If it's sweet, I'll send it back."

"Yes, madam." He turned to the table waiter. "Planters cocktail. Very dry. Tell Joe to be careful of the syrup. Thank you, madam."

The single man in the gray suit at the next table was listening narrowly. Bernard noticed it. "Everything to your liking, sir?" he asked, pouring a little water in the gentleman's glass and calling a bus boy with the word "Ice."

Then, deftly, Bernard seated a party of five, placed a couple who wanted to dance, found a chair for a single.



"Why didn't you put me here in the first place?" she asked crossly

As the cocktail was served, with anxious concern he returned to the woman in white. "Is it all right, madam?"

"No," she snapped. "It's loaded with bitters. It's not fit to drink."

"Allow me," Bernard picked up the glass. "They misunderstood me, no doubt. One minute. I'll see to it myself."

The man in the gray suit leaned back in his chair, as though curious to hear how the head waiter would placate this critical patron. Bernard returned. "If madam will try this—" He waited until she sipped it. "Better?"

"Yes. That's more like it," she admitted, grudgingly.

"Good." He beckoned to the table waiter. "Madam will order now. I think she might find the *potage Russe* to her taste, perhaps." Smiling, he glided away to seat a fat man with a girl too young to be his wife and too pretty to be his daughter.

Bernard's eyes missed nothing as he passed between the tables. More butter here. . . . Melba toast for Mrs. Schultz. . . . "You'll have to forgive us, sir. Some of us aren't quite expert at serving it yet. . . ."

At the first opportunity, he retraced his steps to the two tables between the palms. He paused to scratch a match and relight the dead cigar between the teeth of the man in gray. He bent solicitously over the woman's table. "Does madam wish anything more?"

"No. It was an extremely bad dinner."

"I'm sorry. I hope the kitchen will be in better form when madam comes again."

She did not reply. She left the money for her check beside her plate. With an angry toss of her head she went out.

THE man in gray took an indexed notebook from his pocket and glanced down the list under "head waiters" until he found a name. Pocketing the book, he called Bernard.

Very anxiously the servant in the dinner coat leaned forward. "I trust you've found everything all right here, sir?"

"Yes, indeed. I'm Mr. Witt, traveling general manager. I'm pleased with you, Bernard. And when an employee pleases me"—Witt's chest swelled magnanimously—"I make a practice of telling him so."

"Thank you very much, sir. Might I inquire what pleased you especially?"

"The way you handled that pretty young woman who sat over there. She was exacting, unreasonable. I wouldn't have been surprised if you had showed annoyance."

Bernard flushed and seemed to hesitate. "I must explain that, Mr. Witt. I can't sail under false colors in her case. I don't want you to think—did you happen to notice anything familiar about her, sir?"

Puzzled, the other shook his head.

"She's Rose, the hat-check girl. She usually comes in here to dine on her night off. And she's always *difficult to handle*. You see, she knows our little weaknesses."

"The check girl, eh? Well, I'll be damned!"

"Quite so, sir. But even if she is the check girl, when Rose comes in to dine, I treat her as I would any other guest. At least, that's always been my attitude, Mr. Witt."

"ABSOLUTELY right." The hotel executive stood up. "Next month, we will open the Hotel General Sullivan. Bernard, I am going to recommend you for the post of *maitre d'hôtel*. I have no misgivings in selecting you. I can see you have the Consolidated spirit. I mean the spirit of the Consolidated Hotels."

"Thank you. I am overcome, sir. I will try to be worthy of your confidence. One moment. I beg your pardon, Mr. Witt. There's a gentleman waiting to be seated, sir."

At midnight, dressed in his street clothes, Bernard met a dark-haired girl on a street corner.

"Okay, Rose," said he as he took her arm, familiarly. "The General Sullivan for us, baby. You can quit that coat-room tomorrow and—"

She pulled away from him. "Don't get fresh," she warned him quickly. "My husband's awful jealous."

"Your husband?" repeated the head waiter. "Why, you're not married!" He paused. "Are—are you?" he stammered.

"Ask Emile if I'm married," she retorted. "You just ask him, that's all."

"You don't mean my assistant, Emile?"

"Why not?" she asked coldly.

"But, Rose—listen. You've done this for me. You have made me *maitre d'hôtel* at the best and newest house in the Consolidated chain. I owe it all to you. If you really love Emile, why did you do this for me?"

With contempt for his stupidity, she explained, "How could Emile have your job, unless I moved you out of his way?"

Bernard considered this new idea. "How, indeed?" He bowed respectfully. "I see your point. Madam is right." He raised his hat and walked away.

# "My Car Rolled over 5 times —with ME inside!"

THIS CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH HELL-DRIVER BILLY ARNOLD TELLS THE STORY

"I'VE BEEN A 'HELL-DRIVER' for years. I've done many daredevil stunts — testing cars. But this unexpected accident was my most hair-raising experience by far!"

## *"It took more than Luck to save my Life...it took a Safety-Steel Body"*

It happened on the Bakersfield highway. Billy Arnold was making time for Los Angeles. Road clear . . . rising curve ahead. Suddenly . . . but let him tell it in his own words:

"Suddenly another car swept 'round the curve . . . coming right at me . . . on the wrong side. I had my choice. A head-on crash . . . or the gully. I took the gully."

Arnold's Plymouth shot from the highway . . . crashed over on its side . . . and started rolling. Eye-witnesses said he turned over five times. They pulled him from behind the wheel . . . bruised, but with no bones broken.

"I wouldn't give a plugged nickel," says Arnold, "for my chances in any low-priced car but a Plymouth. Its Safety-Steel Body undoubtedly saved my life!"

You may be a careful driver. But you want all the protection you can get these days against the "other fellow's" recklessness.

That's what Plymouth gives you . . . not only in its body, but in its Hydraulic Brakes . . . the *safest, surest* brakes made.

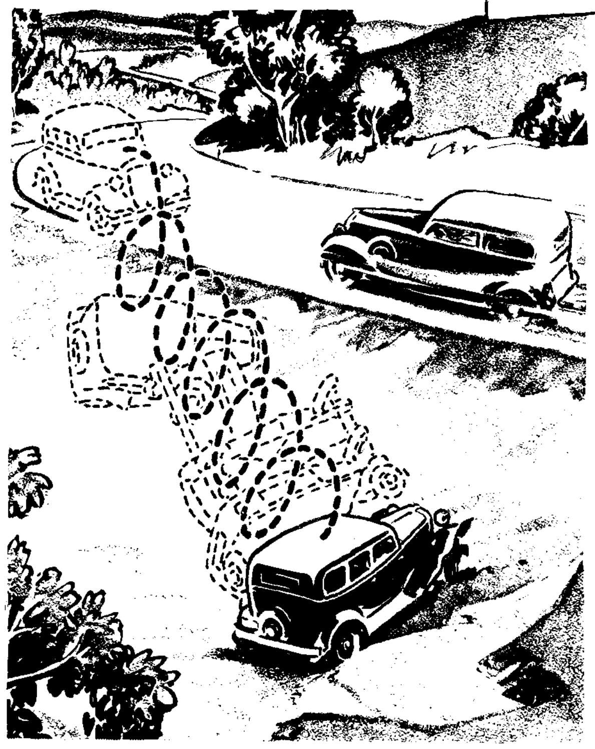
And there's something else you want in your car. That's *comfort!* So consider, too, the extra comfort features of a Plymouth.

• • •

Patented Floating Power engine mountings are one. They keep engine vibration *in the motor*, away from the passengers. Individual Wheel Springing is another. It ends all bouncing and jars.

Ride in "All Three" low-priced cars before you buy. Ask any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer for a Plymouth demonstration.

"THERE'S THE SPOT where it happened. My Plymouth smacked the side of the gulley, bounced up in the air and rolled end-on-end and sideways, five times!"



"DOWN I PLUNGED . . . turning over and over . . . and landed right side up at the bottom. Two tires had blown. With these fixed, I got back in and drove on to Los Angeles . . . 100 miles . . . *that night!*"

LEGION ASCOT SPEEDWAY

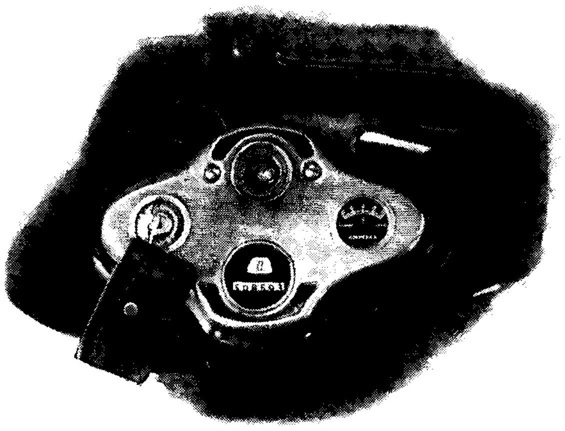
BILLY ARNOLD AND HIS SON with the De Luxe Plymouth Sedan. Plymouth prices begin at $530 f. o. b. factory—subject to change without notice. You may have Duplate Safety Plate Glass *throughout* for the lowest extra cost in the industry (only $10 on De Luxe Sedan).

IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR

**NEW PLYMOUTH $530** AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

# Just a Bet *between* Friends...*but it* *LOT about* TIRES

*This is just the story of an actual experience of a U. S. Tire user — not a paid testimonial.*



OUT IN ROSEVILLE, MICHIGAN, one June day a few years ago, two friends bought cars of the same make. Rivan Frazee's car came equipped with U. S. Royals, while that of Edward Lossing had another well-known make.

"Ed Lossing and I had a friendly argument about our tires," Frazee says; "I bet him a box of cigars that my U. S. Royals would last longer than his . . . . . . Tires.

"And they sure did!

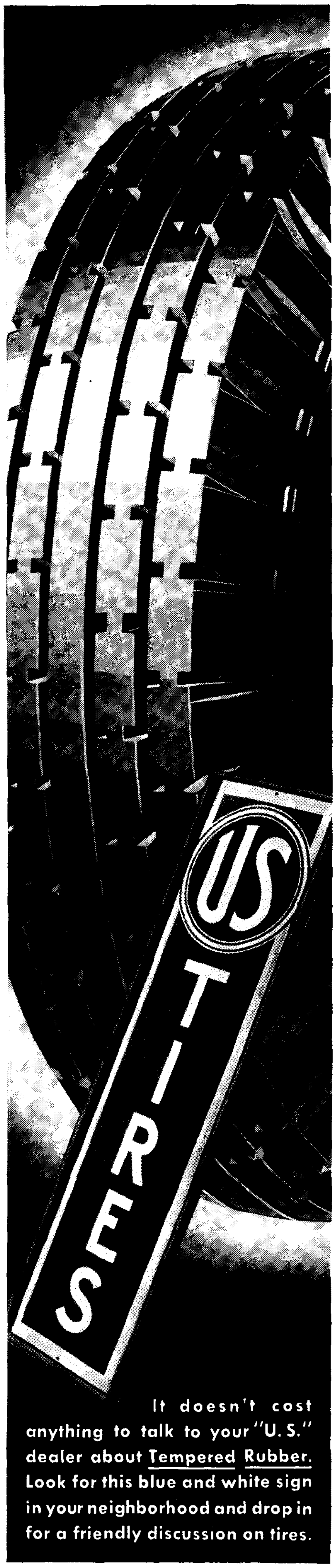
"Lossing wore out his set of . . . . . . Tires, and then re-equipped with a set of . . . . . . Tires. He wore those out, too. During all this time I was still running on the original Royals that came on my car. In fact, I still am using them and they've travelled more than 50,859 miles to date.

"I won the cigars, all right, and I convinced Lossing that U. S. Royals not only run further but give more all-round satisfaction than any other kind. For his third set of tires he bought "U.S." Now he's just as enthusiastic about them as I am—says he hated to lose the cigars, but guesses what he learned was worth far more than the cigars cost him."

Many thousands of motorists have duplicated Mr. Frazee's experience. Time and time again, by actual mileage count, U. S. Royals have proved their superiority. If you are not a U. S. Tire user, check the mileage *you* are getting with that of your friends who use U. S. Royals. You'll find that the *facts* verify every claim we've ever made for Tempered Rubber.

**United States Rubber Company**
WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF RUBBER

# U. S. ROYALS
## built with TEMPERED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It doesn't cost anything to talk to your "U. S." dealer about Tempered Rubber. Look for this blue and white sign in your neighborhood and drop in for a friendly discussion on tires.

RUBBER

# Center Court

*Continued from page 11*

with again; then, as he found how easy it was to dance with her, how beautifully she allowed him to suggest old steps—steps remembered by him, but unknown to her—he was glad, strangely, that it was Martha instead.

HE SAW her next on the day that the quarter-finals were being played; he had won his own match and was coming into the showers. Martha hailed him from the clubhouse veranda. He marked, as he mounted the steps, how cool she looked.

"Congratulations," he said, as he reached her side.

"On what, Gil?"

"On Johnny. I stopped for a moment to watch his match with Bob Williamson. He's going to win."

"Oh, Gil! That means he'll be a semi-finalist; doesn't it?"

"Yes; but I'm afraid that's all it means. Friday he'll be up against Brinkle, the Californian. Brinkle will clean him up; you see?"

"I see," said Martha unequivocally and relapsed into silence. Gil sat down beside her. A suburban train fussed into the little station across the road, and out again.

"Gil," said Martha.

"Yes?"

"He's going to ask me to marry him."

"How swell! I'm happy for you."

"*I'm* not," she replied.

Gil sat up.

"Oho!" he said, in what he thought was a fair attempt at jovial humoring. "Look here, young lady . . ." At a great sadness which showed in her eyes, he stopped.

"Oh, Gil," she implored. "Why can't I have someone to love, and who'd love me, as you loved Eden? Do those things happen so seldom? Will I ever love Johnny that way? Should I marry him, Gil?"

He was nonplused at this sudden and passionate appeal to his judgment. Impetuosity, strangely, raced in his own blood. His eyes remained in hers. What if he said, "No; things like that do not happen often. It's been seven years since it happened to me. Seven. And this time it's greater than before. Nitsy, you're more than Eden again; you're the girl I thought that Eden was going to be. I love you!"

He reached over and patted her slim, little hand.

"Why, Nitsy," he said very tenderly, "how should I know, really? He's young and clean and eager. He'd be good to you, there's no doubt of that. And some day he'll be a champion—you may be sure of it. And you'll be proud of him."

"You were a champion, Gil; but Eden didn't marry you."

Gil dropped his eyes to her slender throat; delicate, where the faint pulse-beat showed—so like Eden's.

"I know," he said, "but that was different."

"Why . . . different?"

"Well, you see, I didn't have much to offer. Prospects of inheritance are often indefinite. Johnny, you see, is going to be important some day. Neither Eden nor I were sure whether I'd be or not. When I . . . when we were in love I had my choice between tennis and an obscure job. I chose tennis in hopes that through it a job somewhat more than obscure might turn up. Those things happen, you know. Bonds. Insurance. Someone in the stands who takes a fancy to you; would like to have an internationalist on his staff. In my case it just didn't come off, that's all."

"But don't you see," Martha persisted, "I don't want a husband who'll be off with the sun for Australia or France or England or wherever the tennis wars are raging. Who'll diet and train and get nippy and talk tennis, tennis, nothing but tennis all day and all month and all year. Supposing he's good—but not quite good enough. 'Next year,' he'll say, 'I'll win the title. Wait and see.' And I'll wait. And he'll get lost in the game and forget his chances in Chicago and become a tennis bum. Think of it, Gil. A tennis bum, who can't look a room clerk in the eye."

"Why, Martha," said Gil, in genuine amazement, "I'd always thought you loved the game. You played it well as a kid."

"I do love it. And I still play it well. But I love it as fun. If I had a home in the Berkshires with a court surrounded by pines I'd be happy. A husband who'd play on it with me. Friends up for week-ends."

"All right, then," said Gil, feeling suddenly that he had the solution to all of her worries. "Make it that way with Johnny. Accept him on a basis like this: 'You can have one more year of big-time play. After that we're building or buying in the hills. And we're settling down.' He'll agree. There you are!" He expanded somewhat with pride in his own sagacity.

The quiet blue eyes grew a little scornful.

"Gil! You're absurd. Could you imagine Johnny in Lenox for more than a week-end?"

Gil deflated.

"I hadn't thought of that," he admitted.

"You're no help," Martha informed him. "Now run along to the showers before you stiffen up."

Gil arose; he stood by her chair for a moment; then he said: "See here, Nitsy; I'd marry him. Those things have a way of working out. They must—when you're in love."

Martha looked up and smiled.

"Run along. And send Johnny up if you see him in the showers."

Why, Gil silently asked, as he raced under a brash and brassy sun, did July Saturdays always have to be so hot? Why had Johnny gotten by Brinkle yesterday? Why did it have to be Johnny, six feet of dervish and whirlwind, whose white-flanneled legs danced on the other side of the net? He thrust rather stupidly at a streaking ground shot—and missed. The gallery stirred and stood up. The referee spoke from his high little chair:

"Two sets to one. Mr. Brockway leads. There will be a brief intermission."

Gil gathered up his flannel coat. He felt very husked; washed out; stale. He walked slowly toward the clubhouse. Martha was waiting on the veranda.

"Gil," she said, "may I talk to you for a moment?"

"Could you wait until I get into dry things?"

"Yes; by all means. I'll be here."

Johnny grinned at him from a bench in the locker-room.

"Today's the day!" he announced triumphantly.

Gil grinned back.

"There are two more sets, youngster."

"Not in this match," Johnny replied. "One, I think, will do it."

GIL donned dry togs and went out into the sunshine.

"Well?" he said, sitting wearily on a cushion.

"Gil, you must . . . you've simply got to beat him!"

Gil smiled wanly.

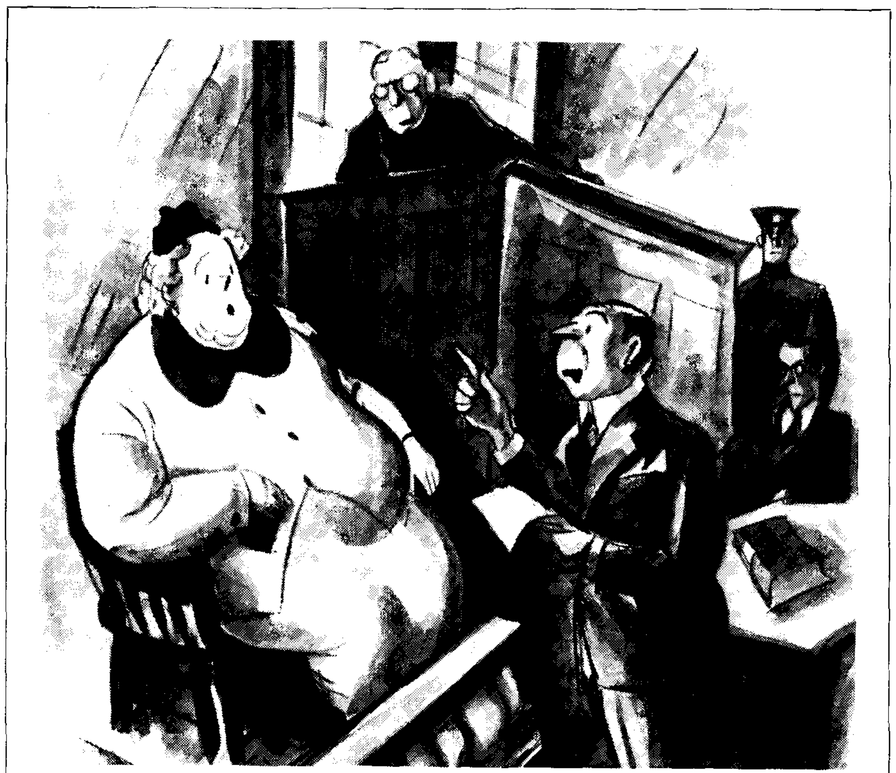
"You're forgetting, I guess, that I'm thirtyish and Johnny's twenty something."

"You aren't *in* there," Martha accused. "Don't you remember you used to say that to me in Lenox when you were teaching me? 'Get *in* there, Nitsy!' "

"But I am in there," he asserted, "with everything I've got. See here, I should think you'd want Johnny to win."

"Oh, I don't!" Her expression became impatient. "Can't you see what it will do to him? He, a newcomer, upsetting the champion in the first major tournament of the season? The newspapers! The excitement!"

*(Continued on page 34)*



"And what do you do in the circus, Miss Daisy?"

*George Shellhase*

## "AN EYE TO THE FUTURE —

—this describes General Motors' policy, a policy by which the public is given *what it wants in*

# PROGRESS

Munkacsi

"OH BOY!
WHAT A BEAUTY!"

**AN EAR TO THE GROUND"**

*better cars* year after year, and yet is safely protected against ill-timed or dubious experiments

# out of the *common sense* of the *common people*

IT IS no secret that the new cars of General Motors this season are riding the flood tide of popular approval.

We think they deserve to, being the ablest automobiles and the finest values we have so far been able to offer.

They are being acclaimed no less for their graceful streamlined beauty than for their healthful ventilation and gliding ride.

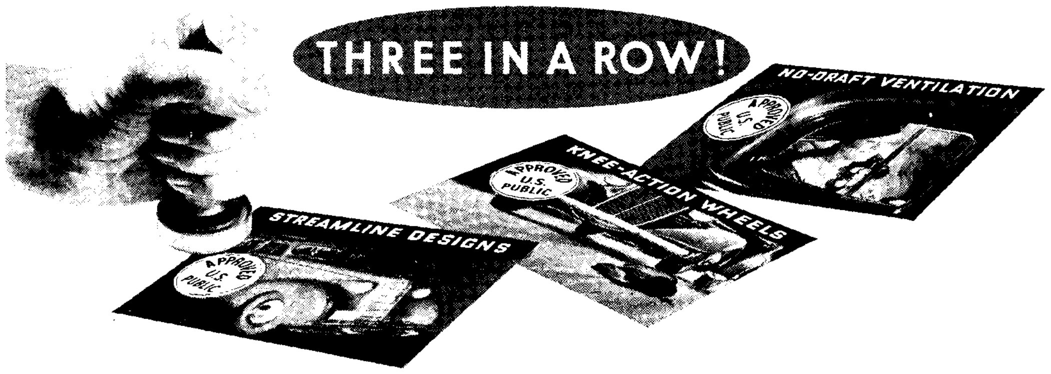
They represent progress, in every direction that contributes to the pleasure and usefulness of an automobile.

That the marked departures this year in our cars are sound and successful is only in part our achievement.

To a very substantial degree their source and perfection is the common sense of the common people.

Months before production, in more than a million letters sent to car-owners, we checked our designs against *what the public wanted.*

The results confirm once more that he travels farthest in the right direction who is willing to listen as well as to lead.



*The three outstanding advancements in modern automobiles—* *NO-DRAFT VENTILATION, KNEE-ACTION WHEELS, STREAMLINE DESIGN—are each and all General Motors contributions!*

# GENERAL MOTORS

*A Public-Minded Institution*

CHEVROLET • OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC

*This medallion commemorates the twenty-fifth anniversary of General Motors and of its public-minded interest in the advancement of motor transportation*

He thought he had

WEAK ARCHES

—but it was only

LOPSIDED HEELS

MANY a man would have a lot less trouble with his feet if he'd only pay a little more attention to his heels.

Proof? Grasp your foot—feel how the heel-bone supports the arch. Naturally, if lopsided shoes let the heel drop over at every step, the arch "falls," too—causing painful strain.

Don't risk that! Keep your heels straight and your arches sound by having your shoes fitted with Goodyear Wingfoot Heels.

*Because these tough resilient rubber heels keep their shape—wear down* EVENLY—*they keep shoes from running over; prevent weakening strain.*

That's why more people walk on Goodyear Wingfoot Heels than on any other kind—they keep feet feeling better! You'll find no foot-tonic like them — at all repair shops.

GOODYEAR

GOODYEAR
WINGFOOT

WINGFOOT HEELS

*keep shoes and feet straight*

# Center Court

*Continued from page 31*

"Johnny," said Gil, "strikes me as being a pretty level-headed lad. I shouldn't worry, if I were you."

"But I do! It will throw him in tennis up to his ears. I'll never get him out. Can't you do this thing for me, Gil?"

"What thing?"

"Beating him?"

He allowed his eyes to rest in hers for a moment.

"Listen," he said. "I can't promise anything; but I'll say this: If it can be done, I'll do it."

Johnny popped his head around the corner.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Coming," said Gil.

"Thanks, Gil," said Martha.

BACK in the center court stands the gallery settled down: they had come to see a champion in action; they would remain to see a champion defeated.

Gil brushed his mind clear of Martha, the heat, the day, the gallery; of everything, in fact, except the man across the net, and the green rectangle upon which they both would trace fleet disappearing patterns.

He took the set. The match was even!

They met at the referee's chair. Gil moistened his throat; fought the temptation to swallow; plunged his salty face into the depths of a towel and swabbed gratefully. He dumped a little water on the back of his head; stooped over and let it run through the small gutters of his ears and down to drip off his chin. It felt good. He swabbed again and came up to grin at Johnny.

"Good going," said Johnny.

"Even up, kid. No quarter, eh?"

"None," said Johnny.

As he faced the net once more, Gil found his eyes threatening their earlier habit of leaving the ball too soon. He became erratic in anticipatory fear. The ball came off Johnny's strings like a felt-pelted bullet from a machine gun. Gil lost a game. Another. In the third game he worried about his legs, particularly the left one, which seemed, each time he threw his weight upon it, about to do something—collapse perhaps. The game went to Johnny.

Gil realized, as he faced off to serve the fourth game, that he'd best settle down or be lost for keeps. The sweat of his upper lip salted his mouth. His head drummed. He closed his eyes. An old voice spoke in his consciousness:

"Relax," it said. "When you're in a tight spot—relax. Relax! Relax!"

He opened his eyes. It was all very simple. There was Johnny on the other side of the net with three games poked under his arms. All that he, Gil, had to do was to get six. Six little games in a row. He tossed up the ball and whipped to meet it: it flicked the turf in a corner. The low voice of the referee intoned:

"Fifteen-love."

Gil felt better. Once again his mind clicked off photographs; photographs of Johnny just before he hit the ball, of his position and his feet, almost of his intent; and, once again, Gil found himself where he should be upon the ball's return. He sent lacing ground shots over with a feather to spare at the net. Swung Johnny back and forth like a pendulum; while the heads, in the stands that paralleled the court, oscillated left and right, left and right.

Gil evened things up; the gallery was cautioned; they went into the seventh game. Gil won it with chop strokes cunningly placed and net play marvelously executed; took the next with change of pace to the old swapping of drives; to burn two over in the same spot and catch Johnny far afield from the ball.

Johnny's serve, and games three-five. Gil knew he had his chance now—but his last one. Failing this game he would crack; exhaustion would get him; set his nerves jangling; mess up his vision. His legs would go and control would leave his arm. He'd be thrusting stupidly at the ball instead of stroking it. He had six or seven points of play left in him—no more; that, he knew.

He won a point; lost one. Fifteen-all. Johnny faulted a cannon ball; then followed with a serve to Gil's backhand. Gil lobbed softly and purposefully. Johnny, racing down, timed himself poorly and his smash was caught by the net. Fifteen-thirty. Up went the ball; bang! went the gut. The ball came out of the explosion streaking for the center line: Gil took it deep and low and imparted top spin. Up in the stands the heads began to oscillate again: left and right, left and right. It looked, for a minute, as if another driving duel was in progress; then, quickly, Gil swung Johnny wide to the left and raced up to kill the return to the right.

Fifteen-forty and match point! Johnny, gallant youth, took no time to plan, gather or conceive. He stepped to the line and served. It was good; Gil returned deeply; also Johnny. Gil laced one that trailed white smoke and forced Johnny back a step or two. He mispaced, stumbled, and lobbed frantically in defense. The ball floated high and deep to the right. Gil awaited it. He felt coördination flooding his bone and muscle and sinew. He stood, under the descending ball, poised with racket dropped below shoulder, legs bent at the knees a little, much like a falcon prepared to strike with vicious talons. At just the right instant—that moment which divides perfection from failure—he went up; his racket flashed in the sun and met the ball full and hard; a crack sounded; the ball sped in a swell full volley, deep and hard. Johnny raced back, his long legs driving like oiled pistons. He leaped, much as a salmon leaps at a fall. No good. The ball went over his despairingly extended racket by a foot. Johnny came down scrambling; yet, when there is earnestness, there is dignity in scramble. In defeat the gallery was his as much as Gil's.

They met at the net.

"Johnny," Gil said, between dizzying breaths, "you've nothing to worry about. You'll take me in September."

Johnny stuck his wet hand into Gil's.

"Thanks, sir." His smile was brave—but the cruel disappointment that defeat brings to the young and valiant shook his voice a little and showed in his eyes. "I'll never take you. You're wonderful, sir!"

GIL, at nine, packing, heard the old familiar sounds in the hallways. The "Goodbys," and "See you at Seabright"; the little businesses of departure and farewell. His feet picked up the thump of a dance band below. He pulled a last strap and went to the phone to order his roadster around. In the lounge he looked about a bit; hopeful of seeing her; glimpsing, perhaps, her happiness. It was no good. She wasn't there. It was when he had stowed his bags and was behind the wheel that she suddenly appeared just above his head at the rail of the veranda.

"Without saying goodby?"—reproachfully.

"No; I looked around for you."

"I'd been hoping you'd come down and dance with me."

"I'm sorry, Martha. I'm not up to dancing tonight."

"Poor Gil; you are tired, aren't you? And all for nothing."

"What do you mean—for nothing."

"Johnny's on the first bounce. He's had an awful deluge of back slapping. 'Imagine,' they say to him, 'you carried the champion to five sets!' It's tennis or nothing with Johnny, I fear."

"Well," Gil said, "I think you'll keep him under control."

"I don't want to," said Martha shortly.

"Look here," said Gil in amused exasperation, "do you *know* what you want?"

"Yes," said Martha gravely, "I know."

"What, then?"

"You."

Gil sat with a tight throat for a moment; he cleared it; then said: "You'd better get back in; Johnny'll get away from you if you don't watch out."

"He has," said Martha; and added: "I sent him away."

"Ho!" said Gil, affecting jauntiness. "Love is like that. Go back to him."

"No," said Martha, "love is not like that. Love is like this: a brick house in the hills; a tennis court in the pines; you there, to play on it . . . with me."

Gil fought for a little control; how cruel things can be sometimes.

"You aren't amusing, Martha."

"I'm not trying to be, Gil."

HE LOOKED up at her; how lovely she was: her throat rose so proudly, gloriously from her frock. Her hair caught faint lights from the moon and softly reflected them. Never, he thought, had he ever seen anything quite so beautiful; not even in Eden.

But he kicked the starter.

"Gil," she said, leaning over, "take me with you. . . . Gil, I'm sorry. . . . Gil, take me with you."

Were there seven years between those words? Were there ten years between the girl on the porch and himself? It didn't seem so. He looked up once more, as if he sought to engrave her loveliness on his mind forever.

"Gil," she said softly.

"Nitsy," he said before she could speak again, "you forget that I'm thirty . . . and that—"

"And that *what?* What, Gil? Is thirty so old? Is twenty so young? I wish you were me up here looking down at you; you with that chin that hasn't changed a bit and the mouth I've always loved. Oh, Gil! Don't go away without me. If you do I shall stand here and blow a kiss after you and cry. But this time, Gil, I'll be crying for both of us—not you alone."

Her voice broke a little.

"Don't, Nitsy!" Gil half rose from behind the wheel. He reached a hand up to her. "I love you," he said. "Come with me, darling; do!"

Out on the turnpike he drew a coat from the rear deck and draped it around her. With her arm through his, she pressed ecstatically to his side. They began to rise and fall a little in the Worcester County hills. Before them the highway rolled up and up; over their heads was a great reach of stars.

Going through Brookfield, she said: "You haven't forgotten, have you, that Eden will be there with her baby?"

"Nope!" he asserted happily, "I haven't. I'll be glad to see Eden. And I shall have to teach her baby to call me 'Uncle Gilbert,' shan't I?"

# A well-rounded Program of Life Insurance provides future Financial Security

**IT** is an encouraging sign that more men, instead of waiting for a Field-Man to call, are sending for him and laying their plans before him. They realize the necessity for having Financial Security Programs that will meet their individual requirements and that cannot be endangered.

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*Th*

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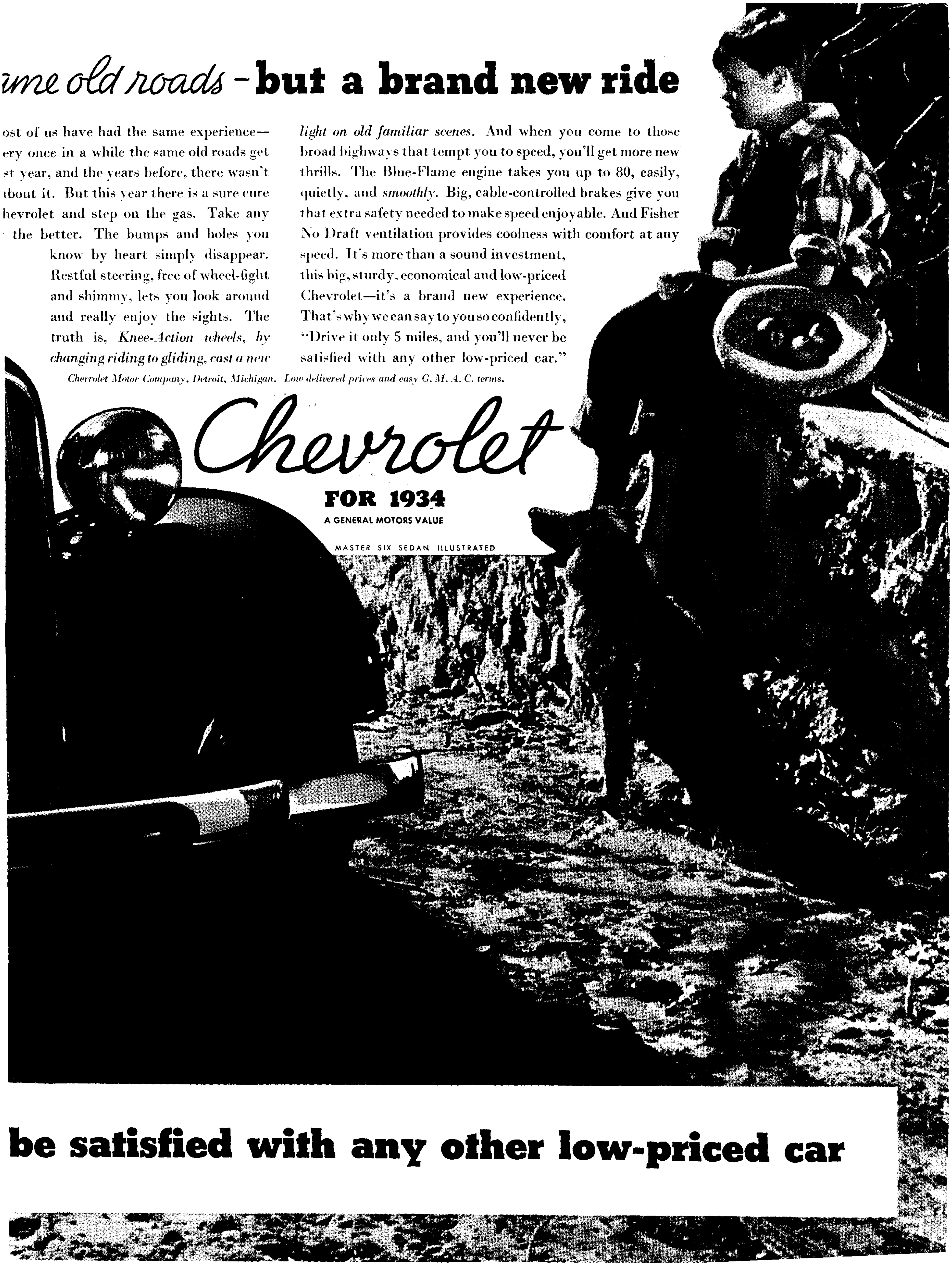
—just get
road, the

*Drive it only 5 miles* **and you'll nev**



# me old roads - but a brand new ride

ost of us have had the same experience—
ery once in a while the same old roads get
st year, and the years before, there wasn't
ıbout it. But this year there is a sure cure
hevrolet and step on the gas. Take any
the better. The bumps and holes you
know by heart simply disappear. Restful steering, free of wheel-fight and shimmy, lets you look around and really enjoy the sights. The truth is, *Knee-Action wheels, by changing riding to gliding, cast a new light on old familiar scenes.* And when you come to those broad highways that tempt you to speed, you'll get more new thrills. The Blue-Flame engine takes you up to 80, easily, quietly, and *smoothly.* Big, cable-controlled brakes give you that extra safety needed to make speed enjoyable. And Fisher No Draft ventilation provides coolness with comfort at any speed. It's more than a sound investment, this big, sturdy, economical and low-priced Chevrolet—it's a brand new experience. That's why we can say to you so confidently, "Drive it only 5 miles, and you'll never be satisfied with any other low-priced car."

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*Take that Western trip this summer . . . never before so cheap.*

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**GREAT NORTHERN**

*Route of the*
EMPIRE BUILDER
*Air-Conditioned Dining and Observation Cars*

# Show Business

*Continued from page 9*

telegram from a punk named Dan Frohman in New York. It offers him a job in a new production, but don't say anything about the hoss. I seem to remember that Frohman fellow from somewhere. I think I met him over at a professional matinée at the Flea Circus or something. The Hind Legs says he is sorry to leave me and thanks me for my kindness; and he must have meant it for he cried a little. He says he will stay with me until I break in a new pair of legs. That's all right because there's a kid named Oakey on the bill who has already propositioned me for the job.

Monday night I'm padding the aisles and Mystera has them worked up to a white blister. After Torcho makes his pitch the apples start falling. I'm handing the pad out and a white-haired old lady reaches for it. It's the apple from Trenton. The girl is with her and sitting between them is a rather smart-looking young bird with a mustache.

I get the girl's game quick. She's letting her mother go through the mill again to see if Mystera gives the right answer. If she don't then the old lady will see that Mystera don't measure three feet to the yard. Of course, I could have held up the pad, but I decide to play ball. There ain't any use running through the routine again, but this time Mystera's tag line is different. She can't remember all the customers she meets, and Mrs. W. Summers don't mean a thing to her.

She spots her husband in a crowd in San Francisco, and I'm pegging the old lady, who doesn't scream this time or faint.

She just sits up straight and closes her eyes for a minute. The girl and the young fellow whisper together and she opens her mother's pocketbook, takes out her question and hands it to the young guy. Well, if the old lady ain't cured now, I thinks, then Gilead hasn't got the monopoly on balm. A couple of seconds later I'm in the hoss with the Hind Legs giving his last farewell appearance on the American stage.

WE'RE in the dressing-room cooling out after the race when there comes a knock on the dressing-room door. It's the house manager, and he wants to talk to me. Mystera is jammed up to her tiara. The young fellow with the old lady and the girl is a lawyer who met them when they were vagged for sleeping in the railroad station. He's present when they tell their story to the judge and he takes an interest in them. When Mystera comes to town a week later he drills them in their lines and tells them to go through the whole thing again. Mystera is up against a rap for fortune telling.

What makes the mucilage all the gummier is that the old lady has still got her paper with the Trenton question on it. When you put two and two together like that it leaves zero. What worries the house manager is that it's a pip of a story for the newspapers. If it gets out it will knock off Mystera and the house business with it. Then the young fellow busts into the room with another bird who slaps a summons on me. I'm a witness in the tale of two cities. After they go, the house manager tells me that I'm to remember that I don't remember anything. Everybody who was in the Trenton show is plastered with summonses. The girl remembers everybody she saw on the bill. That leaves the Hind Legs out. And me too, if she hadn't spotted me in the aisles with the pads. Well, to tab the show down to fifty minutes, we're all lined up like firemen on a hose the next morning in the judge's hippodrome. Mystera's mouthpiece scores easily. No money has passed hands and it ain't fortune telling. The young lawyer tries to prove that money has passed hands from the front of the house to Mystera. He means her salary.

The judge questions the old lady and she has got to concede that no human eyes except her own had seen her question on the paper. It's a clear case of mental telepathy. I describe how I stood back and looked the other way when the old lady wrote on the paper. And, to put a topper on the gag, the judge himself had seen the show the night before and was impressed with the mind-reading act.

He is about to wave everybody out when somebody stands up in back of the house and says, "Your Honor."

We all round to him. It's a very fine-looking gentleman with white hair, good costume and cane. Nobody knows him except me. It's the Hind Legs, looking like a duke. He must have tapped his postal savings.

"Can I say a word, Your Honor?" he asks.

THE judge wants to know if he is interested in the case. If so, he can read his lines. He comes up stage center and gives his name, which means nothing to me.

"Not *the* David Favering?" says the judge, while his eyebrows play skipping the rope.

"Yes, Your Honor," says the Hind Legs. That seems to goal the judge. The judge is all broken up. He finally remembers his lines and says, "Pardon me, Mr. Favering, but have you any proof? These performers must have met you or seen you at some time. I have seen you—but only in make-up."

Nobody had ever heard of him. The Hind Legs frisks himself and hands the judge a telegram.

"Daniel Frohman?" says the judge. His voice is getting higher each time. He is getting closer to John McCormack with every question.

Torcho must have sensed something for he bustles up front to make himself a big man. He starts to ad lib. But the judge waves him up against the backdrop. He then cues the Hind Legs in.

"Your Honor," says the Hind Legs, "there is no mental telepathy or any other kind of occultism about this woman's performance."

"What is there to it?" says the judge.

"Fraud," answers the Hind Legs.

Torcho starts hollering; Mystera glares like an engine headlight on a curve; and the girl grabs her mother, who is about to fold up. The house manager must have known something about law, for he asks for a postponement. The young lawyer objects. The judge refuses to ring down the house curtain. He wants to find out about this thing himself.

"Will you explain it, Mr. Favering?" he asks the Hind Legs. Looks like he wants to grab the routine and work it on his friends.

"YOUR Honor," says the Hind Legs, "I was present when the imposition was worked on this elderly lady. This young man"—putting the spot on the girl's straight man—"has previously told you how this lady was misled by the woman known as Mystera in a place of entertainment."

"I wouldn't class it as entertainment," says the judge. "Did you say you were present at the time? You mean this city?"

"Both this city and Trenton," says the Hind Legs.

"Was this a coincidence, Mr. Favering?" the judge wants to know. "That is, were you in both cities and at both shows accidentally? Or were you playing in vaudeville?"

"Not at all," says the Hind Legs. He was a little flustered. "I was in Trenton—with—Trelawney of the Wells—"

"I saw you in that," says the judge. So, the Hind Legs was a well-digger, eh?

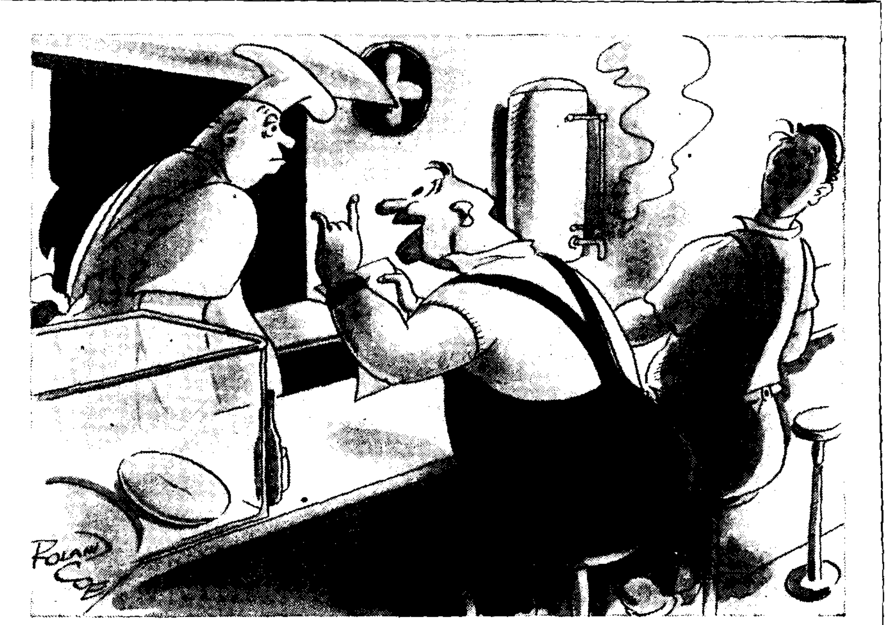
"I am also interested as an amateur in mental telepathy," continues the Hind Legs.

"So am I," the judge interpolates. He leans over his desk and gets ready for a long visit.

"Hearing of this Mystera while in Trenton," says the Hind Legs, "I visited the theater and observed her performance. I immediately recognized her mind-reading as a trick."

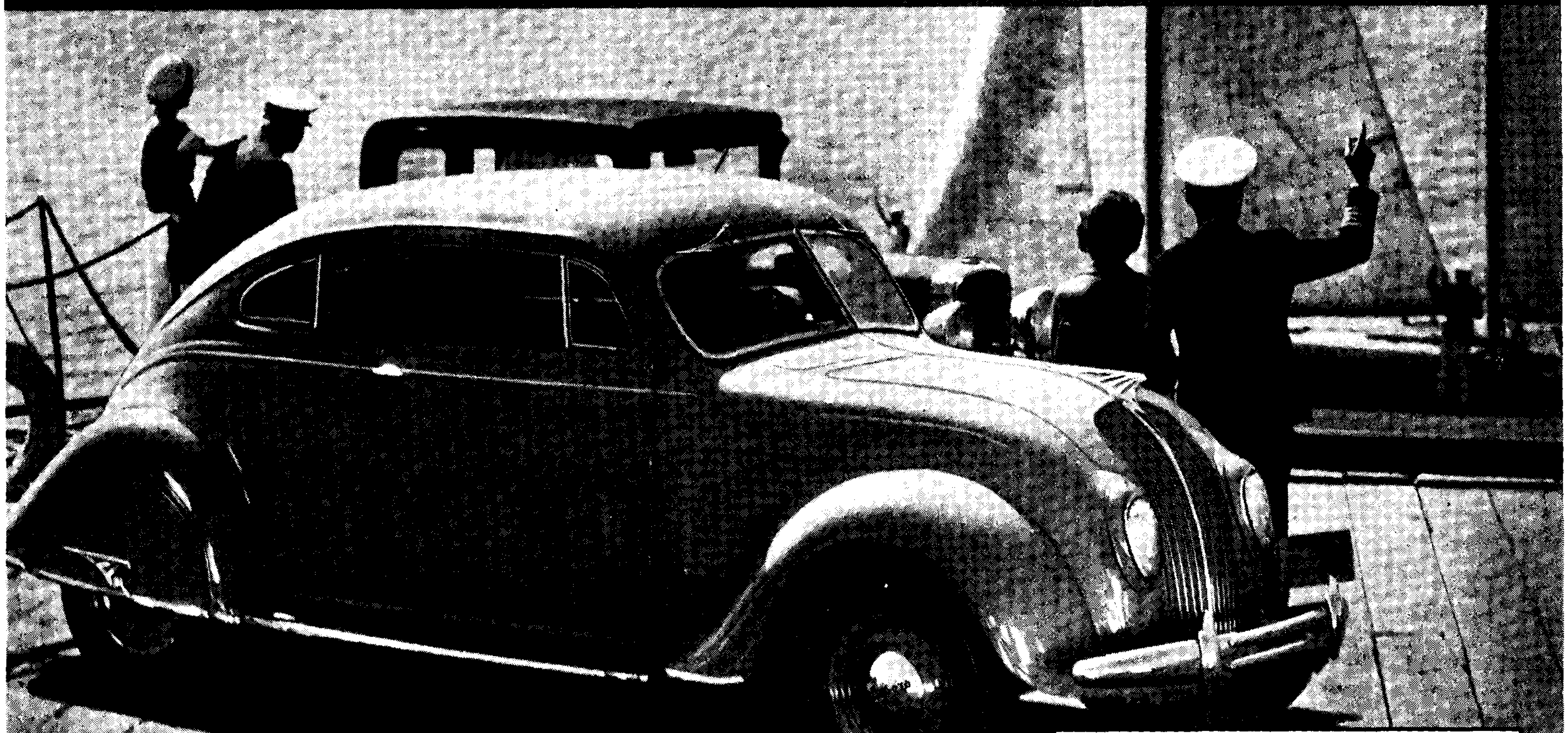
"I shall explain it from the point at which the comprehension of the audience ceases. The medium apparently goes into a trance enabling her to read a written question she cannot see. The question itself is securely hidden in the

*(Continued on page 41)*



"Junior League Special—no Limburger!" *Roland Coe*

# IT'S *Smart* TO BUY A CAR WITH A *Future!*



Illustrated above is the AIRFLOW DE SOTO Coupe

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This year is a turning point. Automobile design has changed its course. The truly aerodynamic car ... typified by the AIRFLOW De Soto ... has set the style for an industry to follow. Already, ordinary cars begin to look out of date.

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Modern in its beauty. Modern in its ride. Modern in its extra roominess and its thoughtful appointments. It's the car with a future ... but smart people are enjoying it *today!*

Try it out on the road. Put it through its paces. It's an experience you have never had before and one you will never forget. Your local De Soto dealer will arrange a demonstration to suit your convenience.

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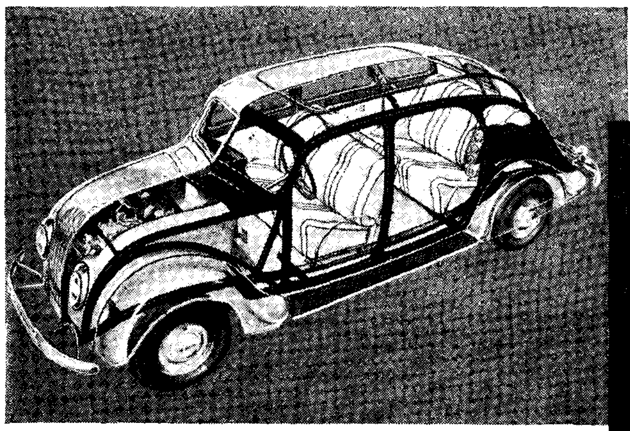
YOU CAN MAKE YOUR SELECTION from four AIRFLOW De Soto models: The 4-Door Six Passenger Sedan; The 4-Door Six Passenger Town Sedan; The 2-Door Six Passenger Brougham; The Three Passenger Coupe with enclosed Rumble Seats. Improved Duplate Safety Plate Glass throughout at slight additional cost.

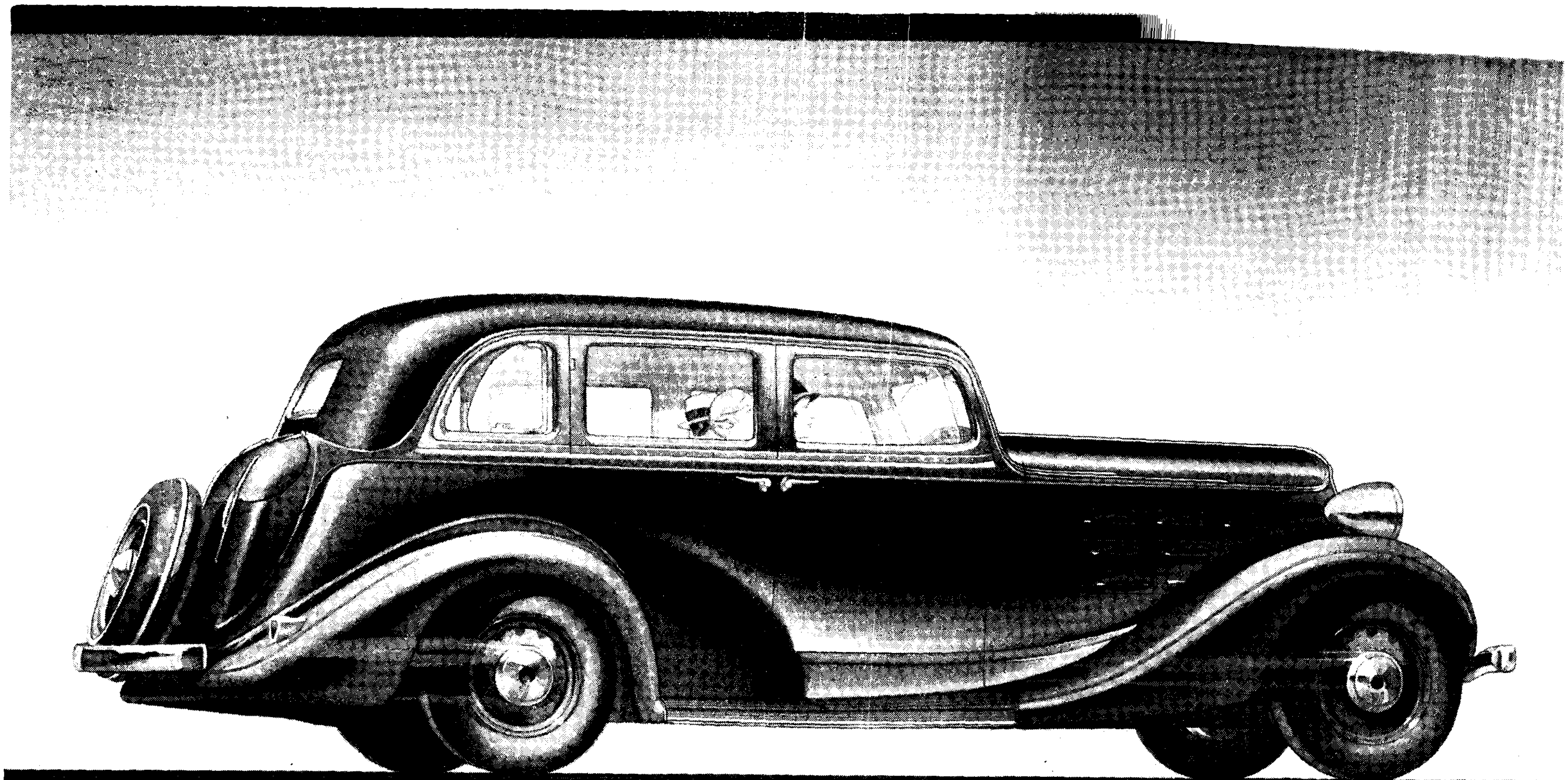


**Frame and body of conventional cars are two separate units. Not so with De Soto! Here both frame and body form *one* all-steel structural unit 40 times more rigid (and therefore safer). You're protected on all sides.**

**A Back Seat as roomy and comfortable as a Divan... and a Front Seat every bit as wide!**

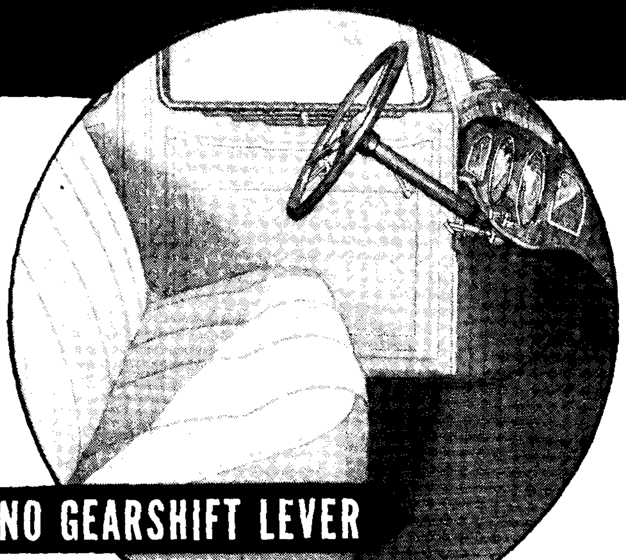
*Airflow*

DE SOTO



# NO GEARS TO SHIFT!

## *in the Amazing New Reo*



**NO GEARSHIFT LEVER**

DRIVING is changed to piloting in the new Reo Flying Cloud for 1934. There is virtually nothing to do but steer. Hands are free for the wheel—all attention on safe CONTROL. This is because there is no gearshifting to do—no gearshift lever in the car!

*Automatically* the REO SELF-SHIFTER does the work that drivers of other cars are still required to do *by hand.* Not since the invention of the self-starter has an automotive development promised to revolutionize so completely the driving habits of the world.

Even the "take-off" is like that of an airplane—a swift, smooth, *uninterrupted* surge of power!

No gears to shift—and therefore no danger of stalling your motor behind slow traffic on steep hills. The self-shifter automatically finds the proper ratio.

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Ample room for three—unusually large front seats—no gearshift lever to take up valuable space. The sedan is a real 6 passenger car.

Start from a dead stop and sweep through to high without a movement of hand or foot. Slow down and change back *automatically* to second. Drive for hours without touching the clutch!

Inexperienced drivers look like experts behind the wheel of this amazing car—so easily is it handled. Little wonder thousands of SELF-SHIFTER owners insist they will never go back to shifting by hand!

This EXCLUSIVE engineering advantage is one of a *number of reasons* why Reo appeals so particularly to the *wise investor.* Thinking of tomorrow as well as today, he considers the QUALITY—the rugged, long-life construction in which Reo has so conspicuously excelled for 30 years. Quality with brilliant aerodynamic design—quality with flashing performance—*quality* at low price!

***Outstanding Features in the New Reo***

Reo Self-Shifter . . . Economical 6 cyl. 85 h. p. Reo engine . . . 7-bearing crankshaft . . . 118 in. wheelbase . . . Exceptional riding *qualities* . . . Air cushion engine mountings . . . Airplane type shock absorbers . . . Positive action hydraulic brakes . . . Draft free ventilation . . . New type starter.

**WRITE today for copy of our interesting booklet, PROOF, containing enthusiastic comments of Reo owners. Also detailed explanation of Self-Shifter operation. See your Reo dealer for a demonstration.**

**$795** Business Coupe

***Self-shifter—bumpers, spare tire and lock, metal spring covers, included at slight extra cost.***

**Prices f.o.b. Lansing, plus tax.**

**$895** Standard Sedan

**REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY**
**LANSING · MICHIGAN**

# Show Business

*Continued from page 38*

questioner's possession. But, in order to give the person in the audience a support to write upon, he is not given a single sheet of paper. He is given the whole pad."

"Ah!" the judge says.

"In addition, he has no opportunity to write with his own pencil, which may be soft, nor his own fountain pen, which might flow freely and press very lightly. He is handed a hard pencil with the pad."

"H'mm!"

"The accomplice or assistant in the aisles has a dozen pads in his pocket. Each spectator gets a different pad. As the sheet of paper is torn off the pad is smuggled out of sight into another pocket. There is but one question to a pad."

"Oh—oh!"

"When enough pads have been accumulated the accomplice or assistant works his way toward the stage and tears up a pad in full view of the audience. That is absolutely a new pad which he has substituted. He stands with one side toward the musicians in the orchestra pit. There is an assistant among the musicians who takes the pads out of his pocket and passes them to another man under the stage. That man dusts each pad with a very fine powder, then blows lightly on it and the powder remains in the indentations left by the hard pencil on the sheet beneath that one which has been torn off. The handwriting is clearly legible."

DON'T think the Hind Legs has been talking without plenty of attempted interruptions. Both Torcho and Mystera are trying to kill his points. They caught plenty of flies on him. But the judge is a pushover for the Hind Legs.

"The man under the stage has a telephone in his hand. The mind reader on the stage wears a wig which comes down over her ears. Under that wig is a set of small earphones. The wire is flesh-colored and runs down her neck beneath a high collar affected by stage mind-readers. It also runs down the chair legs, which set on two small buttons made of steel, thereby making contact. These buttons are not visible from the audience. They connect in turn with the telephone under the stage. After sprinkling the pad with powder, all the prompter under the stage has to do is to recite the message into his end of the telephone wire."

"Well, well," says the judge, settling back in his chair. He looks real pleased. I think he was glad he found out. Then he looks at Mystera and freezes up.

"Madam," he says, "you have deluded this poor woman and reduced her to such a mental condition that she believed implicitly in your ability to read minds. Being thoroughly deceived, she mortgaged her home in a far-off city, raised what funds she could and came to this town to search for her husband on the streets of Minneapolis. While you claim that you are not a fortune teller because you take no fee from those whose minds you read, nevertheless you do receive a large salary for your activities. That large income would be jeopardized by exposure. The law will seek to punish you; certainly the newspapers will. This lady's attorney has informed me that the total loss suffered in pursuit of your erroneous information is close to three thousand dollars. Add to that the anguish of a hopeless search. . . ."

I see what the judge is aiming at. He knows he may not be able to hold Mystera, so he is giving her a chance to buy her way out.

"Restitution of filthy lucre would not restore this woman's husband to her side. Mere financial salve can never take the place of true love. Look upon this victim's silvery head. Your performance has been the foot of the vandal that has soiled the snow on the mountain top."

Well, you can book me for one-night stands in a Chinese revolution if that judge didn't let down his hair and have a good cry. He was sobbing gently to himself. I was hoping he would go on and drag in the Panama Canal, kick down the Pearly Gates and light his pipe on the Aurora Borealis. But he broke himself up and couldn't go on.

Torcho has a talk with the house manager and Mystera and they settle. They offer five thousand dollars to the girl's point-killer, but the judge weeps 'em up to seven. Torcho leaves the room and comes back with the money. He carries it in a grouch bag all the time. He didn't want any publicity, and you can't blame him. I took a look at the money to see if it was molars or canines. It sure was pulling teeth to get Torcho to give up.

Everybody leaves the courtroom except the winners. You can see that money ain't doing the old lady any good. But the girl and her mouthpiece are as happy as vegetarians in a cabbage patch. The girl tries to hand him some money for favors he done them. He insists it is no dice. I get it right away, from the way he looks at her. He is going to marry her and get it all. They thank the judge and exit.

The judge looks at the Hind Legs and says, "Mr. Favering, how did I do?" He's as coy as a half-opened oyster. I make him right away. Why, the bird has been in show business! He adjourns court and we have lunch together. It turns out he went all over the world with Mesmero. He was the boy who got hypnotized and ate the lighted candles—which were parsnips with a wick in 'em.

Before the Hind Legs leaves for New York the judge makes him explain the business all over again. He makes notes while the Hind Legs is talking. A couple of months later I hear from him and he tells me he wowed 'em with the trick over at the Minnetonka Country Club when they give the dinner to some golf champion. No wonder he hyped the five to seven. He figured the extra two was his share.

I'm sorry to see the Hind Legs hop to New York, and he seems sorry to leave. He makes me promise to call him up, but show business is show business and I forget all about him. A couple of years later I'm in New York and he comes backstage at the Colonial. He makes me run the bozo out of the dressing-room. After the bozo is gone he climbs into the hindquarters and capers around the dressing-room. When he hears I've got next week loose he makes me promise to look his act over. He's playing something called Hamlet, and I guess he wants me to fix it up a little.

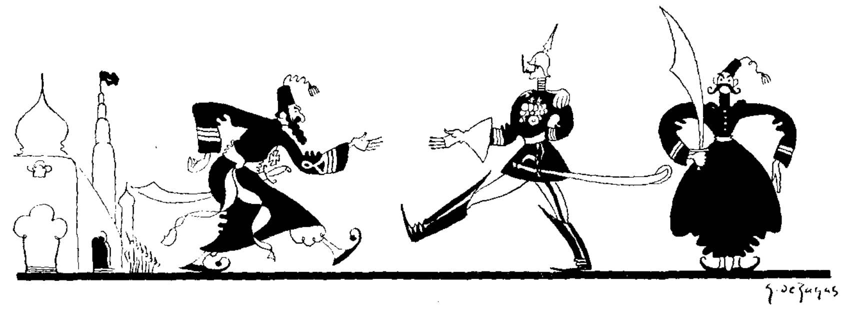
MONDAY night I brush up and crash the gate. I got a couple of tickets from the Hind Legs, but I don't use them. I show the bird on the gate a picture of the Old Gray Mare. I wanted to see if he recognized the profession. Of course, after that, I pull out the ducats.

Say, the Hind Legs has got second billing to Hamlet on the marquee and the programs. He must be good. There ain't much to the show, I understand. It's Shakespeare in Elizabeth's manner.

I slept through most of it. All I remember is the Hind Legs standing in a well talking to a skull which must be Trelawney. He gets plenty of applause at the finish of his monologue, if that's what it is. If it is supposed to be a ventriloqual bit it is very bad, and I tell the Hind Legs so at his house that night. A lot of people are there. Also the bird that sent the telegram to Minneapolis. What's his name—Frohman? He's glad to meet me for some reason, and offers me a job with the Hind Legs' show. But I couldn't let my former Hind Legs be billed over me. I meet people like Belasco or Lackaye or something. Anyway, they all claim to be connected with show business. Maybe they were.

I played Trenton later on and met the girl and her point-killer. They're married and her mother's living with 'em and the old man has come home. He must have heard about the seven thousand dollars.

I'm glad it turned out okay and that the Hind Legs tipped over the berry crate in Minneapolis. It was all right for him to do it, for he was quitting the profession. But I couldn't have done it. It wouldn't have been show business.



# Keep Up with the World

## By Freling Foster

***One*** of the most magnificent gestures of hospitality in history was made in 1898 by Abdul Hamid II, Sultan of Turkey, when he built a palace in Hereke for the express purpose of entertaining Kaiser Wilhelm, who stopped there as he was passing through on his way to Syria and Palestine. His visit lasted only three hours. The palace was never used again.

***The*** most primitive and universal superstition in the world today is believed to be that of touching wood after making a boastful statement. It is based on the ancient belief that the first thing ever worshiped by man, the tree, has the power—when touched even in the form of wood—to protect him from the later gods who might be envious of his achievements.

***Some*** plants exert tremendous "growth pressure." A certain species of fungus has been known to develop a pressure of 300 pounds to the square inch, which has enabled it to break through a weak spot in an asphalt pavement.—*By Alex Johnson, Norfolk, Virginia.*

***The*** whaling industry catches about 40,000 whales in the Antarctic each year. The largest factory ship in the business is the Kosmos II, of 34,000 tons, which uses nine smaller vessels to catch the whales. Not only can it stay at sea for a year at a time but it is capable of converting 12 large whales into oil every 24 hours. Its gunners can earn as much as $20,000 in an eight months' season.

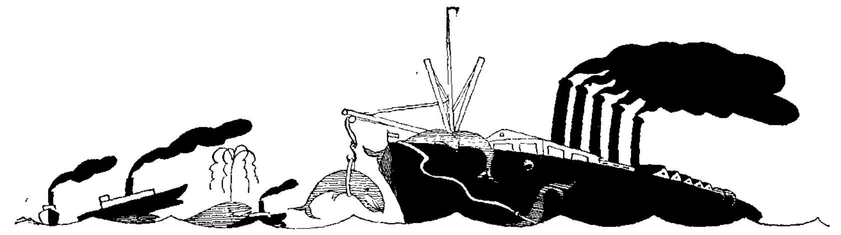
***Wholesome*** foods have been known to generate deadly poison gases when confined too long in a closed place. Stevedores have been gassed in the holds of ships while unloading cargoes of cheese and sugar. In Paris not long ago three men were asphyxiated when they entered a large cellar, stored full of bananas, that had been flooded.

***The*** officers of the French Foreign Legion in North Africa, realizing that all soldiering and no play, especially in the lonely desert, often leads to a dangerously low mental state, now permit each Legionnaire to get thoroughly drunk once every 15 days.

***England*** is paying a number of perpetual pensions that were granted more than 250 years ago by King Charles II. In some cases there is no record of the name of the original recipient or the reason for the grant. Some of these pensions have been bought up by the government, one bringing its hereditary owner more than $3,000,000.

***Food*** can radically change the shape of an insect. There is a species of gallfly that is entirely different in appearance from its mother when fed on a different food. Its offspring, however, reverts to the shape of the grandmother when it is raised on the kind of food that was eaten by her.—*By Eric Montizambert, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.*

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.**



# *He discovered*

WILLIE HOPPE
KING OF BILLIARDS
1934 STUDEBAKER
WILLIE

### STEADY ENOUGH FOR BILLIARD SHOTS

Studebaker's incomparable new Quadripoise Suspension and famed Willie Hoppe recently thrilled large crowds in Chicago's "loop." A Brunswick table was mounted on a new Studebaker and as the car moved smoothly along the streets, Hoppe easily made one difficult shot after another.

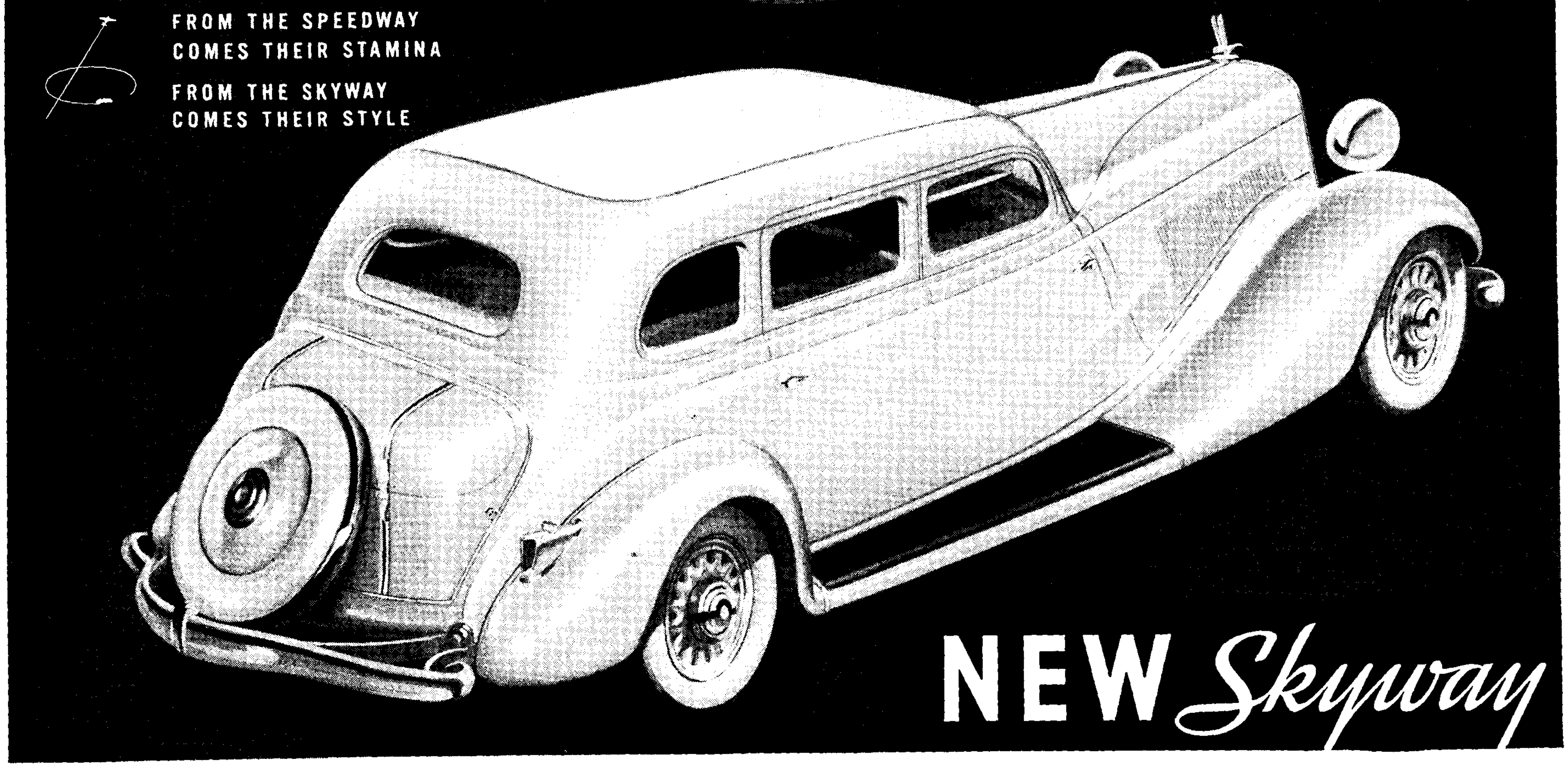
### "THEY'VE GOT THE STAMINA FOR OUR OREGON LOGGING ROADS"

We're quoting Studebaker owner N. M. Troland of Vernonia, Oregon. Mr. Troland says his new 1934 Dictator stands up as though built to order for work in the mountainous "big timber" country such as you see in one of his camps pictured. Studebaker stamina stems from years of record-breaking performances in stock car and Indianapolis Speedway racing.

### "I GET BETTER THAN 19 MILES TO THE GALLON"

"They built astonishing economy into that brilliant engine that powers my new 1934 Dictator," says Studebaker owner George E. Hickman. "I give a car punishment. I take long trips and drive fast. And when I tell you that the 5,000 miles I covered in my new Dictator the first month didn't mean even five minutes 'time out' for an adjustment, you'll realize what a truly superb automobile this new Studebaker is."

FROM THE SPEEDWAY
COMES THEIR STAMINA
FROM THE SKYWAY
COMES THEIR STYLE



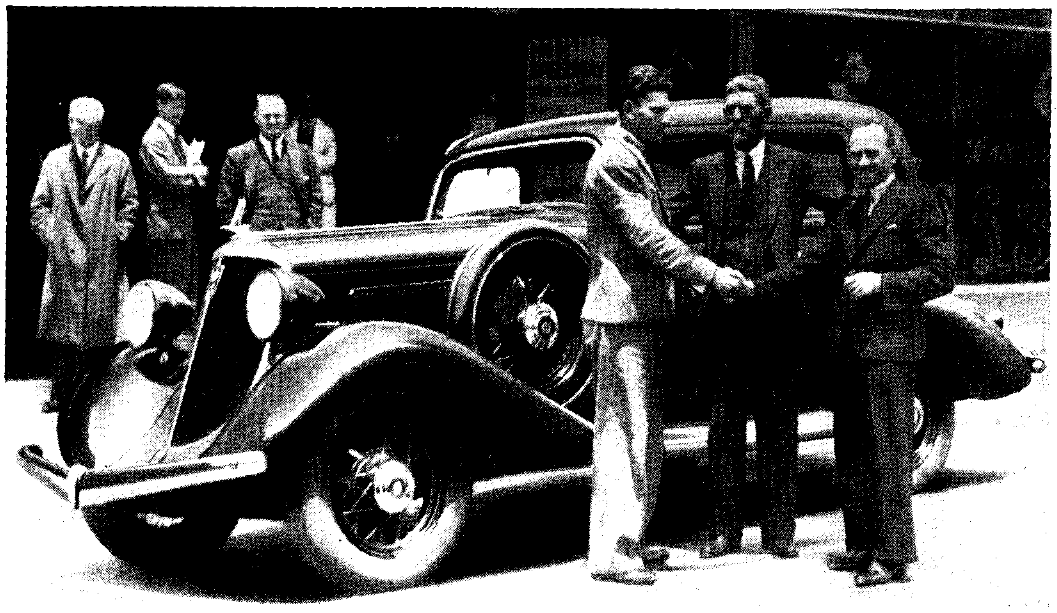
# a $350,000 diamond

## AND THEN PRUDENTLY CHOSE A 1934 STUDEBAKER FOR HIS CAR

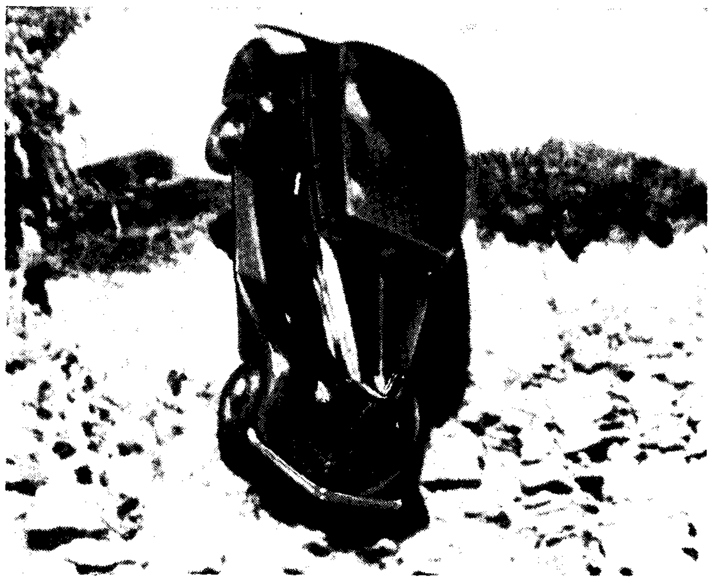
PROTECTION FROM FIRE
TRADE MARK
SAFETY MATCH

PURE WHITE AND 726 CARATS

Photograph shows the $350,000 diamond recently found by J. J. Jonker in South Africa. It was believed at first to be part of the renowned Cullinan. It is larger than a match box.



In above photograph, from right to left in foreground are L. Redlick of Tommy's Garage, Studebaker dealers in Johannesburg, South Africa, J. J. Jonker, fortunate diamond discoverer, and his son. They could have bought any car made—naturally. But they sensibly chose the Dictator Sedan pictured afte weighing the desirability of 18 other American and European makes.



STEEL OVER STEEL CONSTRUCTION DEFIES TERRIFIC 104-FOOT DROP

Studebaker bodies are so strong and safe that one of them emerged almost unscathed from two test drops into a 104-foot Pennsylvania rock quarry. Pictured above is the stock Dictator used for the test about to take its first plunge. Doors opened and closed perfectly and car was instantly started and driven away easily after each fall.

STUDEBAKER value stands out conspicuously this year in any comparison—and in any country. The temptation to pay more for a car is gone.

All around the world, from the timber regions of our own Oregon to the diamond studded veldts of far South Africa, the new Studebaker combination of skyway style, speedway stamina and sensational low price continues to convert motorists long loyal to other cars.

### *Dramatic new beauty!*

Here are low-swung, sleek, new air-curved bodies of seamless steel reinforced by steel . . . with a full 50 inches of room for three grown passengers even in the front seats!

Here is the great comfort assurance of 1934 . . . Studebaker's own million-dollar Quadripoise Suspension which scientifically cradles the action of all four wheels, not just the front wheels—successfully subdues forward pitch, jouncing and sideway regardless of speed or roads.

Here are cars with the famed Studebaker "mechanical brains" that reduce physical effort and mental strain so completely, you have scarcely anything to do but steer!

### *Incredible low prices!*

All of these new Studebakers—the new Presidents and Commanders as well as the new Dictators—are drastically lower in price than any previous Studebakers. Savings from $180 to $700 per model!

That's why thousands, who never could do so, are now enjoying Studebaker prestige and performance—and the new economy of Studebaker operation. Whatever your plans or price ideas about a new car, see and drive a new Studebaker first!

*Prices quoted are base prices at the factory, subject to change without notice. Bumpers and special equipment extra.*

**$665**

AND UP, AT THE FACTORY

DICTATOR ....$665
COMMANDER..$920
PRESIDENT...$1145

## *style* STUDEBAKERS

# Desperate Character

*Continued from page 17*

what you throw into the wastebasket bounces out. So he came down to breakfast with his nerves on edge, and burned his tongue on his first mouthful of coffee. Esther, across the table, was a brooding figure of gloom. In so far as she was glooming about anything in particular, she was glooming about herself and Baldaquin; but it was Joe who got the benefit. . . . And presently little Jane inquired:

"Mamma! Is Mr. Baldaquin coming this afternoon?"

"No! . . . Why should he?" Esther added imprudently.

"Well, I don't know; but lots of times he does."

Tense, breathless, Esther looked at her husband—waiting . . .

"I can't imagine what you see in that fellow," Joe growled, and she felt the indignity of anticlimax.

"No," she said, "you wouldn't. You can't imagine anything. Just plod, plod, plod—I'm sick of it! Sick of everything!"

She jumped up, knocking over her coffee cup, and swept out. Joe stared after her, simmering; he might have blown off steam himself, but her disappearance had left him nothing to blow off at. Then he looked at his wrist watch and jumped up too. Hastily he kissed the children goodby, struggled into his overcoat, and picked up his umbrella (it wasn't raining, but it looked as if it might).

An instant later Esther appeared.

"Joe," she said anxiously, "don't forget your rubbers!"

Joe looked at her with unspeakable emotions working in his face.

"To hell with my rubbers!" he said, and dashed for the 8:11.

AS HE ran he was thinking. She'd said she was sick of everything—which must mean sick of him. Certainly she had acted like it lately; he couldn't imagine what had got into her. . . . Some men, in that state of mind, would begin looking around for the nearest exit; but not Joe Ferrand. Not merely because they couldn't afford a breakup on account of the children; nor did he belong to a church that didn't believe in divorce. But he and Esther had got married because they wanted to live together, and he couldn't imagine anything but their going on living together, whether they liked it or not.

It certainly wasn't going to be much fun if she was going to act this way, he thought savagely—but you could never have got him to admit that he was sore at his wife. A man didn't admit that sort of thing.

He made his train and settled down with relief to read the morning paper. Usually it took his mind off of any unpleasantness that might have occurred at breakfast, and made him fit for the business day. But not this morning; there was terrible news from Vienna. Civil war, women and children shot down, model apartment houses blown to pieces by artillery. As Joe read on, he felt his muscles tightening with an impulse that only action could relieve.

"I'd like to sock those guys," he said aloud.

Man and boy, he hadn't socked anybody since he was twelve years old; but now he wanted to sock Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss and Prince Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg.

But Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss and Prince Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg were five thousand miles away; so Joe got off the train at the Grand Central with his nerves still taut, his muscles still packed with that impulse that only action could relieve. He hustled through the passage to the subway station, ran down the stairs, and saw people shoving into a downtown express. He could just make it—

As he leaped at the door that was slowly sliding shut a man brushed past him—a fat man with a scar on his chin, and protuberant black eyes. Like Joe, like every man who rushes for a subway train, he was convinced that if he missed that particular train there would never be another. His elbow dug into Joe's chest, flung him back; his heel came down on Joe's toe—the toe with the corn, peculiarly vulnerable this morning when he wasn't wearing his rubbers. Joe staggered with the pain of it—and then straightened up, all inhibitions flung away; his fist clenched, his arm drawn back for a swing. But the fat man had squeezed into the car, the glass door had slid shut between them. Joe stood there, helpless, and watched the train roll away.

There was another train a minute later, and he got on it, still shaking with impotent rage. And in that mood he came to the Prince Street branch of the Haymarket Bank, and strode past the tellers' wickets to the stairs that led up to the manager's office.

"I'm not scaring him—I'm just whistling!" *W. von Riegen*

"I'M AFRAID, Mr. Ferrand, that it's out of the question."

Mr. Foy, manager of the branch bank, looked as if he were made out of papier-mâché, or worn-out currency that had been macerated at the mint. He was gray of hair, gray of face, gray of clothing; his eyes behind rimless noseglasses were the gray of dirty ice. And he had the air of being faintly shocked by Joe's impertinence.

"We made that loan in June, Mr. Ferrand. It seemed a good risk, with business expanding. But we've already renewed it twice—"

"Well, you know how business was in the fall," Joe expostulated. "It was all I could do to hang on. Now that things are beginning to pick up again I'll make some money, if you don't press me. But if you do— It won't do you any good to throw me into receivership."

He used that word, of course, simply as an argument. He couldn't really visualize receivership for his business that had always managed to get by somehow.

"From what you've told me about your assets and liabilities," said Mr. Foy, "I am convinced that creditors could recover in full—now. If we let you go another ninety days, it might be impossible. Bankers have a responsibility, Mr. Ferrand—a responsibility to their depositors."

"I've been a depositor here for fifteen years," Joe reminded him. "I've always kept a pretty good balance, too; you must have made money on it. Now and again I've had to borrow; you made money on that too. And now that I need an extension— My God, do you want to ruin me?"

THAT word "ruin" suddenly embodied itself, stood out horribly clear before him. Everything gone—even the house, if it was worth anything above the mortgage; Esther and the children living on beans and spaghetti while he looked around for a job—any job. . . .

"This bank is rotten with money," he said furiously. "And everybody down in Washington is telling you bankers to ease credit—"

"They tell us that," said Mr. Foy, "on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays they criticize us for having eased credit too much a few years ago."

"Well, what do you fellows get paid for, if not for knowing when to ease credit and when to tighten up?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Foy. "In my judgment, the time has come to tighten up on you. We bankers, after all, must take the broader view."

He would have gone on with his prepared speech about the virtues of bankers, but Joe had gone. He had had to get up, get out, before he gave way to the impulse to smash his fist into that gray face. . . . That wouldn't do; people didn't hit their bankers. The note wasn't due for ten days; in that time something might turn up that would save him, and if he were saved, he'd have to stay on good terms with Mr. Foy. Besides, he hadn't smashed anybody in the face since he was twelve years old. . . .

But he went out unsteadily; going down the stairs, he had to cling to the railing. The nine o'clock rush was over; only one or two people were at the tellers' wickets now. And behind those wickets was money—stacks of money, thousands of dollars; all he needed, and more—

Joe shuddered, recalled to sanity by the respectful nod of the gray-uniformed guard at the foot of the stairs. It was the nod due an old depositor, a respected business man—not a near-bankrupt who had realized, for a mad instant, how a man feels who robs a bank. . . . Not that he could have robbed a bank. He had no gun, he hadn't fired one since he was a boy; and he couldn't bring disgrace on his wife and children, not to speak of himself. Still, for an instant he had realized—

He went to one of the desks along the wall and wrote, with shaking fingers, a check for twenty-five dollars. It was probably the last time he'd ever draw that much for cash in his pocket; after this he'd have to count the nickels, and be thankful if he had any to count. Sunk in those black reflections, he never noticed the three men who came in at that moment, and went their various ways according to plan. With the check in one hand, his umbrella tightly clutched in the other, Joe came up to a teller's wicket; and just as he got there one of the three men who had come in—a man carrying the sort of bag that men carry who draw money for a pay roll—thrust in ahead of him.

Joe was used to seeing a woman steal his place in the line, but a man— He started a sputtering protest.

"Keep back, mug," the other grunted, and brought his heel down hard on Joe's toe. The toe with the corn; the toe that had been stepped on half an hour ago, and still hurt.

ALL at once Joe saw things—more things than his eyes had ever before taken in at a single glance. In his other hand that man held a gun, pointing at the white-faced teller whose arms had gone up in the air. Down the row of windows stood another man with a gun; and the third of the party had covered the gray-clad guard, held him helpless. All that Joe saw, and his brain registered, in a tenth of a second. Given another tenth of a second, his motor nerves would have made the proper response; his arms, too, would have gone up in the air.

But Joe's motor nerves, at the moment, were a busy wire, responding to an earlier and more urgent call; the man with the gun had stepped on his toe. . . . Joe's umbrella handle came down with a whack on the fingers that clutched the automatic. As the gun clattered on the floor Joe's other hand balled into a fist and swung to the point of the chin.

In that cosmic wallop he socked the man who had stolen his place in the line, and stamped on his corn; he socked Mr. Foy, the bank manager; he socked the man who had roughed him in the subway station; he socked Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss and Prince Ernst Rüdiger von Starhemberg; he socked Professor Baldaquin, not for any particular offense but on general principles; and it is gravely to be feared that he socked his wife.

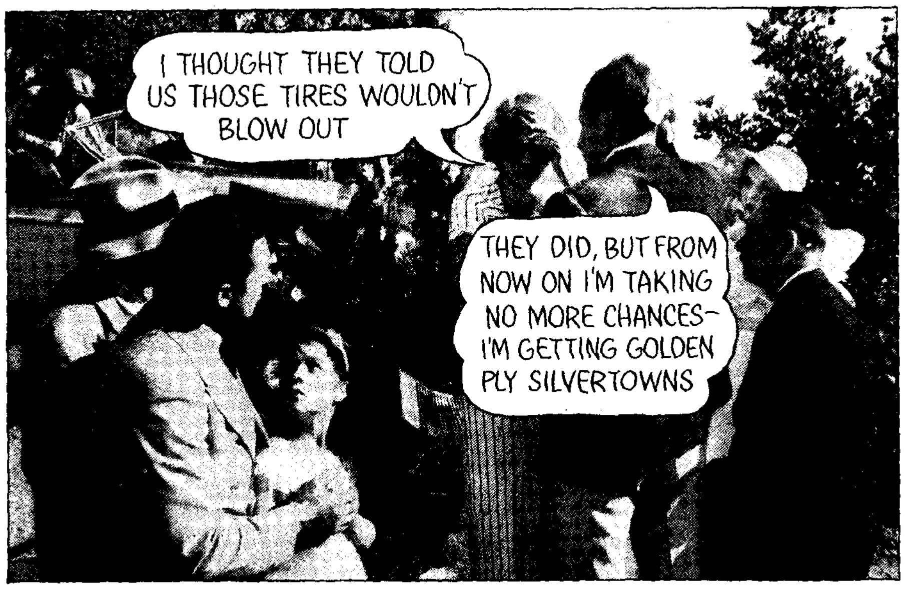
The man whose chin was the focus of these accumulated resentments went down sprawling; and Joe, overbalanced by his swing, all but went down too. He heard a bang, heard a bullet smash the glass where his head had been an instant before; the man down the line of windows was shooting at him. And on the floor, before his eyes, was a gun.

Joe's muscles were working without orders, now, following a pattern of action built up in the days when hairy men had to snatch up the stone hatchet when they saw the eyes of the saber-toothed tiger gleaming in the mouth of the cave. He snatched up the gun, pointed it at the man down the row of windows, pulled the trigger. Joe had never heard of a safety catch—but the man who had brought that gun there

*(Continued on page 46)*

YOU'VE BEEN DRIVING SO FAST, JIM. WHAT IF WE HAD A BLOW-OUT?
BLOW-OUT! I'VE NEVER HAD ONE YET, HAVE I?

I'M AFRAID TO LOOK. I NEVER KNEW A BLOW-OUT COULD BE SO TERRIBLE!


I THOUGHT THEY TOLD US THOSE TIRES WOULDN'T BLOW OUT
THEY DID, BUT FROM NOW ON I'M TAKING NO MORE CHANCES— I'M GETTING GOLDEN PLY SILVERTOWNS

Goodrich Tires
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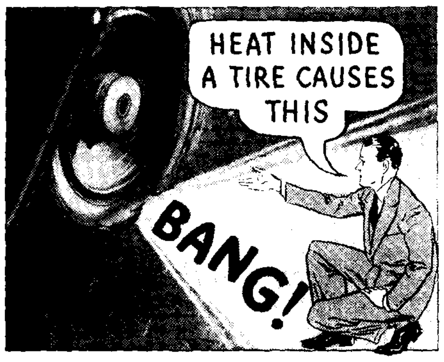
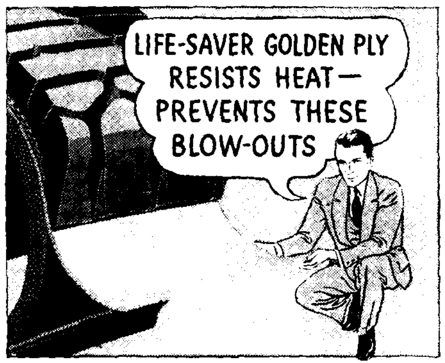
# HOW AMAZING NEW INVENTION PREVENTS CAUSE OF BLOW-OUTS

## GOODRICH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY—PROVED 3 TIMES SAFER —AND FAR LONGER-LASTING IN GRUELLING HIGH SPEED TESTS


HEAT INSIDE A TIRE CAUSES THIS
BANG!


LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT— PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS

A BLOW-OUT strikes like greased lightning—when you least expect it. BANG! It's all over in a flash. You can't steer. And when you stop it's usually too late. Of course, you *may* escape injury. Your car *may* not be seriously damaged. But if a tree trunk or a ten-ton truck gets in your way—well, it's just too bad.

### What Causes a Blow-out

At speeds of 50 or more, on today's small wheels, every part of the tread strikes the road 10 to 15 times a second. And as the tire touches the road it bends in—*as much as an inch.* This rapid flexing causes heat. The inside of the tire often gets as hot as boiling water.

When tires get hot the rubber wilts. The strength is sapped out. The elasticity is reduced. It becomes weak. The rubber in the outer ply breaks down—loses its grip on the tread. A *blister* begins to form—and grows—bigger—BIGGER—until BANG! A blow-out!

To protect you from blow-outs, every Goodrich Safety Silvertown has the amazing new Life-Saver Golden Ply. This *invention* resists heat—rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus blisters don't form inside the tire. The great, unseen *cause* of blow-outs is eliminated *before* it begins. And here's proof!

Racing daredevils tested it out at breakneck speeds. On the world's fastest track. Gave it everything they had. Not one blow-out. Similar tires *without* the Life-Saver Golden Ply failed at one-third the distance the Golden Ply Silvertowns were run. And what's more, the big, rugged Goodrich Silvertowns kept right on eating up the miles.

### No Extra Cost!

Why take foolish chances when you can now be 3 times safer from blow-outs at high speeds—when you can get months of extra mileage—at no extra cost! Get a set of Goodrich Safety Silvertowns for your car *before it's too late.*

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**WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY**

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# Desperate Character

*Continued from page 44*

had thought he might have to use it, so the catch was off. Like a disinterested bystander Joe felt his hand jerk, heard a bang in front of him—and that man went down.

On the floor, the man he had knocked down was reaching into his coat, toward his shoulder holster. Joe's arm moved of its own accord; as the other's gun came into sight a bullet smashed into his chest; he rolled over and lay still. The third man, covering the gray-clad guard, had been out of action for the time he needed to smash the guard over the head with the butt of his pistol to knock him out. By the time he was ready for Joe, Joe was ready for him. If Joe had aimed he might have missed; but he pointed the pistol instinctively, as he would have pointed his finger, and Number Three went down too.

The sudden banging clamor that had filled the room gave place, as suddenly, to a jittery silence. Everything had happened so quickly that clerks and tellers still stood paralyzed, their arms in the air. And into that moment of stunned suspense intruded Mr. Foy.

If there are any hero medals to be passed out for this episode, hand one to Mr. Foy. A sedentary gentleman of fifty-four with chronic sinus trouble, he had never been involved in anything violent in his life. There was a pistol in his desk drawer, but he had never used it, never dreamed of having to use it. When he first heard, with incredulous horror, the shooting below, he wanted to sit still till it was all over; but a split second later he was on his way to get into it, gun in hand. Mr. Foy, forcing himself to go down those stairs, perhaps deserves more credit than the hard and venturesome persons who died at the Alamo.

He came down to a floor which seemed one great litter of corpses; and towering above the carnage was a Desperate Character, the hand that held his gun trembling with blood lust as he looked around for more victims. His blue eyes, ferocious behind rimless spectacles, turned on Mr. Foy; and the manager pulled the trigger as instinctively as you raise your arm to ward off a blow.

JOE came out of blankness with the most terrific headache he had ever had in his life. No wonder; his head was bandaged, and his feebly exploring fingers found beneath the bandage a lump as big as a tennis ball. He was in bed, in a strange room; his dim eyes saw a white-clad nurse somewhere in the background. A hospital. Now how—?

But his dazed memory went back no farther than that last moment—a terrific blow on the side of the head, and just before that a scandalized perception that Mr. Foy was shooting at him. Now why—?

When he came to again, his head wasn't hurting quite so badly. Somewhere in the room a man was speaking in an undertone.

"He'll be all right tomorrow; it's mostly nervous shock. . . . The wound? That's nothing; the bullet only creased him. You've got nothing to worry about, Mrs. Ferrand." Joe's eyes flew open.

"Esther!"

She dropped on her knees beside the bed and pressed his hand to her cheek. She said, "Oh, darling," over and over again, and for a long time she wouldn't say anything else. Then:

"Joe, if you'd died I'd never have forgiven myself! I'd have—"

"Now, now," said the interne, laying a hand on her shoulder. "You mustn't excite him. Let him get a good night's sleep. . . . Yes, you'll be right in the next room. . . . Yes, your children are all right—two nurses staying with them. The bank's taking care of everything."

Esther left, weeping.

The next morning everything was all right. His head still ached, but not so badly; Esther came in for breakfast with him, and sat on the edge of the bed afterward, holding his hand, while he read the morning papers—read about himself, all over the front page. There were editorials about him, too; and the substance of them was that what this country needed was more men like Joseph G. Ferrand. . . . Joe put the paper aside.

"This hero stuff gives me a laugh," he observed. "The reason I did it—" Esther's face stopped him, a picture of remorse and shame.

"I KNOW why you did it, Joe. If anything had happened to you I'd never have forgiven myself. I'd even been nasty to you at breakfast, on top of everything else. . . . You did it on account of me and Baldaquin, didn't you?" He looked at her in perplexity.

"You and Baldaquin? What was there about you and Baldaquin?"

"Nothing! Not a thing! But he wanted—I really didn't like him; and even if I had, I hope I'd have had the—the tensile strength— But there's something about him that gets you—gets some women, I mean. I wasn't going to let it get me; but I *supposed* you'd seen something—"

He was really looking at her now, for the first time in years—at a desirable woman, whom another man had wanted and might have got, if she hadn't had tensile strength; a woman who needed attention, and was worth it.

"Esther! I never dreamed— But even if I had, what made you think that had anything to do with this shooting?"

"Well— You remember the night before, we'd been talking about Mike Todd. And Ben said any decent man would do what he could for his wife, and if the time came when he thought his life insurance was worth more to her than his company—"

"Yes, I remember," said Joe. "What about it?"

"Well, we'd been getting along badly, and I thought you knew about Baldaquin. I knew you'd never commit suicide—it leaves too ugly a memory. But when I heard about this I thought you'd tried a—a sort of indirect suicide so I could get your life insurance." Joe grinned.

"I see. . . . Well, I didn't. I didn't know about Baldaquin; and besides, I've borrowed so much on my life insurance that it wouldn't be much use to anybody. . . . Sorry; I hadn't meant to tell you about that. But don't worry; we'll get by somehow." She laughed hysterically.

"Get by? There's a five-thousand-dollar reward for one of the men you shot; and the bank is paying all our expenses till you're well again. And Mr. Foy—he's almost crazy over his mistake—says you needn't worry about that note. And the president of the bank told me himself that when you'd been shot by one of their own men after what you did, he'd do practically anything you asked him to set things right."

Joe digested this information and grinned some more.

"Looks as if it pays to get shot," he concluded. "Slightly shot, that is. If Foy had shot a little straighter—" She shuddered. "Or, for that matter," he mused, "if that fellow hadn't shoved me away from that subway train, so that I had to wait for the next one, I'd have been through with my business and away from the bank before the holdup ever started. . . . And I'd still be broke. . . . And still sore at you, maybe. . . . Looks as if we got a break all round."

"We certainly did. . . . But, Joe—" She was frowning in perplexity. "You couldn't have foreseen that; and when you started this you had just about one chance in ten thousand of coming out alive. So why— I don't mean—" she said hurriedly. "I know you're terribly brave, darling—everything the papers say you are. But I still don't see why—"

"You can fool newspaper editors," he observed, "but you can't fool a woman who's lived with you ten years. . . . I thought that hero stuff would give you a laugh."

"It didn't! You *are* a hero! Only to take such a terrible risk, just from—I suppose it was a sense of civic duty, wasn't it?"

"Civic duty, hell. That fellow stepped on my corn."

"But nobody would attack three armed bandits just for that!"

"Well, maybe that was a sort of last straw. I'd got out of bed wrong foot first that morning, and one thing after another had gone wrong; so when he stepped on my corn— I guess Baldaquin was right. That was my breaking point."

"No!" she blazed. "I won't believe it! I don't admit he was ever right about anything. . . . Don't ever say that to him, Joe!"

"All right, if you'd rather I wouldn't. One thing about Baldaquin," he reminded her. "You never have to tell him he's right. He always knows it, whether he is or not."

"Well, he wasn't this time! Don't you ever say that to anybody. You may be too modest to admit it, but you *are* a hero. You'd do the same thing again, if you had to—only, thank heaven, you never will."

She went back to her room, then, to pack her bag—they were going home in an hour—and left Joe chuckling to himself. He was a hero; that was Esther's story and she was going to stick to it. He'd have to stick to it too—back her up, for the sake of harmony; and he didn't suppose it mattered much whether she had made up her story from pride in him or from hatred of Baldaquin. Baldaquin didn't count now.

THEN the nurse came in, with early editions of the evening papers.

"Well, Mr. Ferrand, you're crowded off the front page at last."

He picked up a pink sheet with a screaming headline: POP-EYE GILLEN SLAIN IN GANG WAR. There was a picture under it—a fat man with a scar on his chin, and protuberant black eyes. Joe gasped.

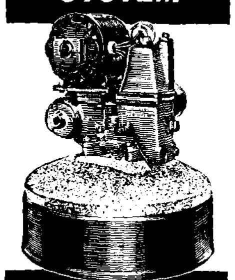
"What's the matter?" the nurse asked solicitously.

"You see that picture? That's Pop-Eye Gillen. He was a gangster; the paper said he was suspected of three or four killings."

"Well?"

"He crowded me out of a subway train yesterday morning," Joe told her, "and stepped on my toe while he was doing it. I'd have socked him if the door hadn't shut between us, just in time. And if I'd socked him, he might have pulled a gun on me!"

The newspaper rattled in his trembling hands.



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That explains why Mobiloil has stayed the largest selling motor oil in the world ever since the high-speed motor came into general use!

Mobiloil is sold literally "everywhere." Dealers service your car according to a clearly printed chart that tells exactly which grade will get the most out of your motor.

And here's another thing. If you buy Mobiloil at the stations that show the sign of the Flying Horse, you can also buy Mobilgas. This gasoline is the quality-mate of Mobiloil. Try both in your car for the best all 'round performance.

**Mobilo**

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION

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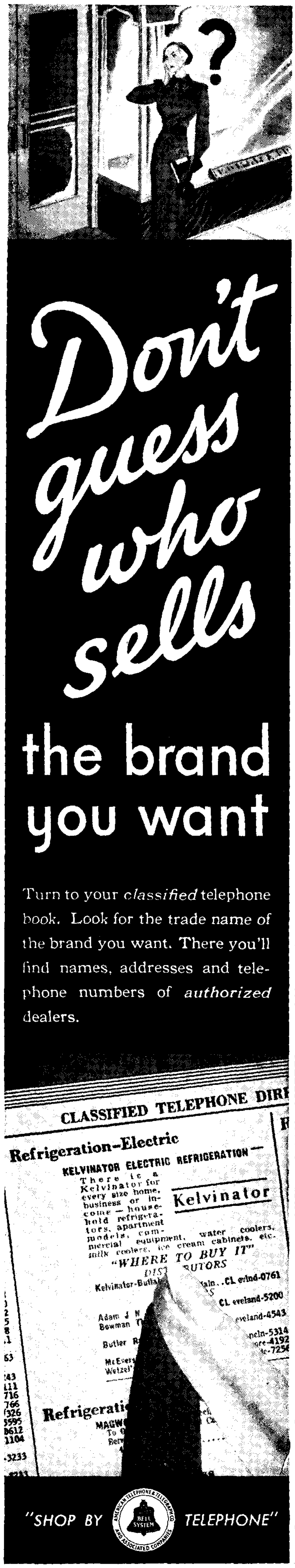
AND FOR COMPL ORMANCE... MOBILGAS



Don't guess who sells the brand you want

Turn to your *classified* telephone book. Look for the trade name of the brand you want. There you'll find names, addresses and telephone numbers of *authorized* dealers.

"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"

# Decorated for Today

*Continued from page 22*

with triangles and streaked lightning and metal aberrations, and we felt very, very sick to our tummies. But today the real artists have emerged—and it behooves us to reconsider.

Modernism can be anything that any other period could be—impressive, feminine and seductive, firmly and comfortably masculine, intimate and cozy, flamboyant, even housebroken and humble. And it certainly need not be expensive—if that's what's worrying you.

On this point Paul Wiener, artist-decorator, has this to say:

"Creating a beautiful Modern room is so much a matter of taste and so little a matter of money.

"The problem of creating a beautiful room, as I see it, is primarily one of 'space solution'—how to proportion it, divide it, scale the furniture to it so as to create beautiful spaces—breathing spaces, spaces for the imagination. Four walls do not necessarily limit a room. If the original proportions are not good, a room can be built within a room, a ceiling may be lowered or raised, a room reshaped or, with but a few strokes—the use of the right colors, the arrangement of the lighting, the emphasizing of a doorway or a window—a small, ugly room can be transformed into a spacious and lovely one.

"Next comes the 'composition' of the furniture. Whatever goes into the room—and it should be as little as possible—should be an architectural part of the room, created for a certain purpose."

To show you that this artist really means what he says, and is not just talking through his high hat, here is a room he created for under $750—a *room he did for a gentleman.*

It was just one of those nondescript rooms, with nothing to distinguish it from millions of others hopelessly like it. So first of all, to give it an interesting shape, the decorator slung a great white drapery around one corner of it—a drapery of a heavy, rough fabric of twisted silk and yarn, hanging clear from ceiling to floor, very rich and full (there being four yards of silk to each yard of space) and falling in copious folds on the floor. It is semicircular and slides on a concealed track on a curved cornice, giving the effect of a wall rather than of a curtain. And there, you see, at once you have an unusual shape to your room.

### Good Modern at Grand Rapids

Around all four walls, themselves white, run book-shelves three shelves high, rising on one wall clear to the ceiling, sixty feet of bookcases in all, painted a light reddish brown on the inside and an off-white on the outside, so that when the books are in, one sees only bits and flashes of the red. Another interesting angle was given to the room by the obstinacy—or sentiment, one couldn't be sure which—of the owner, who steadily refused to part with an old, the Lord-only-knows-what-he-sees-in-it desk, which the decorator craftily concealed by the neat device of curving the wainscoting around it, thus giving the room another semicircular corner. You can't foil these decorators!

To make things still more interesting, a huge, circular rug was ordered, in a bold, curved, geometric design, two thirds of off-white carpet and one third of red. You can see that already the room is more than half furnished.

Of course, the gentleman had to have a place to lay him down to sleep, and so he was given a divan-by-day—bed-by-night, a handsome affair with a drum pillow covered in the white, twisty fabric. At the head, within arm's reach, stands a small, oddish table for oddish things wanted maybe at oddish hours of the night.

Somewhere in the middle of the room rises a large table of most unusual but perfectly natural and convincing shape. The top is a huge semicircle of white wood with the straight side extending downward to the floor as its only means of support.

And finally the room was given three chairs, one small chair, two long, low rangy chairs, very rakish toward the rear so that a man can lean back and take his ease of an evening, sinking deep into the best upholstery obtainable, which gives a glow to the room by being of a light brownish-shading-toward-peach, hand-loomed fabric. And all this furniture is of the very best quality of wood for painting, and it has been painted with twelve coats of off-white paint, rubbed and rubbed down.

That gives you the idea.

But suppose you have to go at it in even a more modest way, selecting from what is available in the shops, building up a room gradually. What are your chances of achieving a beautiful Modern interior? As good as your taste—as good as your chances of doing a room of any other period. Excellently designed Modern furniture—designed, in fact, by Donald Deskey and other authentic artists who are creating the museum pieces of the future—is being turned out in quantity at Grand Rapids: beautiful designs, excellent workmanship and materials, moderate prices. You can minimize the effect of the wrong background—paneling, cornices, dadoes, etc., all anti-Modern—by painting it all one color and concealing too elaborate window frames beneath Modern drapes.

And remember that much can be done with color in a Modern room. You'd know a Modern room by its color alone. This color may be either exciting or just the opposite—wonderfully soothing. One lovely living-room done by Bernhard was entirely in shades of gray, from off-white to almost black. Imagine the effect of an assemblage of ladies in evening dress against this background!

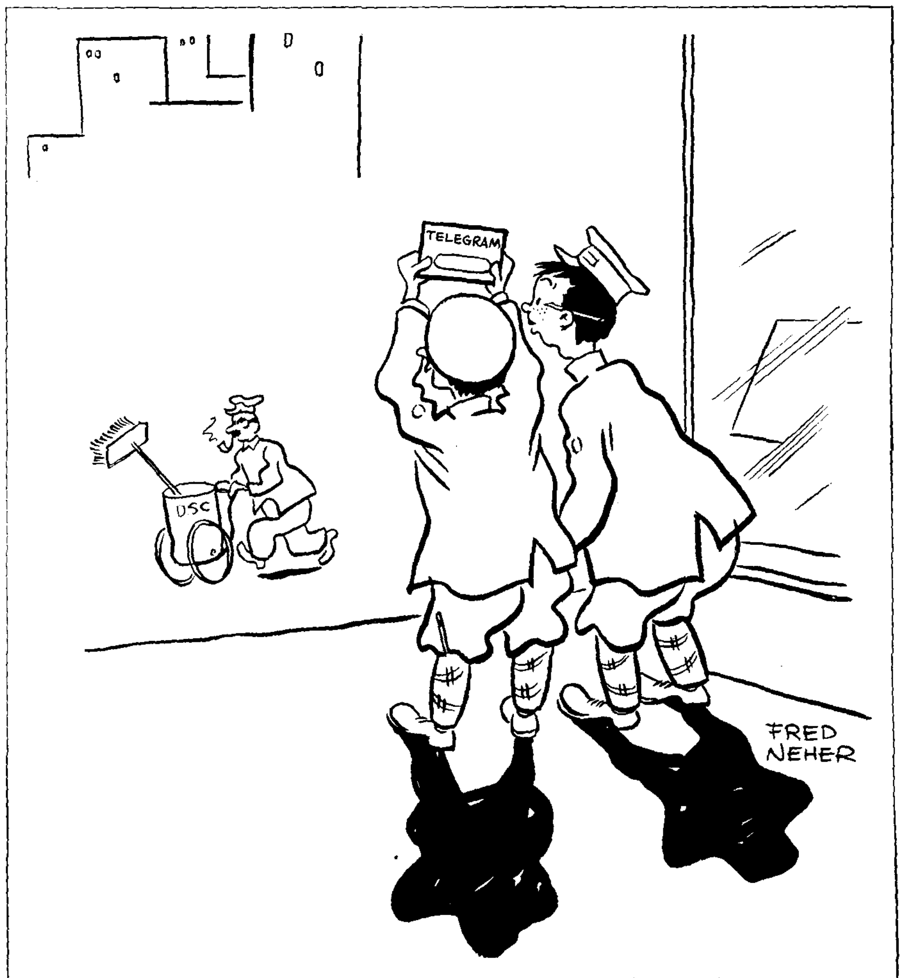
Don't for a moment imagine that antiques are out. The Modern decorator has by no means broken with the past. He adores antiques, welcomes them with open arms into his most revolutionary and tubular interiors. Whole rooms, Modern as a dirigible, have been built around an Aubusson rug or a Ming cabinet.

### No Borax

Only reproductions and what is facetiously known in the trade as "borax," nondescript aberrations of no known style but with the blight of the Golden Oak period upon them, or maybe the deadly influence of the Mid-Rutherford B. Hayes or Early Pullman era, are anathema to the Modern decorator.

Today anyone with an open mind and four walls can achieve a good Modern interior. Some of the most beautiful homes in the country have gone Modern—that of Bodansky, conductor of the Metropolitan Opera; of Katharine Brush, whose apartment was done by the late Joseph Urban; a number of rooms in the New York house of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, among them her bedroom, boudoir, dressing-room, and the famous picture gallery and print room; the apartment of Roxy with its stunning round, domed dining-room, round, black table, and all its chairs and buffet curved to fit the curving wall.

Oh, we're coming to it, all right—it won't be long now.



"She's an awful sucker if she falls for that one" *Fred Neher*

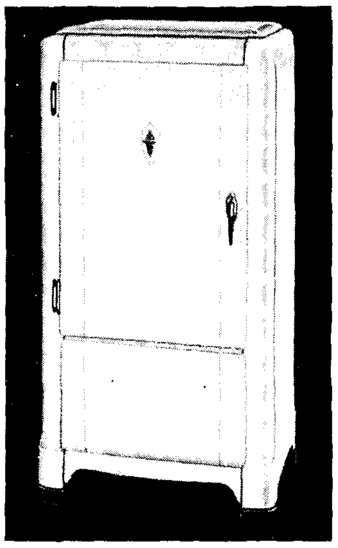
# *Men WILL do these things*

## THAT'S WHY YOU NEED 4 REFRIGERATORS

HUSBANDS *will* be hospitable—and bring guests home for dinner, sometimes without a moment's notice. But, with "4 refrigerators" in the kitchen—*with a Kelvinator*—you are always ready for them, always the gracious hostess.

The pictures show the four separate "refrigerators" you get in the Kelvinator De Luxe models. At the top of the page is the Iso-Thermic Tube Tray. Here you get World's Fastest Freezing Speed. You freeze ice cubes in about 80 minutes, which is hours faster than ordinary freezing speeds. And there are no dials to set, because it is fully automatic.

The next picture shows the spacious food compartment with the new Kelvinator Food File. On the left is the Dairy Basket for butter, cheese, eggs, etc. In the center, the Kelvin Crisper where vegetables keep fresh indefinitely. And on the right, the Thrift Tray with its three porcelain containers where left-overs are stored for future use.



In the "third" refrigerator, large quantities of delicious frozen salads and desserts are made quickly and can be kept for days.

And in the Frost Chest, another exclusive Kelvinator feature and the "fourth" refrigerator, you keep meat, fish, game or extra ice cubes just as long as you care to. Here, the temperature is below freezing, and it, like the other three, is fully automatic.

Naturally, "4 refrigerators" mean 4 times the advantages and conveniences—and you can get them *all in one*, for the price of one, *in a Kelvinator.*

We suggest that you see Kelvinator's 20th Anniversary models, the refrigerator with a place for everything. And let the Kelvinator dealer show you why it is wise to buy *the finest in electric refrigeration*—on the ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan, if you wish. . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, 14253 *Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Factories also in London, Ont., and London, England.*

"DON'T WORRY—
THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF ICE CUBES"

"THERE'S ENOUGH FOOD HERE
FOR HALF A DOZEN EXTRA PEOPLE"

"HERE IS PLENTY OF FROZEN SALAD
AND DESSERT ALREADY MADE"

"THANK GOODNESS,
THERE ARE PLENTY OF LAMB CHOPS"

**KELVINATOR** *4 REFRIGERATORS IN 1*

**Consult your Classified Telephone Directory under "Refrigeration — Electric" to locate your nearest dealer**

# The Menace of Contract Bridge

*Continued from page 20*

newspapers help along the epidemic by publishing outlandish items and every so often you will read the same story, the names only being changed. This story bores me greatly, but it must be newsy news, or they wouldn't keep on printing it on page one in a small box. It generally concerns Mrs. Henry Grasshopper of No. 16 Bilgewater Avenue, Seattle, who was playing-contract bridge last night with her husband as partner, against Mr. and Mrs. George Roushbach of No. 18 Bilgewater Avenue, and what was Mrs. Grasshopper's amazement when she picked up a perfect bridge hand consisting of thirteen spades, which, after bidding a grand slam and being doubled, she smilingly laid down on the table. After that she apparently rushed to the telephone and called up The News.

This is one of the modern standard fairy tales, fashioned out of good, old everyday bull, with a trimming of Chinese hooey. If it isn't Mrs. Grasshopper, it is Mrs. Katherine Charfugle of East St. Louis, or Professor Woodbury Phyfe of Minneapolis, and if it isn't thirteen spades, it is or are thirteen diamonds, clubs or hearts, which the person always smilingly lays down, after bidding a grand slam, doubled.

Now, the cold, honest truth about this is that nobody ever held thirteen spades in a bridge game, and don't let anyone spoof you. That is just a lot of domestic bologna and a certain way to reach the newspapers. What always happens is that Mrs. Charfugle suddenly looks up and says, "My goodness, I got ten clubs in my hand." Whereupon her husband being a good-natured cluck, and having a few clubs in his hand, slips them across the table, and thus Mrs. Charfugle's hand is built up to newspaper strength. As they were only playing for fun, what difference does it make?

The chances of anyone's holding thirteen spades, diamonds, hearts or clubs are precisely one in 988,560,660,977,809,920,000, which is certainly rather remote. If the entire population of our fair land started in playing bridge tomorrow, which heaven forbid, and if they never left the tables, but pegged away continuously, it is estimated that somebody would be dealt thirteen spades in the year of our Lord 27,322, and it probably would be someone living in Seattle.

### Why Divorce Courts Are Crowded

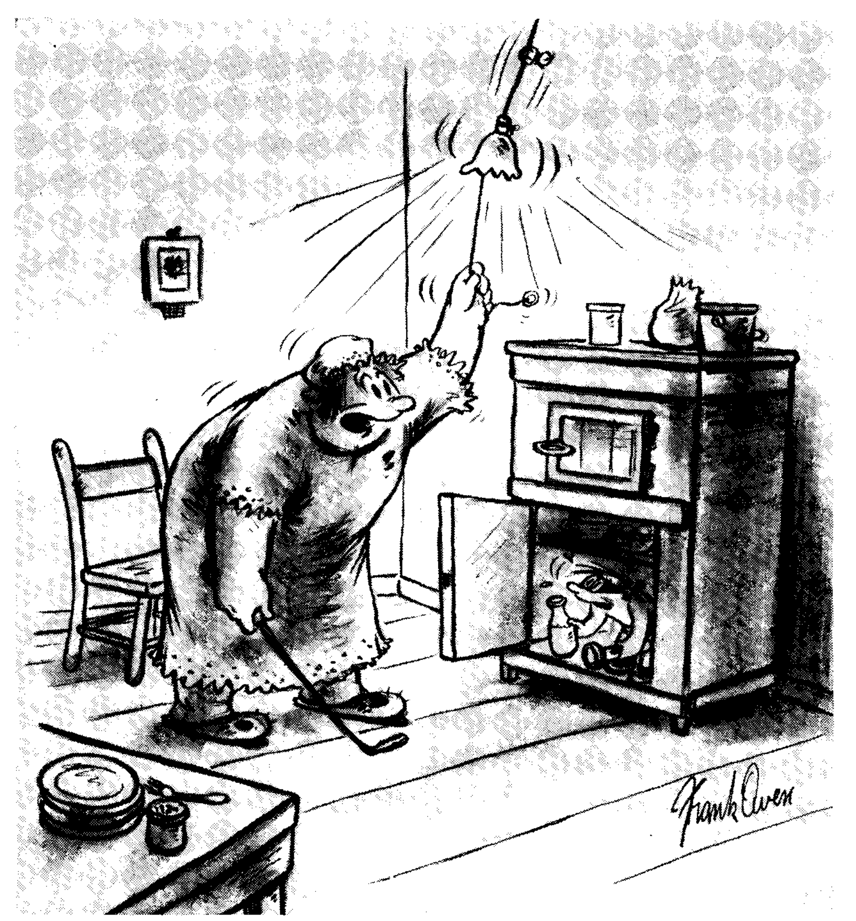
Professor Tann, who has gone into the subject like a true zealot, estimates that twelve and one-fifth marriages are undermined every day by contract bridge, resulting either in divorce, permanent separation with alimony, or a hard slap. Principals in marriage set aside ordinary courtesy and speak rather brutally to each other, and most of the hard names are called riding home in the car at midnight, after the Browns have been playing contract with the Greens and have lost fourteen dollars, tomorrow's meat money, which Mrs. Brown paid out of her handbag, Mr. Brown being a little short.

I am always astounded when I listen to conversations between husbands and wives whom I know to be nice, considerate people in the ordinary affairs of life. It seems incredible that a pleasant-faced wife, usually amiable and deferring, can cut loose and say such sharp things to her old man, who has been supporting her in comfort for years. I mean solid, respectable people, too, with two cars and a police dog.

Polite conversation today is a lost art and contract bridge is clearly to blame. There was a time when you could meander over to the Greens' house for dinner and later on sit comfortably by the fire and discuss life, politics, the movies and art, but not any longer. If you do not play contract, you are not even invited out to dinner, and the meal is scarcely over before somebody begins feverishly breaking out the legs of a bridge table. . . . Grave social problems of the time are never discussed now, but only the Culbertson System or the Cuban System, or what should be done when your partner definitely invites you to do nothing at all.

### A Theory that Doesn't Work

There is a sad-eyed banker who comes over to my house every so often, bringing along his wife, Ruby, for an evening of rubbers and squabbling, and as he has a financial mind he refuses to pivot and insists on playing with his wife against our family and her wishes. His reason for declining to pivot is explained by him as follows: "You cannot win any money, except during the rubbers when you are playing with your own wife."



"So you're robbing the ice box!" *Frank Owen*

This has always struck me as unsound logic, for if I have to play contract, I like to change partners each and every rubber, and sometimes oftener. The banker and his Ruby have lost four dollars to us at every bridge game during the past six years, and while it pains the banker greatly, it pains his Ruby more, and she would welcome any sort of change. He will not let her pivot, being a banker. He argues you can't win any money that way. Ruby would much rather play with me, or with my wife, as we are both winners and Ruby longs for the day when she will be a winner, or with one. The banker remains adamant and can support his theory with figures and I suppose that is why he is a banker.

Experts in contract apparently spend all their time thinking up complicated, involved and incomprehensible systems for ordinary folks to wonder over. They indulge in public warfare, writing very bitter books indeed and calling each other uncomplimentary names, getting into the newspapers as much as possible. Expert McJones says in his book that Expert McDuff is an utter nincompoop and that any person following the McDuff system will lose at least twelve dollars a rubber; and Expert McDuff testifies that McJones has never been even accidentally right about anything connected with the game and should be giving his time to table tennis or crokinole.

Both books are published the same day and begin selling like hot cakes to a pop-eyed and adoring public and that night McJones invites McDuff to dine with him at the Bridge Club on Madison Avenue and they have a hearty laugh together over the champagne.

### Fire, Stale Beer and Stick-Ups

Old Man Culbertson recently got himself into a jam with the British National Contract Bridge Alliance or it might have been His Majesty's Government, over the four no-trumps convention, which seemed rather sound to us experts here at home. Mr. Culbertson figured it would be a good idea to bid four no-trumps at a certain advanced stage of the bidding, to let your partner know you held four aces, after which he could proceed.

Great Britain fell on this like a ton of brick, saying it was manifestly unfair and that you may as well come right out with: "Partner, in case you are worried, I've got four aces." I believe Mr. Culbertson is absolutely right, and it doesn't matter a whoop in hades anyhow, for if you have four aces, the other side is perfectly helpless and you may as well get the thing over.

There are 475 sitting-room rugs partly destroyed in American homes every night in the week by cigarettes which have fallen from ash trays and continue to burn caterpillar holes unnoticed while the owner tries to keep his thick-headed partner from bidding three no-trumps, with no diamonds in either hand, except the Jack, ten and four. Thirty-five hundred wives inquire nightly if Wilbur will please carry out the other chair from the bedroom, or will she have to carry it herself. Sixty-four thousand glasses of beer get stale each evening while the declarer, East, is trying to decide whether to bid six spades or pass.

Undoubtedly the game is the greatest waster of time and money ever devised by man. People who should be reading good books are in there making psychic bids, and if there is any one thing the average American should not do, it is make a psychic bid. Out in our blissful little community, the police have finally horned into the picture. The hold-up fraternity learned that when you see seven motor cars along the curb at four in the afternoon, you can be sure of the ladies' bridge club inside, and ladies playing bridge are notoriously easy to hold up and may have some money on them.

### Perennial Prizes

Another rather serious phase of the bridge pestilence is disclosed in the matter of prizes for winning contests, and I, for one, would never think of playing in any tournament where you get a prize, for I have won prizes. I always win the same prize. In fact, everybody wins the same prize, year after year, and nobody wants to take it home, as it is always a cloisonné cigarette box from either Japan or Trenton. After you have won a cloisonné cigarette box four or five times, the novelty seems to wear off.

Taking up the problem of bidding, nothing much can be done now, as there are at least thirty systems and each has its merits. In fact, almost anybody can invent a contract bidding system. I invented one myself, and certainly I would not be considered an expert bridge player. My system was always to open up by bidding two clubs, no matter what I held. . . . Even if I had no clubs at all, I opened with a two-club bid, and naturally I threw my opponents clear off the track and confused them, for they could not figure out what I held. Any good bridge player can tell what you hold after the bids are made. But Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson, sitting together and thinking hard, could not tell what I held, with my two-club bid, and likewise my partner could not tell, either, and often worked himself into distressing situations.

Finally I gave that system up as faulty, bringing, as it did, too much confusion, and now I merely bid three no trumps. . . . This is a quick and clean and simple bid and it annoys East and West. . . . Quite often, I make the three no-trumps, but usually I get set three or four tricks. The pleasant feature of this bid is that it calls for no racking of the brain, complicated thinking and trying to figure out what your partner has. You make the bid, proceed rapidly with the game and get home before midnight.

A gentleman is now at work on a new and improved form of contract which will change completely all existing systems of bidding, as the new game will be played with two hands exposed, or two dummies. That seems rather pleasant. The next logical step after that is all four hands exposed, or four dummies, and even then I know dozens and dozens of honest, God-fearing American citizens who will bid four spades, vulnerable, looking at all the cards, and go down three tricks, doubled.

# The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 19

The maid sat up, fully conscious again.

"I've got to see Frank," she cried. "He's my husband. I've got to see him. I've got to look after him."

"Of course," said Kernochan. "But, Lizzie, remember. You're not to tell about the man that called. That would be bad for Mrs. Ames."

The maid clung to Rose Ames' hands. "I'd never tell anything that would hurt her. Can I—go to Frank?"

"In a little while," said Kernochan. He turned to Mrs. Ames. "May I use the phone?"

"Of course," she said.

HE RANG up police headquarters and got Kellerman.

"Kernochan speaking. I'm at Mrs. Ames' house. Mrs. Ames has just learned that Johnson was married to one of the maids in her house. You'll want to see the maid and talk to her. And to Mrs. Ames, too."

"I should say I do," grumbled Kellerman. "About time you let me know. I'll be right up. Will you be there?"

"You don't need me," said Kernochan.

"I don't know whether I do or not," said the lieutenant. "It's about time you came clean, Kernie."

"When I have anything to tell that will interest you, you'll hear it," promised Kernochan. "Anything new?"

"I do all the talking while you say nothing," said Kellerman. "Nothing much. Johnson had just one clerk, a hard-faced lad named Cullen. Perfect alibi, of course. You'd know that. Home in bed at the time of the murder, and too many people to prove he was there. A yegg, if I know anything. But no record. Thought his boss was a swell guy. We searched the shop and didn't find anything out of line. Only, you can bet your life the place didn't sell many tacks. Most of the stock is in nice fresh boxes that have never been opened. But this Cullen simply says that the place didn't do any business, so what are we going to do about it? He didn't know his boss was a butler in a swell house. All he knows is that he was looking for a job and walked into the place and Johnson hired him. Phony, of course. But what about it? We can't prove it. Of course, something might turn up later. We may get something on this Cullen lad, but at the moment it's a blank wall. I wish you'd tip me off to what you're doing, Kernie. Is the Ames affair mixed in with this Johnson killing?"

"What do you think?" parried Kernochan.

"I don't know what to think. But I do know one thing. There's an ex-newspaper reporter that's going to sit down and have a nice, long, comfortable chat with a tough cop named Kellerman pretty soon. You'll love that, Kernie."

"I know I will," laughed Kernochan. "How soon?"

"If you'll stay at the Ames house until I get there maybe it's only fifteen minutes away."

"Sorry; got a date," said Kernochan.

"I can find you," said Kellerman. His laugh was a bit grim, Kernochan thought.

He hung up and turned to the two women.

"I'm running along, Mrs. Ames," he said. "Lieutenant Kellerman is coming up here. He's going to be very curious. I'd rather you didn't discuss with him the matters we've gone over this morning."

"Of course I won't," she said.

He looked at Lizzie questioningly.

"I'll not tell him about the man that called," she said.

Outside the Ames house, Kernochan paused in indecision. The Ames matter fascinated him. Here was a thing that a few days ago had seemed clear, obvious. Yet with each hour that passed, it seemed to him some new complication arose. And none of the complications seemed to have any definite bearing on the matter except this latest one.

John Ames had been intimate with Jimmy Pottery's girl. Johnson, the trusted Ames butler, had been leading a double life. Johnson was at least acquainted with one person of the Pottery set. Johnson ran a business that was dubious. Johnson, almost at the moment that Kernochan had discovered the man to have a life outside his domestic employment, had been murdered. All of these things seemed somehow to arrange themselves in some sort of connection with the killing of John Ames. But only because Kernochan was hoping to find some connection there. But now there seemed a definite link between these matters and the Ames tragedy.

A man had called at the Ames home. Johnson had kept it a secret and so had his wife. Apparently, Rose Ames had known nothing of this caller until today. If only Johnson had not been killed. If only he had told his wife the identity of that caller. But he hadn't.

As he walked toward Madison Avenue, Kernochan evolved a theory. Suppose Johnson had killed John Ames? Suppose he pretended that someone had called on Mrs. Ames? Why couldn't he have let himself into the Ames bathroom from the outside, killed Ames, retreated through the bathroom, locked the door from the outside by turning the key with a pair of pliers, come up the front stairs in answer to Mrs. Ames' scream, substituted a new key for the one scarred by the pliers—? He shook his head. It didn't work. Lizzie said that she had heard the doorbell ring. Further, why would Johnson invent a caller that did not exist? He shook his head again. Johnson must have been the accomplice of the murderer—if there was a murderer—but it seemed unlikely that he was the guilty man.

The key, too, puzzled Kernochan. It seemed a dangerous thing for Johnson to have kept that key. Unless he kept it so that if suspicion by any chance fell upon him he could produce the key to prove how a murderer had escaped. Only this seemed bewilderingly far-fetched.

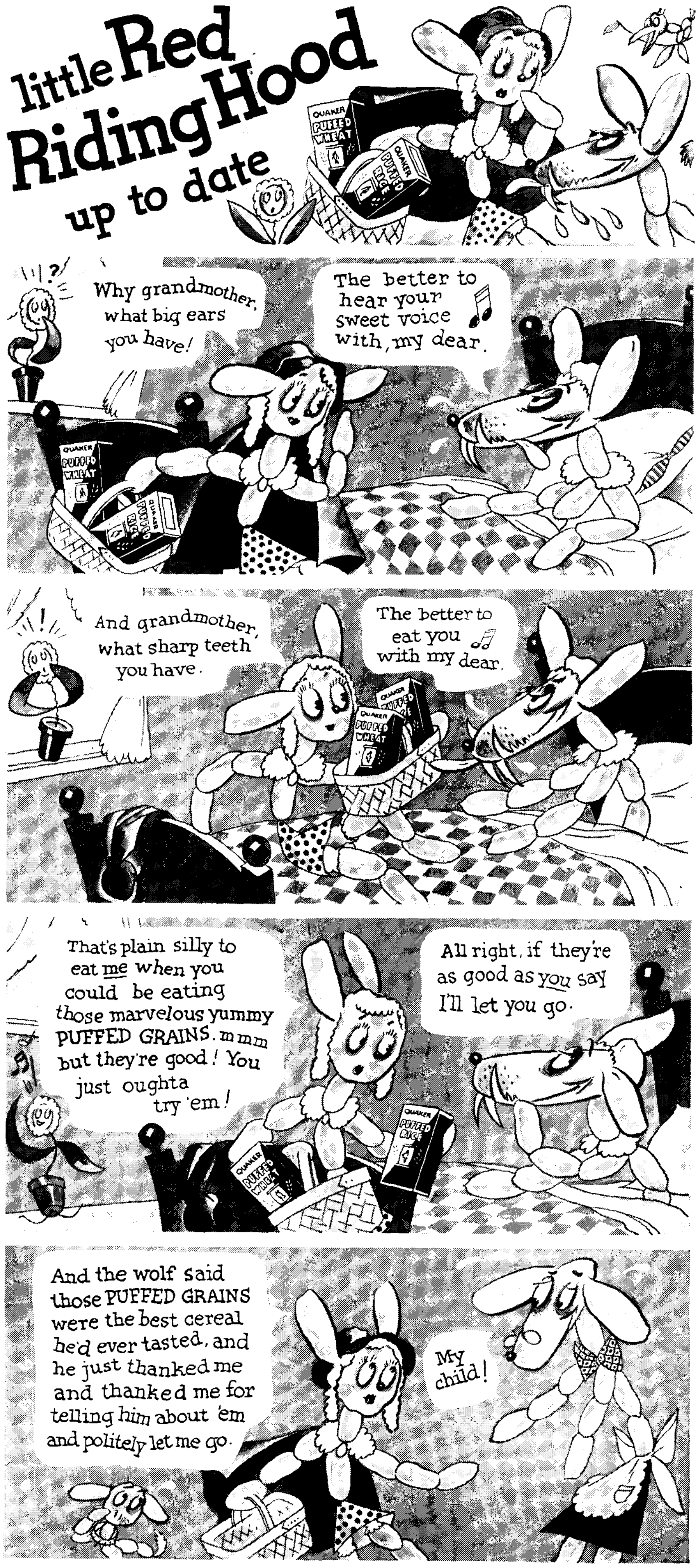
HE STOPPED at traffic on Madison Avenue. He decided to drop in at some lunchroom and get a sandwich. And just beside the nearest restaurant he saw a sign. Stationery and Hardware. He was aware that little shops carry lines of goods that are incongruous, but this sign caught his fancy. It amused him. And because it amused him he paused a moment and during that pause an idea came to him.

Because Johnson had operated a hardware shop of sorts, he had assumed that Johnson must have acquired the shiny new key from his own store. But here was a shop within a few blocks of the Ames residence. On impulse he walked inside, brought from his pocket the scarred key which he had taken from Johnson's dresser, and laid it on the counter before a clerk.

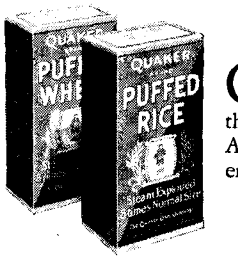
"Ever sell a key like that?" he asked. The man looked at the key.

"Plenty of them," he replied.

(Continued on page 54)


little Red Riding Hood up to date
QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT
QUAKER PUFFED RICE
Why grandmother, what big ears you have!
The better to hear your sweet voice with, my dear.
And grandmother, what sharp teeth you have.
The better to eat you with my dear.
That's plain silly to eat me when you could be eating those marvelous yummy PUFFED GRAINS. mmm but they're good! You just oughta try 'em!
All right, if they're as good as you say I'll let you go.
And the wolf said those PUFFED GRAINS were the best cereal he'd ever tasted, and he just thanked me and thanked me for telling him about 'em and politely let me go.
My child!

Crisp, dainty grains, rich with nourishment



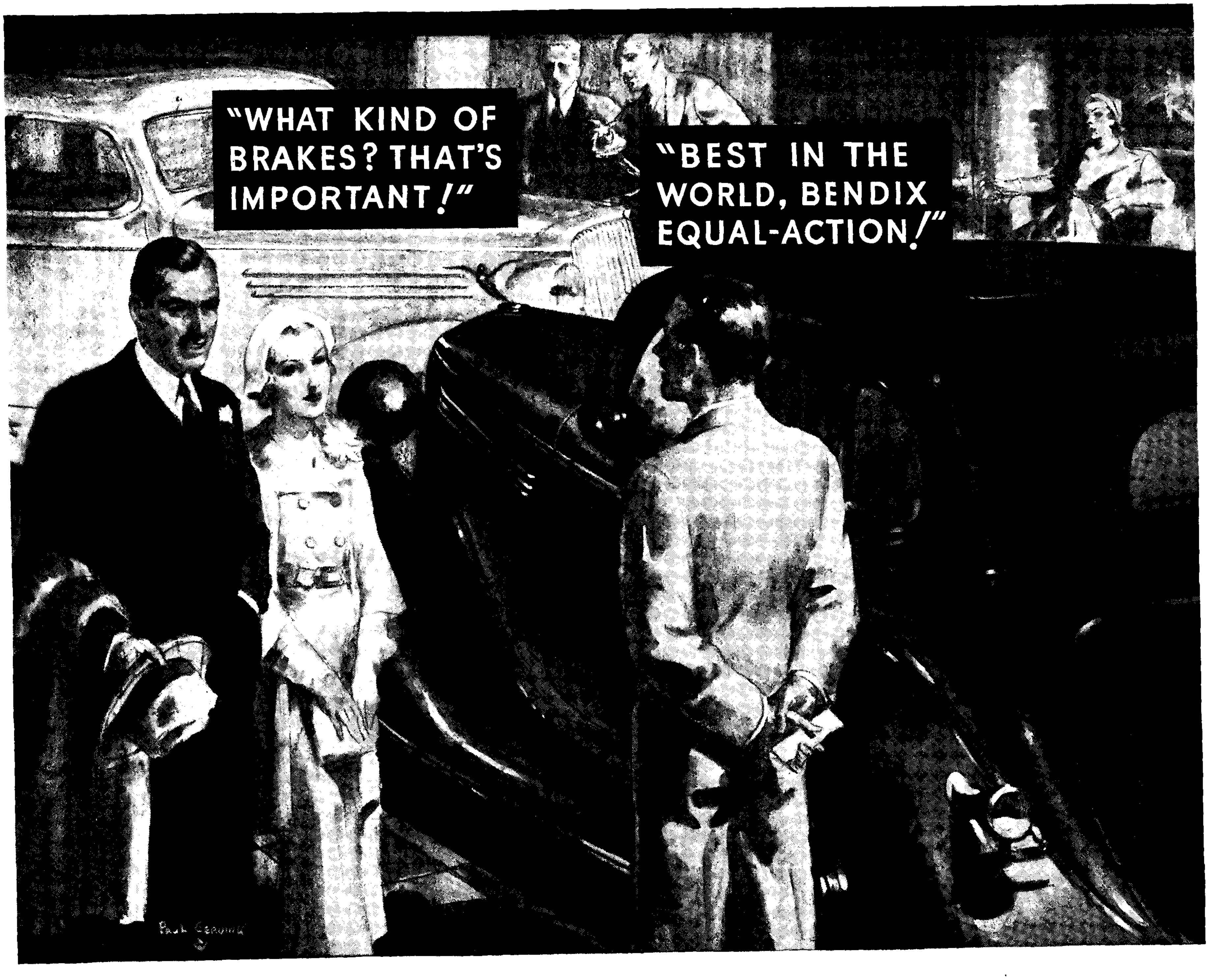
GOODBYE forever to coaxing children to eat cereals. For tests have shown that even the most difficult "problem feeders" scrape their dishes clean when you give them Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. And though they're as dainty and crisp as popcorn, they provide quick energy . . . amazingly substantial food values.

Shot from guns!

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY, CHICAGO

# *Buy a car with*

# BENDIX


"WHAT KIND OF BRAKES? THAT'S IMPORTANT!"
"BEST IN THE WORLD, BENDIX EQUAL-ACTION!"
PAUL GERDING

# Equal Action BRAKES

ARE YOU buying a 1934 car? You ought to, if you can. It's the biggest money's worth in automobile history! But in your quest for style and speed, ***make no mistake about this fact:*** it is safe, easy *stopping ability,* and nothing else, that justifies the 80-mile-an-hour performance of today.

Modern brakes have permitted engineers to apply their knowledge of power and aerodynamics.

*And Bendix has provided the brakes!*

EQUAL-ACTION, positive and enduring, is the performance trade-mark of today's Bendix Brakes. It is not a discovery. It is the final result of year-after-year refinement, improvement, invention and development, by the most qualified group of brake specialists in the world.

Bendix Equal-Action Brakes are mechanical brakes—as are those used on the overwhelming majority of the cars of 1934 and of all former years, including all in the highest priced group. Bendix Equal-Action Mechanical Brakes stop you without swerving or rocking, and with little effort.

Look for this safe and serenely smooth brake performance, when you buy your 1934 car. Don't be content with a few blocks' drive at the wheel of a keen-tuned demonstrator. Make *sure* you are getting genuine Bendix Equal-Action Braking.

Bendix has pioneered Equal-Action Braking—just as Bendix pioneered the four-wheel brake and, years before it, the world-famed Bendix Drive that made self-starting a practical reality.

At South Bend, in the world's largest brake manufactory, Bendix builds these finest of all brakes for leading cars and motor trucks in every class, from the costliest to those of tremendous production.

Choose your car from this great and growing group, and forget brake worries.

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401 BENDIX DRIVE SOUTH BEND, IND.
*(Subsidiary of Bendix Aviation Corporation)*

## 100%

## RESTORED BRAKING, WHEN ORIGINAL LINING WEARS OUT

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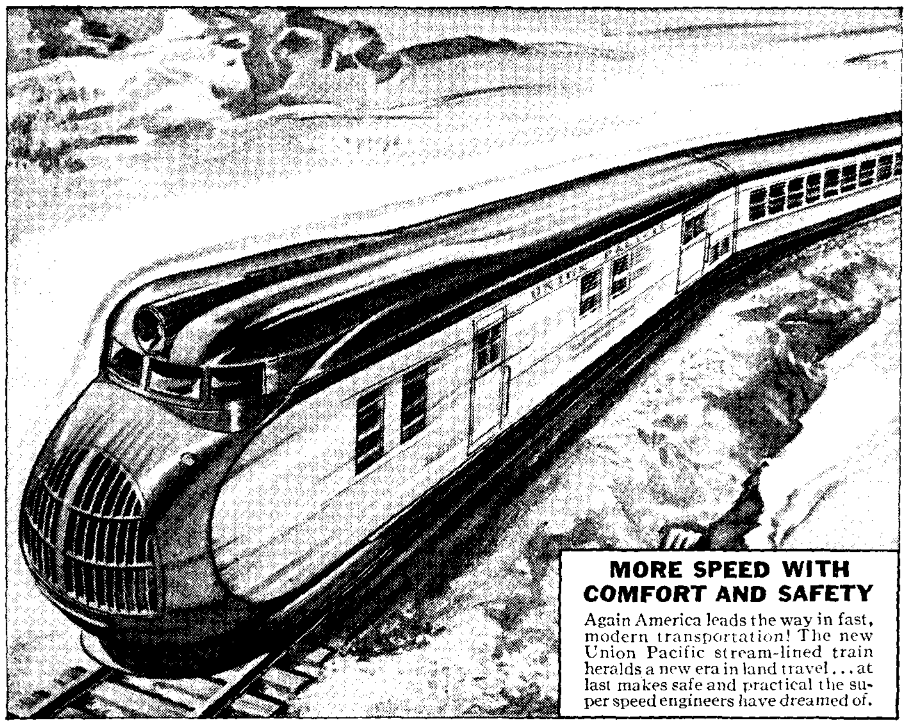

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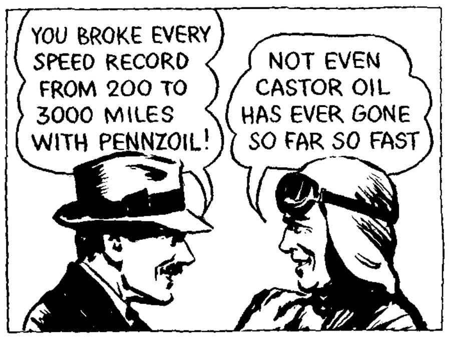
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TOUGH-FILM PENNZOIL
MAKES CARS GO FASTER..SAVES ON GASOLINE

# The Case against Mrs. Ames

*Continued from page 51*

"Recently?"

The man shrugged.

"I'd have to look through my books."

"You mean you keep a record of every sale you make?"

The man nodded.

"Of the people you sell things to?"

"How could I do that unless it was a charge account? I wouldn't be apt to ask your name if you bought a hammer, would I?"

"I suppose not. But you would make a record of the sale, eh?"

"It don't look like I'll make any record of a sale to you," said the man surlily.

"Sometimes there's a profit in no sale," said Kernochan. He placed a bill upon the counter. "Look through your books and see if you sold a key like this in the month of May."

The man stared at him.

"What's the idea?"

Kernochan placed another bill upon the counter.

"What do you care about the idea? This ought to cover a day's profit."

"A day's profit? I wish I had a customer like you twice a week." The man's surliness departed instantly. He reached under the counter and brought up a huge ledger. Three minutes later Kernochan was looking at an item: "Door key, $.25." The item was followed by several letters.

"WHAT do those letters mean?" asked Kernochan.

"They just identify the maker of the key and the jobber I bought it from."

Kernochan nodded. The date of the item preceded the death of John Ames by four days.

"Was it this kind of a key?" he asked.

"Exact duplicate." He rested his elbows on the opened ledger and stared at his profitable caller. "You know, I remember who bought this key. Funny it should stick in my memory, isn't it? A woman. I didn't know who she was at the time—in fact I didn't know till a little while ago who she was. Then I happened to be walking—it was only yesterday—through East Sixty-third Street and I saw her going into her house. She's a good-looker, but she don't look much like the pictures of her in the papers."

"Who is she?" asked Kernochan.

"Mrs. Ames. You know, the swell dish that was tried for croaking her husband. Would you believe it, I'd seen a lot of pictures of her in the papers, and never dreamed that I knew her? But when I saw her going up the steps of her house I recognized her as the dame that bought the key. She came in here and plunked down a key and asked me if I had a duplicate. I found one right away and sold it to her. Gee, if I'd only known who she was during the trial I'd have been twice as interested. You know, when it's someone you're acquainted with that's taking it on the lug, you follow it twice as close. I'll say those newspapers ought to print better pictures. Here's a dame I've met in the swellest trial in years and I don't know I know her until it's too late. Is that a pain in the neck or not? What's the idea?"

"Nothing much," said Kernochan. "Just don't mention that inquiry was made about the key. Get me? They wouldn't like you downtown if they found out you talked too easy."

"You mean you're a cop?" asked the man.

"Well, what do you think?" retorted Kernochan as he walked out of the shop.

He entered the lunchroom near by and ordered sandwiches and coffee. As he consumed them, he pondered this latest discovery. Rose Ames had purchased the shiny new key which was found in the bathroom door. Why? And why hadn't she informed Kernochan of this fact? It put an entirely new light upon the situation.

Suppose a man had called upon her, had seen her, had lain in wait for her husband and killed him? Incredible that such a woman should plan so cold-blooded a murder, but there were no rules for murder. One could never bar a person because that person didn't look or act or talk like a murderer. Murderers looked and acted and talked like other people.

Suppose there really had been a caller who had seen Mrs. Ames? Suppose, further, that Johnson had been in Mrs. Ames' confidence? Suppose that this visitor had slain John Ames and departed quietly from the house? Suppose Johnson had been heavily paid by Mrs. Ames not to admit the presence of the visitor? Johnson could easily have convinced his wife that it was better for Mrs. Ames not to mention the fact that there had been a caller that afternoon.

Johnson had acquired enough money, somehow, to run around with expensive women like Callie Curtis. Kernochan had seen Johnson with Callie Curtis. He had not thought that Johnson had seen and recognized him, but suppose the man had seen Kernochan and realized that Kernochan must have recognized him? Knowing that Kernochan had been retained by Mrs. Ames—as a blind to convince Carlton Forman of her innocence—Johnson would realize that Kernochan would think it strange that a butler could escort a girl like Callie in a place like the Nirvana. Johnson would go to Mrs. Ames. She would at once decide that there must be a reason for Johnson possessing money. What more simple than to say that Johnson had robbed her, beating Kernochan to the punch, so to speak? Then, in order that Kernochan would have no further opportunity to see Johnson, she discharged the butler. Of course, there was the fact that Johnson ran a hardware shop which Laurette Marks had said was a front for a munitions depot for gangsters. It was hard to believe that Rose Ames knew about such things. But a woman who would do a planned murder would not be too fussy about the extra-domestic activities of the servant who helped her in her conniving.

LIZZIE had said something that suddenly leaped to the forefront of Kernochan's mind. She had said that Johnson said that John Ames was "terribly jealous."

Lizzie had apparently not thought it natural that Ames should be jealous. But why should he be? Was there occasion for jealousy? Had Carlton Forman reëntered Rose Ames' life before the murder instead of afterward?

He shook his head negatively. If Forman were the man caller, would he have been convinced of Rose Ames' guilt? Or, if he had been so convinced, would not natural chivalry have led him to an understanding of her crime? But this wasn't sensible reasoning. If Rose Ames purchased the key it was in order that the man who killed her husband could enter or escape—or both—from his room without evidence of the door being opened or locked from the outside. If Forman were the caller who stayed to kill Ames, Forman would not have later broken with the girl.

Kernochan knew something of character. If Forman, the lawyer who brilliantly defended Rose Ames, had been the actual murderer, he would never have let the girl face the jeopardy of a trial. Forman was indubitably not that sort of man. Kernochan had observed the lawyer closely for several hours a day during the three weeks of the trial. He could not be mistaken in certain estimates of the man. He was not the man to let the woman for whose love he had committed murder face even the faintest danger of penalty.

But another man might have let the girl endure hazards which Forman would have refused to let her meet. Kernochan put down his coffee cup. Why had he assumed—as he certainly had done—that there had been no other man in Rose Ames' life?

For all he knew, *really* knew, she might have had a score of lovers. It was all very well to feel chivalrous about a woman, but one shouldn't let chivalry obscure one's reasoning. Rose Ames seemed virtuous, but how did one know?

HE HAD leaped at conclusions and permitted her to assure him that his conclusions were correct. He had decided first that some man thought her guilty and then had decided that the man was Forman. Forman's departure for Europe had made him feel that Forman was the man. Forman had been in love with her, he was inclined to believe. But suppose she had rejected Forman after the trial: that would have been sufficient reason for the lovelorn lawyer to have taken a trip abroad. But if it wasn't to convince Forman of her innocence, why had Kernochan been engaged? Surely not to convince a possible other lover, who knew as much about the tragedy as Mrs. Ames herself. It was all too perplexing, too bewildering, too unsolvable.

But the vague and strange discoveries he had made thus far had come to him because he had translated a train of thought into a train of actions. He would do the same thing now. The fact that Rose Ames had a lover might have no bearing whatsoever upon the tragedy; on the other hand it might be the missing link that would connect all the bizarre incidents of the past and present.

He paid his check and on the sidewalk hailed a taxi. He gave the man Mrs. Penfield's address and a few minutes later was admitted into the presence of that august personage. She was lunching in a pretty breakfast room that overlooked a courtyard that in summer, with its now dry fountain playing and with its snow-covered bushes bearing flowers, must have been uniquely lovely.

"I suppose you've come to apologize for your rudeness to me last night," she greeted him. "Coffee?"

"I wasn't rude and no thank you to the coffee," he grinned.

"I wanted the young woman to dance with my young men, and you wouldn't have it. That, Kernie, is rudeness."

"In other words, to deny you anything is to be guilty of bad manners. You're a quaint darling, aren't you?"

"I'm not sure I like that," smiled Mrs. Penfield. "Tell me, who was she? A saucy little trick if I ever saw one. Have you come to me for my blessing?"

"I wouldn't know what to do with it if I got it," said Kernochan.

"Well, you came for something. My charms never brought you in at this hour. Do you want me to ask Aaron to give you a job?"

"I wouldn't work for that old eagle for a million dollars a year."

"Thanks for the eagle; it might have been buzzard, which is what you probably think," said Mrs. Penfield. "Well, you don't want work and you don't want me to launch the young lady, so what do you want?"

"An earful of the fine old bottled-in-bond, one hundred-and-twenty proof Minta Penfield gossip. Tell me things about Rose Ames."

She raised her eyebrows.

"Ah-ha. So the little Marks girl of last night was just for the night, eh? Setting your rakish fedora for Rose? What sort of gossip? You know I like Rose?"

"I know," said Kernochan, "but just the same, loosen your tongue for me. Has she had any boy friends in the last few years?"

"*Has* she? Are you being naïve? Gerry Dempster has been wild about her for years. In a nice way, of course."

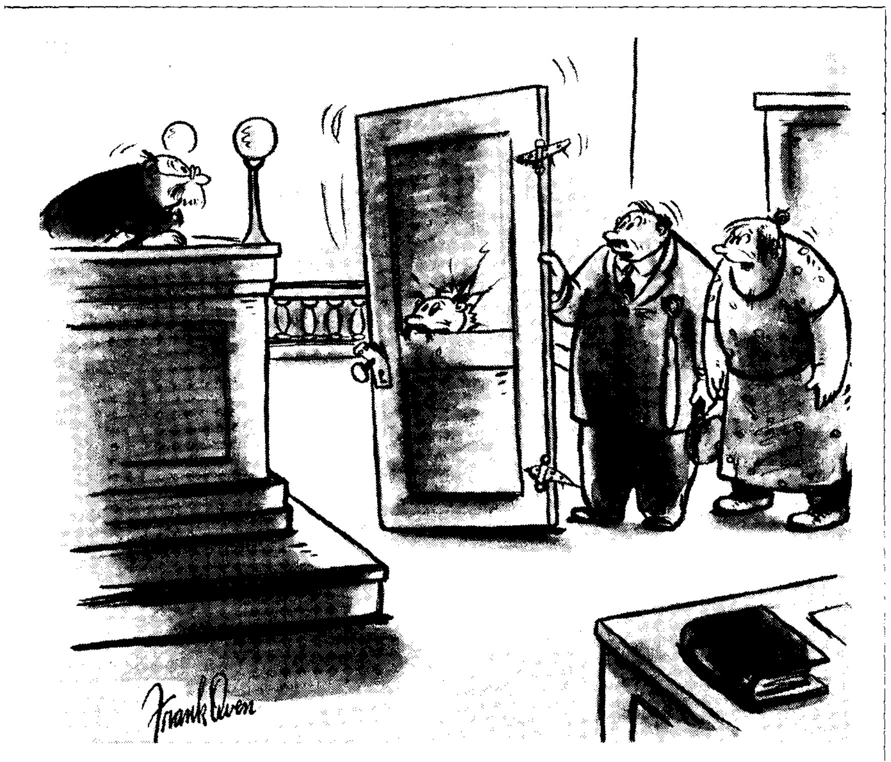
"Of course," agreed Kernochan. "And where is Mr. Dempster these days?"

"Didn't you know? But I forget you won't run around with the people you could know. He had a breakdown last May. He's been in a sanatorium."

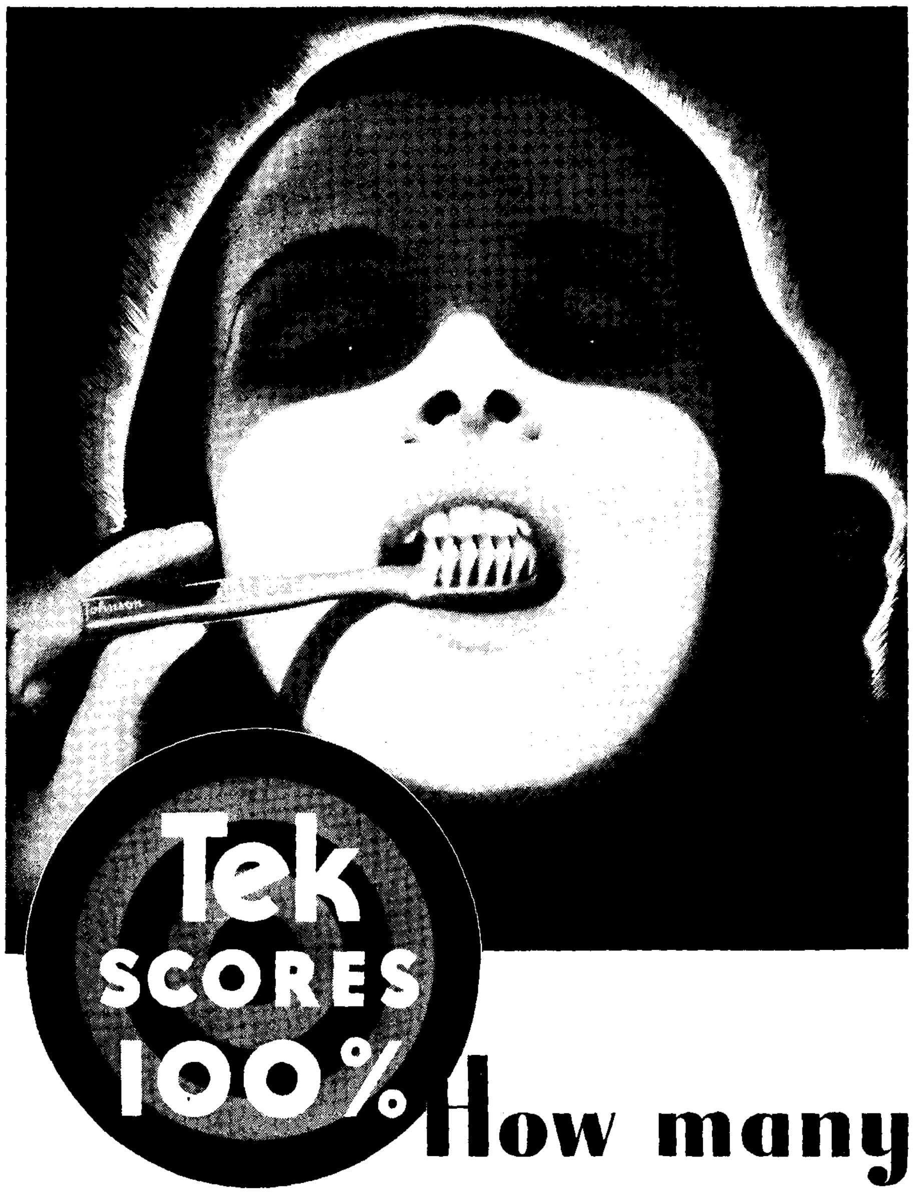
"Last May?"

"Yes. He went there about the time John Ames died."

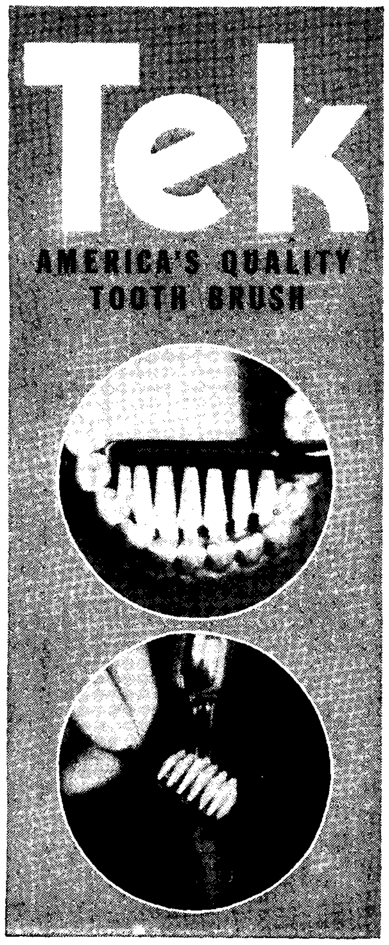
*(To be continued next week)*



"He claims she slammed the door in his face!" *Frank Owen*



How many teeth did *your* brush clean this morning?



● A perfectly healthy mouth demands a perfect score with your tooth brush . . . cleaning *every* part of *every* tooth. Not just the easy-to-reach outside surfaces, but the *inside*, too. You're sure of this with Tek . . . the tooth brush that is made for people like you who value your teeth too highly to risk losing them through neglect.

**Tek's Better Shape** gets directly behind your front teeth as easily and surely as it cleans outside surfaces. And it's back of your front teeth that tartar forms and trouble starts because old-fashioned brushes don't fit.

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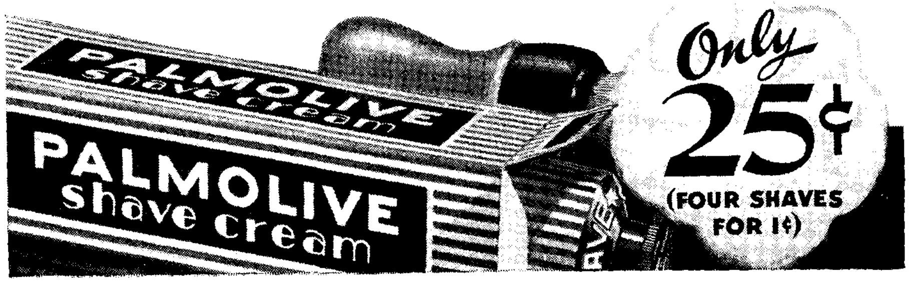

# Nature's Wise Plan

*Continued from page 25*

—if you didn't marry the bird of paradise to the wheelhorse, think what the next generation would be . . . Let me sluice off the New Hampshire dust."

"Take a dip. We're all just back from swimming."

He took his suitcase up to his customary room, put on a bathing suit, and went down to the lake. He swam for a while, morosely analyzing this latest of Nora's aberrations. Years of discretion! She was a self-starting whirlwind and she appeared to think that she wanted an anchor. Fletcher laughed, thinking of the staid Marsh Ward as anchor, then sighed. Maybe he had been wrong, maybe there was something in years of discretion, maybe they were all getting elderly and full of forethought. As for him, he could use some forethought. And he badly needed a policy.

HE CAME back to the house. Claire Reynolds was on the porch, blond and immaculate. Claire was always so freshly bathed and coiffed, so scrupulously neat, so utterly unruffled, that one had an instinctive desire to ruin the effect. Just now her clear eyes were shadowed.

"Nora said you'd come," she said. "Fletcher, I've got to talk to you."

He sat on a flamboyantly striped porch swing. "Shoot, Claire."

She looked distastefully at the sand and dampness he was inflicting on the swing. "I can wait till you've got some clothes on."

Claire wanted a consultant in emotional dilemmas, but he mustn't be wearing an informal costume. "You want the advice of a veteran of the heart's disturbances, don't you? I'll go dress the part."

He ran up to his room. The moment he shut the door it opened again and Marshall Ward came in. Marsh's staid, homely face was bewildered but ecstatic. "Heard you'd come, Fletch. Lend me a tie, will you? I don't seem to have the right ones."

Marsh was inventing subterfuges! This was a pretty clumsy one. Anyone who knew him would know that he couldn't possibly go anywhere without a complete and correct equipment. Fletcher said solemnly, "Suitcase. Help yourself."

Marsh didn't even look in the suitcase. He cleared his throat. He lighted a cigarette. He crushed it out. He blurted, "Fletch, back of all this frivolity of yours, you've really wanted to marry Nora, haven't you?"

Fletcher hid a grin behind an enormous towel. "Would I marry a wench who was crazy enough to marry me? And even if Nora has had her erratic moments, she's never been that crazy. No, the field is clear, Marsh." He bent over his suitcase, shuffled its contents and looked up. "It was a tie you wanted, wasn't it? You didn't feel an overmastering yen for shorts?"

"Shorts?" The shift was too rapid for Marsh's mind.

"Of course not! You're bound to have shorts, dozens of shorts." Fletcher hastily put on a dressing-robe and went to the door. "Nora!" he shouted. "Nora!"

A DOOR opened and heels clattered in the hall. She had put on a gorgeous frock of violet chiffon but she hadn't finished with her hair. It fell in riotous curls to her shoulders, it was breathtaking, it was pulse-upsetting. "What are you screaming about, Fletch?" She brushed past him, a little surprised at sight of Marshall.

"This house is harboring a thief. Who'd steal my shorts?"

Nora's cheeks promptly flew a familiar signal. "I'm quite sure I wouldn't, Fletch. Is it anything to bellow about, anyway?" She looked in the suitcase. "You idiot, you've got lots of shorts."

"But the doggiest ones are gone. A lovely creation I bought in Montreal. Gone, the minute I get here! I bet a quart of Scotch you took them."

Nora turned to Marshall. "Did you actually live with this set of delusions for four years? What a triumph of character!"

"It wasn't so bad," Marsh said weakly. He hurried out.

Nora seized Fletcher's arm and pulled him across the room from the door. "Listen, you ass," she said furiously. "I took your darn' drawers. *I've got them on.* The New Hampshire laundry service is far from metropolitan, the local washerwoman hasn't brought back my things. And here you go roaring about shorts and accusing me of stealing them —and shocking every last convention in Marshall's soul! Fletch, that's precisely the sort of thing I warned you against. Marsh mustn't be startled, above all he mustn't be shocked—"

"So you come galloping into a gentleman's room when the gentleman has nothing on but a bathrobe! And your hair flying like a witch's. Is that avoiding shock?" He paused. Then: "For the last time," he said slowly, "you're quite sure you want to?"

Nora was suddenly mutinous. "I'll be twenty-one tomorrow. I'm scared, Fletch. I've got to stop being adolescent, gawky or just deranged. I'd soon be just silly—there's nothing so awful as a last year's belle lingering on."

"Okay." He formed a tentative policy. "I've been retained by another party, but you have the oldest loyalty. My professional advice is to rely on the moon."

"That's a pretty old one."

"It would be a mistake to startle Marsh with anything unsanctioned by long precedent. Besides, you team up well with the moon. It's a formidable combination."

HER mouth softened. "I get so susceptible to poetry. You talking about the sea and the scent of tropical flowers and how grand just to get started somewhere. I sit there and it sounds quite rational. Never a saving thought about the price of gas."

"So you contrive to get one cheek in that silver light and the other in shadow —oh, absolutely sure-fire, Nora. A man forgets that your hair is just red—his mind seethes with rapturous adjectives." Automatically he had slipped an arm round her shoulders. "There's the moon on the lake and on Bear Point, and the trees black, and the water lapping on the shore. That's glamour, darling, a hundred proof."

He kissed her absently, then not s absently. Nora laughed, gesturin toward the mirror. "An outsider woul detect poetry in this scene." She move out of his arms. "Those are old moon we're talking about, and old poetry. get to be twenty-one tomorrow and san right now. Did you bring me a presen Mr. Keats?"

"Hasn't it come? Then it will be tomorrow's mail."

Nora looked suspicious. "What's th package in your suitcase?"

"Did you open it?"

"Why, Fletch, I wouldn't pry!"

"You'd just steal my shorts."

"Green and white plaid, Fletch! That must be the poet again. I'll go discipline this mop." She paused in the door. "No explosions, Fletch, no outbreaks, no nightmares trying to pass themselves off as normal behavior."

He dressed morosely, trying to complete the formulation of a policy. It was clear that you couldn't meet this kind of insanity head-on. Watch and wait—the keen eye, the ready hand. He took the tissue-wrapped package from his suitcase and locked it away.

"Fletcher!" Claire's strained, unhappy voice drifted upstairs.

There was that duty too! He ran down and led her over the lawn to where a rustic bench faced a sundial. Sunset had thrown a carmine light on everything and in particular on Claire's immaculate white dress and her corn-colored hair. The effect was pretty commendable. Too bad Marsh had developed this myopia.

HE WENT straight to the point. "I know, Claire—you and Marsh have always been set for one of these headlong romances that achieve marriage at a dizzy speed after ten years of forethought and preparation. You didn't allow for a collision with a cyclone; your forethought didn't extend to Nora. Well, as I read the situation, you've got just one chance—"

"I shouldn't have stayed here," she said mournfully. "But I was asked to another house party just fifty miles away—"

"Forget the proprieties—concentrate! One chance, not a big one, but your only hope. If something should happen to precipitate one of Nora's insane seizures, the startled Marsh would be only too glad to take refuge in the predictable and sane. Your job is to be prepared for that explosion. Meanwhile, the disdainful surface, the high heart that doesn't give a hoot, and a growing absorption in me—"

"I'm not absorbed in you—"

He sighed. "You don't have to tell me it's old stuff. It's old, it's hoary, it's elementary—I know all that. The point is, only the tried and true, only the utterly dependable, can possibly work with Marsh. Startle or shock him and he's gone. That isn't blood in his veins, it's amenity. Hence his charm."

"He's changed, Fletcher," she wailed.

"At first, falling in love with Nora is hard to tell from concussion."

"What is there about red hair?"

"Nature's wise plan," he told her. "Oh, stop, Claire, you'll only get blotches on your face." He gave her a handkerchief. She used it inattentively but showed no sign of stopping. Adopting therapeutic measures, he took her in his arms and kissed her.

Claire pushed him away. "I don't want you making love to me!"

Out of patience, he stood up and pulled her to her feet, then, holding her arm firmly, set her in motion across the lawn. "It isn't much," he said wearily, "but it's a plan."

Sometime later he met Nora in the hall. She stopped short under a shaded light that made distracting shadows at her throat—stopped short and flamed at him. "Do sundials bring out the Don Juan in you?"

Strong pressure showed in that piquant face—Nora violently reacting in decorative shadow. "That was just the Red Cross doing its job," he said carelessly. "You certainly can't want your victims left unattended to."

"Get a spotlight. Somebody may have missed it—I'm not sure the cook saw."

"Don't waste this display on me, darling. You need it for the assault on the clearing house. Go use the glamour where it will bring returns."

Nora said something inarticulate and wrathful and turned on a narrow heel, the violet skirt swirling. Fletcher leaned against a table, concentrating on that disproportionate anger. On the whole, he decided, the policy was sound.

Dinner was difficult, with Nora capricious and preoccupied by turns, Claire whitely brooding, Marshall bemused and fatuous. Fletcher's reliable social sense was pained. Accepting his plain duty, he chatted with the amiable grace of a veteran diner-out.

Nora glared at him. "Now if you'll walk on your hands, Fletch! Why not jump through a hoop? Let's see you do a Scotch story or make smoke come out of your eyes."

Marshall looked at her with surprise. "What's the matter with Fletch?"

"Nothing," she told him stormily. "Bath itch is lots of fun too."

Dinner over, Marsh consulted the precedents and suggested dancing. "The Devon Hotel," he explained. "That's where we've always gone."

Fletcher demurred. "I thought I'd paddle Claire over to Bear Point. It—"

"We're going to the Devon," Nora said forcibly. "All of us. Right now."

Fletcher turned admiringly to Marshall. "Dominant and male! You bend the woman to your will. Banking must be a masterful profession."

But in the hall he had no admiration for Marshall's manner with Nora's short silk jacket. "No finesse, Marsh, no delicacy, no sense of enchanted service. Don't just hold a coat—seem to be drawing a gossamer covering over the petals of a flower. Look!" He picked up Claire's wrap. "Be protective, be ardent, seem to be held back by only the last atom of self-control from seizing her in your arms."

"Gosh, that's beautiful," Nora said. "Short orders of poetry at all hours."

On the way out he muttered to her. "My car—you and Marsh in the rumble. There'll be nothing to distract you from your last, triumphant effort."

The Devon, an enormous and ornate summer hotel, was fifteen miles of twisting hill roads away, perched on a summit overlooking a long valley. A metropolitan orchestra was playing on a wide veranda only dimly illuminated by concealed and colored lights. Standing at Nora's shoulder, Fletcher nodded approval. "Say goodby to your frivolous adolescence, Nora. Here's where you grab off stability and sound common sense."

SHE scowled at him but he turned away and swept Claire out on the floor. Claire's dancing had her graceful conventionality but lacked the electrical quality that years of dancing with Nora had accustomed him to. His eyes sought that gorgeous dress. He grinned, seeing the concentration mingling with stupefaction in Marsh's face. It was a half hour before he permitted himself to take her from him. At once this was dancing with a difference. It ceased to be mere casual motion to music and became a familiar delight.

"Marsh does his dancing with an adding machine," Nora complained. "Still, Fletch, dancing like yours is plain proof of an utterly frivolous nature."

"When you start to stabilize," he said, "you have to get used to adding machines." The subtle shadows in hair that couldn't possibly be red wrought on him. Sternly he held to his policy. "Look here, you're letting time slip through your fingers. That's unthrifty, it's not common sense. There's a balcony above here. Probably you could see the moon from it." He stopped dancing and drew her toward the others.

"What's this kick you get from hurling me at his head?" Nora demanded fiercely.

"When I'm retained, I act in the client's interest," he told her with equal

(Continued on page 58)

# FASTEST . . . and FIRST

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DENVER
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*Attendant:* "If you're using more gas than you think you should, have your spark plugs cleaned. Dirty plugs will waste as much as 10 per cent of gas."

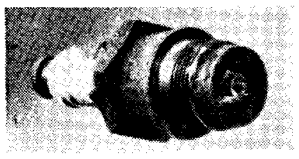
*Mother:* "I hope the car will start today. I had a terrible time with it yesterday."

*Sonny:* "Dad had the spark plugs cleaned, Mother. The garage man said that was all that was the matter."

*Father:* "Say—we don't need a new car! I had the spark plugs cleaned this morning, and you'd think this was a different automobile! Talk about pep and speed—it has it!"

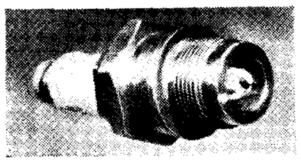
*Driver:* "It's 'oke', Boss. The shop cleaned the plugs last night and the old truck is pulling the way it did when it was new! You can count on this truck, now."

**DIRTY OR WORN PLUGS WASTE GAS**



***Before Cleaning*** *

After a few thousand miles, oxide coating, soot and carbon coat spark plug insulators—wasting gas and impairing performance.



***After Cleaning*** *

The new AC Method removes all oxide coating, soot and carbon. Insulator is clean as new—saving gas, restoring performance.

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HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED
BY THE NEW AC METHOD

*You hear it everywhere—*

**"CLEANED SPARK PLUGS SAVE MONEY"**

Clean spark plugs stop the waste of 1 gallon of gas in 10! The oxide coating which forms on *all* plugs causes intermittent missing (often not noticeable), especially at high speed and on hard pulls. *Every time a plug fails to fire, gasoline is wasted!* But—have your spark plugs thoroughly cleaned by the new AC Method, and the gas waste is stopped—*and* power and pep are restored.

**DON'T LET OXIDE COATING ROB YOU OF GASOLINE**

Get full gasoline economy . . . renew the performance of your car . . . make sure of easier starting . . . by having your spark plugs scientifically cleaned by the new AC Method. If you do it *now*—you may win a new Ford, Chevrolet, or Plymouth—FREE!

You are entitled to a Free Car Contest Entry Blank when you have your spark plugs cleaned by the new AC Method. The Blank carries full details. *Don't delay!*

**MOST DEALERS, GARAGES and SERVICE STATIONS are equipped with AC SPARK PLUG CLEANERS**

All better dealers, garages and service stations have an AC Spark Plug Cleaner and are registered as official spark plug cleaning stations.

**PROMPT AND EFFICIENT SERVICE**

AC Cleaning Stations are the most reliable, most efficient organizations in their line of business. They'll clean your spark plugs in a few seconds—only 5 cents a plug.

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**Tune in on RAYMOND KNIGHT and his CUCKOOS broadcasting THE AC SPARK PLUG DERBY**

A big variety show—and full information on the Free Car Contest. Weekly winners announced. NBC Blue Network . . . every Wednesday evening . . . coast-to-coast.

**AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY**
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NRA

*(Continued from page 57)*

fire. "Go find the moon and precipitate your memorable hour. It may sound a lot like a directors' report, but God knows its stability." He called to Marsh. "I'm assuming responsibility for Claire. I'm forming a posse to hunt the moon."

He took her across the veranda and down the steps. "Just in time," Claire said viciously. "I've heard all I can stand about brick-colored hair."

He violently resented the adjective but what was the use? This was the critical hour, and a policy had to stand or fall on it. His mood grew gloomy and apprehensive. It might be that this longing for stability would take. Possibly she was right in regarding the impulse as sanity and not the crack-brained idiocy it seemed. Up there on a romantically dim balcony the life of a young banker was flowering in what passed for eloquence. There was the much too oppressive chance that it might be convincing.

He sighed. Claire turned to him and remarked, "I'm glad you feel that way too."

THE remark constituted a summons to the Red Cross. He roused himself. "A statement of assets on a starlit balcony can't get us down, Claire! Look—summer night all about us. Distant stars to look at and get feverish about. The soft breeze murmuring of languor and the spicy isles, the lands beyond the sunset and the dawn. . . . Hell! I ought to have the moon. With the moon I could make your heart radiant, turn your mood skyward, convince you that all romance isn't limited to a trust company—"

"Fletch," she said mournfully, "you're so rotten light-minded—"

"I hate to break up this tableau," Nora said disagreeably from behind them. "It looks simply beautiful. But how about getting home?"

In her voice there was acid and disaster. The antennæ of Fletcher's social sense gyrated desperately. What had happened? How had it taken? He had to know—a policy of tremendous importance depended on his knowing. He couldn't see her face in the darkness but, intangibly, she seemed dangerous. Vaguely, in the background, Marsh seemed protective and stunned. Yes, the declaration of assets had been made.

He pulled her aside. "How about it? Is the alliance signed and sealed?"

"Either that or I swallowed some vinegar," she said still more disagreeably. "And I want you at a big distance away from me, Fletch! As far away as possible! Don't talk to me! Don't—oh!—" she shoved him away violently and raised her voice. "Are we going home? Or do we stay here and simply adore the darkness?"

Marshall was at her side at once, heavily protective, giving off inarticulate, bleating sounds, probably expressive of romance. And at once also Fletcher's spirits soared. When Fletcher Scott developed a policy, it worked! . . . He shepherded them back to the roadster and took it away from the hotel in a lyric skid. He headed it back over the hills roads with his foot on the floor. It sang around blind curves, it hung its outer wheels over clear air, it zoomed down slopes and soared over crests. He cocked an ear toward the rumble, coaxed another notch of speed from the engine, and waited.

"Hey," Marsh said reasonably, "it's late but we don't have to get home that quick."

"Scared?" he shouted back.

"Not scared. Only, reckless driving is so darned idiotic."

"You drive the way you want, Fletch," Nora said vehemently.

He slowed down, rose in the seat and looked over the folded top. "Marsh is quite right," he said. "I've been driving like a fool. I wish you'd outgrow these adolescent impulses."

He drove on carefully and slowly and at the same sedate pace at last reached the fir-bordered drive to Nora's house. He stopped the car in deep blackness. No one seemed disposed to get out. He waited, alert for anything to go on. He'd heard a lot about precarious phases —well, the Fletcher Scott policy had now reached its own precarious phase. His mind played frantically with the recent irritation in her voice.

After a while, in the rumble, Marshall struck a match. "Ten minutes to twelve," he announced. "Time to think about turning in." He yawned comfortably.

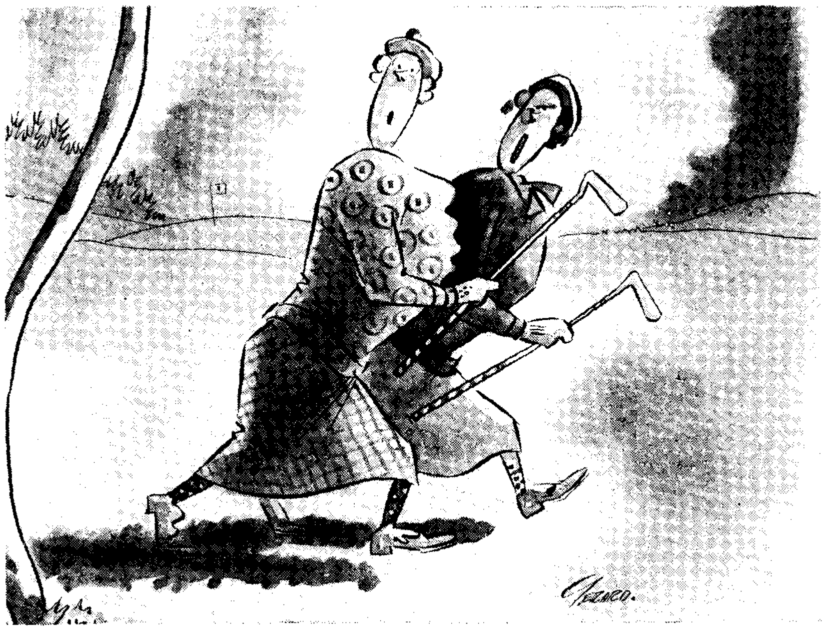
At once Fletcher was out of the car and standing by the dim blur that was Nora. "Did that yawn register?" he demanded.

She said fretfully, "I feel that way too."

"Analyze the feeling carefully," he said. "Are you sleepy?"

"No," she said with intense conviction. "I'm not sleepy, I'm just plain bored. This little gathering isn't inspiring. It lacks variety. It's lost the dynamic touch."

His voice leaped up. "A moon hunt has saved lots of dud parties."



"I don't think I'll like this game. Those two men have been following us all afternoon!" *David C. Gerard*

"Right," she said energetically. "We need a moon."

Marshall laughed. "What's all this talk about the moon? There isn't any moon tonight."

"There's always a moon. Get out and let's start looking."

"That's the way you people talk," Marsh protested with sober rationality. "There isn't a moon tonight—there won't be for a week, and then it will be new. You can't argue against the calendar, Fletch."

"Nor a sworn statement of assets and liabilities. Nora, is there a moon?"

"Of course there is." She jumped out of the rumble into darkness.

Marshall followed her, patient and expostulatory. "But you're mad, Nora! Say you don't think it's bedtime yet; say you want some amusement, but for Pete's sake don't talk this nonsense about—"

Fletcher interrupted him with a triumphant yell: "Have we got a moon or haven't we? Look!"

BEHIND Bear Point the sky had filled with orange radiance. Trees were silhouetted against it and a bright path had stretched across the water. "When I say there's a moon," Fletcher announced, "it rises on the dot."

"In the west?" Marshall asked. "Does the moon rise in the west?"

The light made it possible to see Marsh's face, stubborn and argumentative, and Nora's. Nora's was, well, encouraging—amused, excited, stubborn in its own way. Fletcher came closer to it. "Do we start after it?"

She seized his arm. "By canoe, at once. You two can come along, or you can stay and look it up in the calendar."

Sounds of haste meant that Marsh and Claire were not going to consult the calendar. Hurrying at Fletch's side, Nora was giggling. "There you go, Fletch, starting for Kamchatka—all we need now is a gang war." Then she wasn't giggling. "Oh, Fletch, I'm so miserable!"

He kept his voice impersonal. "That's sanity taking hold. That's common sense and stability. These wisdom teeth come hard."

"Sanity!" She was getting excited. "Is it sane to get yourself engaged to a man who in the same breath starts consulting you about budgeting his life insurance?"

"Very proper," he said with approval, "very wise and full of forethought. You just lack experience of sanity. It's like cod-liver oil. Eventually you get to like it."

"Meaning you're not going to do anything?" Obviously her pressure was on the rise. "You let me do it, Fletch! You saw me walking into it and never said a word! You cheered me on, even! You were having the time of your life."

They had reached the lake. "The only treatment for sanity that I know," he said coldly, "is to let it run its course. I couldn't attempt to keep up with you—one moment it was great stuff, the next it was a mouthful of vinegar. But I might point out—" he let his voice warm, "that a good cure for one seizure is another seizure." He switched on the light at the end of the small pier. "Ferry for the moon. All aboard that's going aboard."

Automatically Nora took a paddle and got in the bow. He held the stern while Claire and Marshall got in. Marsh said, "Watch it! This is nutty enough without a bath."

"It's only the sane that capsize," Fletcher said, picking up the other paddle.

He couldn't see Nora, he could only follow the rhythm of her paddle. But Claire was directly ahead of him, her white dress stained carmine. Suddenly she said with tremendous irritation: "This is absolutely crazy! Who wants to go paddling on the lake at an hour like this to see a miserable fire?"

"Moon, not fire," he insisted, then whispered, "That's your cue, though. My advice is to be as vocal as possible about aberrations."

She was. She talked pointedly and tirelessly about the folly of canoe trips at midnight. The arm of the lake was about a half mile wide and, paddling steadily toward it, Fletcher's spirits soared just as steadily. It was an utterly preposterous expedition; it was as absurd as anything that had ever happened during a long companionship in absurdity, and it was exactly what he had striven to produce. The orange glow dimmed—the moon was setting. Then, as they came into the shadow of the Point, it wasn't visible at all. You could see nothing; you could barely make out Claire's white dress. The canoe touched sand. Nora leaped out and swung it around.

"Come on," she said tensely, "we've got to climb the Point."

"Just how?" Marshall inquired, "and for heaven's sake, what for?"

There was a narrow beach, then the hillside sloped upward under thick brush. Nora said, "Wait a minute." In the darkness there were sounds of her slipping back. Silence. Then she was with them again. "Come on!" Marshall began to protest, but she said, "It was the Point we started for," and plunged into the brush. Fletcher worked forward. They must sound like an army; they must sound like a cyclone loose in the woods. A branch caught him under one eye. He pulled Claire round an impenetrable clump. Nora sprawled headlong; he helped her up.

"Anybody might break a leg," Marshall said bitterly. "Or even worse."

There were ripping sounds. "Did you have a good word for this dress?" Nora asked. "Well, there are replacements, I imagine."

IN THICK midnight the hill seemed endless. A startled grunt was Marshall colliding with something. Continued exclamations meant Claire's self-control lapsing. After a nightmare of stumbling and slipping back they came out on the level summit. It was lighter than the brush only because it was under the open sky. You could see Claire's dress and, by peering hard, you could make out a dimness that was probably Nora's face. She was panting. And laughing.

Marsh took deep, unquiet breaths. Finally he said: "It was somebody's haystack burning. You come chasing out here to see a fire that's over!"

Claire's overwrought emotions burst out of control. "This is the most insane, the most idiotic, the most crack-brained, the craziest— I think you're both demented; you ought to be locked up!"

Marsh struck a match. "Trousers shot, shoes ruined, I look like the devil. Nora, this whim of yours is pretty drastic."

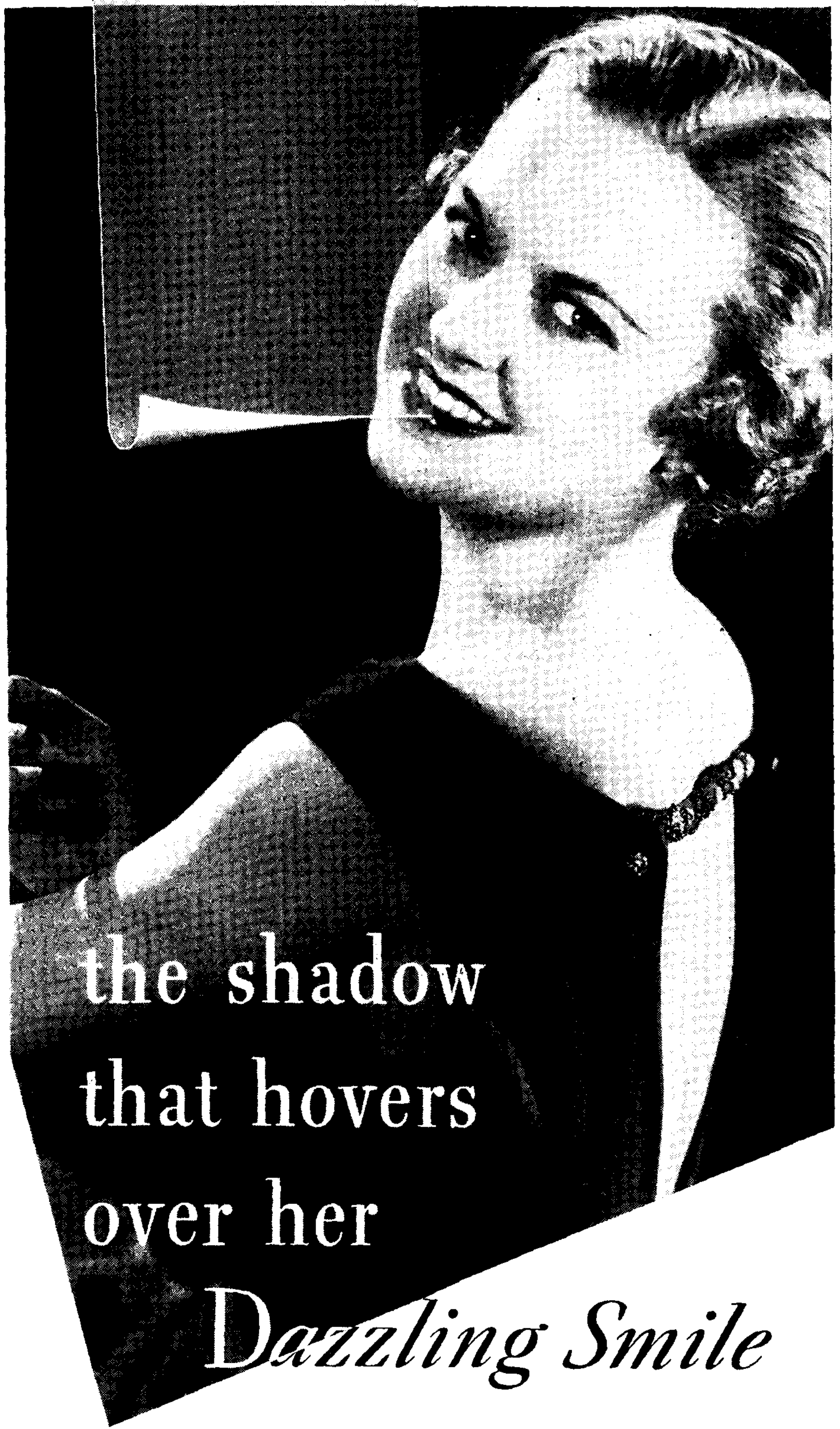
"You look like the scene of the earthquake," Nora agreed. "But Fletch—is that a garter? How indecent!"

He looked down. One leg of his trousers had been ripped to the knee. He began lighting matches. "Let's take an inventory."

Claire's white dress had leaves on it, and soil and twigs and splotches of clay. It was ripped here and there and her face was grubby. He cupped his hands and directed the light toward Nora. It fell on a riotous upheaval of auburn hair, on a laughing and grimy face, on a ripped shoulder, on a skirt that was in a fair way to become a ballet costume. His breath caught. She looked marvelous, she looked memorable, she looked—adjectives were always futile when you tried to use them on Nora.

(Continued on page 60)

Film . . . creeps over Teeth and robs them of Sparkle



It can be removed safely—quickly
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YOU must know how to keep teeth brilliant, dazzling. If you don't, you can't expect to attract men by your smile.

Now there is a special way to make teeth exquisitely lovely. It acts by removing a stubborn, ugly coating that forms on teeth. This coating, called film, is primarily responsible for dull, unsightly teeth. You can feel film with your tongue. It forms constantly—rapidly.

This film absorbs the stains from food—the ugly stains from smoking. In film are the acid-producing germs that cause decay . . . glued by film to teeth, where they attack enamel and destroy the part beneath.

Thus, removing film accomplishes two things — keeps teeth gleaming bright and helps prevent dreaded tooth decay.

The approved way to remove film is with Pepsodent—urged by dentists and used by four million people. Pepsodent contains a special cleansing and polishing material—more effective in removing film—softer and therefore safer. The discovery is contained in Pepsodent exclusively. Because of it, Pepsodent is termed the "special film-removing" tooth paste. Don't expect the same results from any other.

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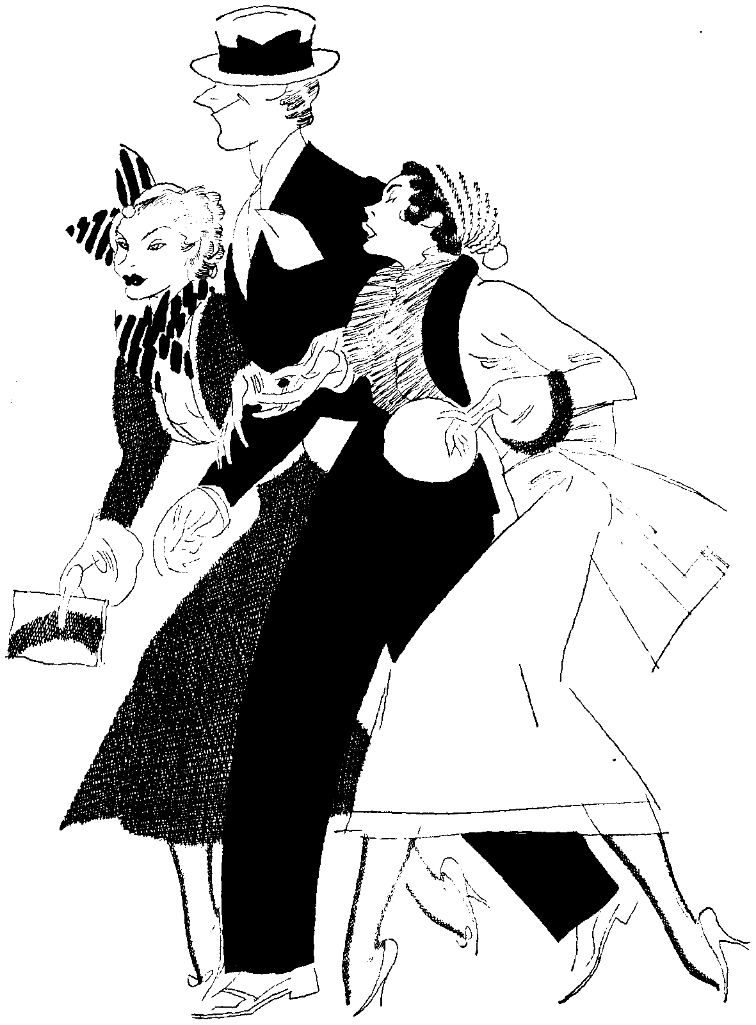
*An artist friend sends us this—*



Dear people who make Arrow Shirts:

I used to be known as the loneliest man on East 57th Street. Other fellows had dates with swell-looking girls. All I did was to draw pictures of them......Finally I got hold of the loneliest girl on East 57th Street, and said to her, "I'll tell you what's the matter with you if you'll tell me what's the matter with me." She said "O. K."......"Yours is the fact that you insist on speaking French after your two week stay in Paris -- and what French." I told her. "And yours", she replied, "is funny-looking shirts! Look at the one you have on, the collar is all out of shape. The cuffs have shrunk out of sight. The whole effect is ridiculous. Why don't you get some Arrow shirts, you dolt?".....Gentlemen, I did..got some Trumps and some Gordons. They looked great. They fitted great. And they stayed that way, thanks to the fact that they were SANFORIZED-SHRUNK! As a result, look at me now, up there in the picture. See that blonde clinging to my right arm, and that vision clutching my left. That'll give you just a rough idea of how I'm doing. And, my friends, I owe it all to Arrow Shirts.

Gratefully yours,

RUSSELL PATTERSON

NRA

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*(Continued from page 59)*

"It's long past midnight," he said. "You've been twenty-one for quite a while. Years of discretion find you on top of Bear Point."

Her nose wrinkled at him in the unsteady light. "Your taint, Fletch! What did I say? You start out for cigarettes and end up at a four-alarm fire. Well, make a start for Kamchatka and see if we can get back home. Hurry! I'm in a big hurry!"

"That's the first sensible word I've heard for some time," Marshall said. "Let's get out of here fast and pull ourselves together."

It was a slower, more painful progress going down. Fletch stayed close to Nora, waiting appreciatively. "This is us all over, Fletch," she whispered once, sliding down an incline with that once lovely frock suffering audible damage, "chasing a moon that's burned out, chasing it for no reason, to the utter horror of better integrated people." The descent threw her against him and she clung for a moment. "I hope it's utter horror. If it isn't, a carefully calculated madness is letting me down pretty badly."

THEY came to the narrow beach in the still deeper shadow of the Point. It was possible to tell water from land and that was all. Marsh was heard moving about and was finally seen striking matches. He called out in a tone of bleak tragedy, "Got any matches left, Fletch?" and when informed that the last one had been used, announced catastrophically, "The canoe is gone!"

They crowded down to the beach and felt blindly through darkness. The canoe was indeed gone. All there was to wait for now, Fletcher thought, was the bugle call.

"That's what happens," Marsh said. He wasn't angry, he was hardly even censorious; he was just patient and utterly kind. "These unthinking impulses *will turn out that way.* If you will start to hunt the moon like idiots, canoes will go. How far is it home?"

"Three miles by the beach," Nora said, "or five miles by the road, if you can find the road."

"Three miles! Five miles!" Claire's voice rose hysterically, then sank into sobs. She slumped to the sand. Her sobs continued.

"Don't cry, Claire," Marsh said. His voice in the darkness fairly oozed consolation and stability. "It's unfortunate but there's nothing we can do. We'll just have to make the best of it. Probably the road is better going."

"But," Nora said energetically, "it's only a half mile by water. We can swim."

"Swim!" The stable voice had shock in it. "Nora, haven't you been crazy enough?"

She said with dreamy sweetness, "I've swum it scores of times." She splashed her hand in the water. "It's as warm as tea."

He came lumbering through the darkness, utterly appalled. "You can't be serious, Nora! You don't actually propose to swim home?"

"That little light is our dock. All we have to do is make for it."

"But—but—" he was sputtering, "please, Nora, please be a little sane."

Fletcher remarked pensively, "She's struggling up from sanity."

"You may like these midnight strolls. I'd rather swim."

"You mean, out on the lake, after midnight?" Sheer unreason had galled him unbearably, and his voice was hoarse. "Nora, anything could happen!"

"I've thought of that too."

"But," he shouted, "you haven't got any bathing suit!"

Nora giggled. "That's what really appalls you, isn't it? But I have, Marsh. You couldn't tell it from the one I wore this afternoon. Only, the lower part is Fletch's shorts."

He was shouting still, "That's not a bathing suit—it's underwear!"

"Bathing suit or underwear, correct behavior or shocking immodesty, I'm swimming. I suppose you're coming, Fletch?"

He had already taken off his shirt and shoes. Kicking off his trousers, he reflected that the darkness was comforting. "I'll be in Scotland afore you," he said briefly.

"I won't let you!" Marsh shouted wildly. "You can't, Nora. After all, I've got some right—after all, you're my—"

Her laughter was smothered, as by a dress pulled over her head. "Marsh, you're far too proper to come near a girl who's disrobing. . . . Maybe I was, maybe I still am, but I have a notion I won't be by the time you've walked five miles with one of the thoroughly sane and had leisure to think it over."

Small splashes meant Nora running into the lake. A larger one meant her dive. Fletcher hurried after her. She called back just as he dived, "Don't bother about our clothes. They get charged up to sanity."

It was infinitely right, swimming shoulder to shoulder with her in the dark. Nothing needed to be said, everything fitted perfectly, and a great peace enveloped him. He had time to muse about the glints and shadows in that glorious hair, about the freckles that wrinkled on her nose, about all the fundamentals in a world that was ever so reassuringly cockeyed.

Nora was sputtering. "If I laugh I'll swallow water. I'm not going to laugh." She laughed uproariously. "Here we are, Fletch—this is us, we find ourselves here swimming a lake after midnight. And in our underwear. . . . Darling, was the seizure adequate?"

"Extemporized *insanity.* Grade A stuff."

SHE buried her face in the water and swam on. Sometime later she said, "You get your choice with the hair—I must look like a mermaid's off day." Then in water and darkness Nora was momentarily furious. "You big beefhead, what was the idea of letting me ferment with an idea as nutty as that was?"

"Who knows best about you?" he demanded. "If I'm not an authority about your seizures, who is? I did what I could. That fire was so much velvet—accident helping out nature's wise plan. But all the rest was my policy."

"Including those tableaus with the unsoilable blonde, I'll bet," she said mournfully. "Well, where are we headed now?"

"For Kamchatka," he said. "We'll stop off at your house on the way—"

"Water-soaked and in our underwear! That seems typical. That's us—calm, serene, logical, never erratic, never impulsive—Fletch, for heaven's sake, what is in that package in your suitcase?"

"The start of a policy. It was for the finger you had decided to bestow on the trust company. Damn! How can I possibly demonstrate affection while I'm swimming?"

"You could tread water. Or we could swim faster, if you didn't insist on all this conversation. Why didn't you offer it to me once and for all?"

"With you in a seizure?"

"Well, maybe not," she said. "You're right—they have to run their course."

"What did you do with that canoe?"

"I was helping nature out. I shoved it as hard as I could."

"The policy," he said, "was based on a gasoline tank and a match. Stop talking and swim."

# Recovery throws away a Crutch

*Continued from page 13*

unemployment as New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, St. Louis and Pittsburgh, for example, to revise their existing set-ups in the interest of honest economy and efficiency. As long as the government paid, local treasuries managed to keep at least one door open and local political machines could continue to hold on in something of the same old form.

Furthermore, with all this relief work paid for by Washington it would not be necessary to increase community taxation to the point where the taxpayers in murderous frenzy would smash the machines beyond repair. It followed then—and this phase was much discussed by those members of the Brain Trust who have consistently contended that to achieve national health we must first cure the ills of local governments—that it was highly desirable that the villages, townships, counties, cities and states would have to reform themselves, simplify their governments, consolidate, eliminate and in other ways adopt systems that worked for the good of the whole people and not merely for the perpetuation of political combines.

### The Taint of Politics

It became general information in time that the CWA had become machine-making and -sustaining material for numerous local political bosses. Thousands of eligible men and women failed to get on the pay roll for no more substantial reason than that they had not been "regular" in their past voting or that they were not swift to subscribe to the political creed of the local administrator. And then, of course, there was sheer graft of sorts, the most despicable being enforced rebates by the workers to the bosses.

But even more disconcerting from the national political standpoint was the disposition of local politicians to instigate strikes and other demonstrations by the CWA employees. When the first rumors of CWA dissolution arrived from Washington there were strikes and processions promoted and agitated by politicians who hoped thereby to frighten Washington into changing its mind, so that the burden of caring for these workers might not fall upon local treasuries. This, to say nothing of the reluctance of the politicians to forgo the personal profit that job-giving and contract-letting fetched them. And it was no strict party racket either: Republicans shared in the graft where Republican politicians were dominant, and Democrats where the currently majority party was in control.

Another phase of the situation, while of primary importance, was less tangible. Nobody—not even the Republican National Committee nor such complete Republicans as Senators McNary, Hastings and Fess, Representatives Snell and Fish nor Mr. Ogden L. Mills himself—cherishes any sincere doubt of the mass popularity of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Neither has anybody in Washington or outside any reason to believe that the President needs to attend anybody's School of Politics. Perhaps there have been smarter politicians in American public life but there is no readily available proof. The most successful politician is he whose defenses are instinctive. And that's Roosevelt.

I've been around too much to find it necessary to take the word of anybody regarding Mr. Roosevelt's popularity among the masses; it amounts in some sections to something like idolatry. It is silly for scoffers to say that his popularity is "merely personal" and that it has all the morning-glory's lack of stamina. That's infantile. The popularity of President Roosevelt is a subject worth pondering.

I have heard him spoken of with an almost fanatical fervor by men and women who were not only themselves hungry but were forced to stand idly by and listen to their children ask for food. I have heard him prayed for by preachers who were living on the food contributions of their farmer congregations. I have been where unemployed men have knocked down a possible employer who had sneered, "Go ask your friend Roosevelt for a job." I have talked to Republican leaders in states and cities where Democratic victories were just about as common as Gutenberg Bibles and heard them say that life was too short and their personal business too precious to go about preaching anti-Roosevelt sermons as party missionaries.

Still there has been an inordinate amount of sugary bunk published and otherwise slung concerning the nature of Roosevelt's popularity. He has been invested with supernatural powers, which, of course, he hasn't. To him have been ascribed omnipotence, omniscience and like qualities. The truth is much simpler, although it is incontestable that there is something clearly spiritual in the devotion of his following and in the blind faith the masses place in him. The simple fact is that he is a courageous, unselfish leader with an unflagging zeal for progress and a fine enthusiasm for a broad liberalism that wears no class label.

His carelessness of party confines has aroused the antagonism of some Bourbon Democrats of the East and South but has enlisted wholesale the support of the liberal Republicans of the West. Thus he is the most serious threat the White House has ever presented to the old political order in America. As such he has many enemies in his own party, although they have thus far thought it best to keep their feelings well concealed and give at least lip service to his program. Because his sympathies extend beyond the organized boundaries of the party he led to victory in 1932, because patronage has not dictated his appointments to important places, there have been a considerable number of Democrats in Congress who have taken furtive joy in opposing him—when it was quite certain that the opposition would have the numerical strength to relieve them of the embarrassment of high visibility. And among the cardinal reasons for their willingness to embarrass the New Deal is that the President is an ever-present menace to their local political machines.

### The New Deal's First Test

"Listen, mister," said a discouraged vote agitator in Louisiana, "is this man Roosevelt a Democrat or ain't he a Democrat? That's what I want to know. To be a Democrat you got to be a Democrat. If you ain't a Democrat—well you ain't a—a—a—"

"A Democrat," suggested someone near by.

"Sure," snapped the discouraged one.

To an unfortunately large extent this philosophy has been behind the opposition that the President encounters in his own party. With the fall elections too close for comfort, considerable numbers of this ear-to-the-ground faction

*(Continued on page 62)*

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AND SPOTS DISAPPEAR

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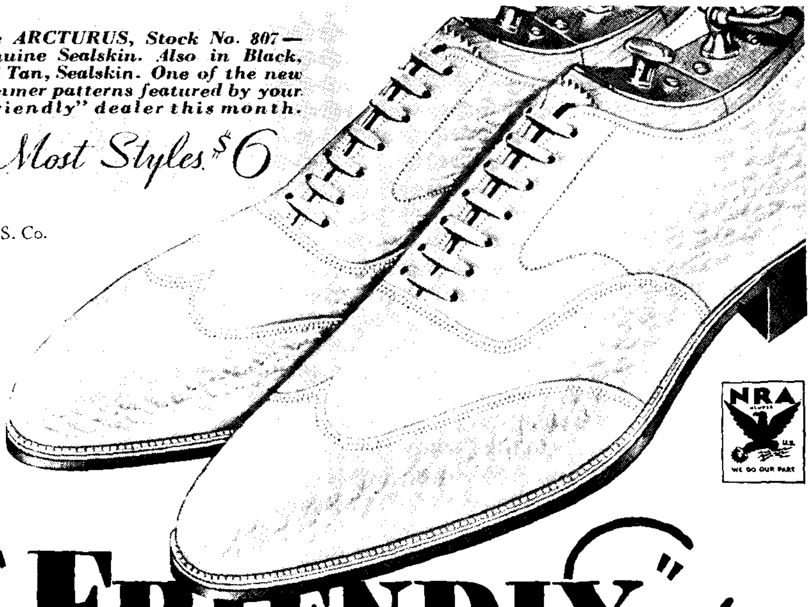

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BUY DIRECT AND SAVE

*(Continued from page 61)*

have thought it better at such times to oppose the White House's economy measures than to irritate the party bosses back home, at the same time wondering dismally whether the bosses can deliver votes as of yore. And even when the aspirant for renomination and reëlection is unable to decide between the bosses and the people, a grain of comfort is derived from the thought that renomination at least is easier when the home machine is with you.

Here then comes the first test of this popularity of Mr. Roosevelt's. Perhaps it would be better to call it the test of the Roosevelt program, of the New Deal or of the President's idealism. The midterm congressional elections have ever bred presidential nightmares. We're about to find out whether a nation, brought very close to fundamentals by a depression which the old philosophers would have called unendurable, is ready for radical departures from the old order or whether the American masses are so reduced in fortitude that they are ready to stop where they are—for the present at least.

The problem the White House ponders is considerably larger than the mere question of the dropping of the CWA or continuing it under another name and different rules: it has become a question of proceeding boldly along the trail already half blazed or proceeding cautiously with both eyes alert for political expediencies and economic dodges. For decades the country has been ruled by organized minorities; the spirit of the current Administration has been to turn this much-abused privilege over to an organized majority—provided the majority can be organized.

### Next November Will Tell

In the ensuing elections there will be a hint of the answer to that, if not the whole answer. An analysis of what the populace says in the polling booths in November is going to furnish something of the answer to whether what the country is undergoing is social revolution or merely an emergency squirming. And unless the anti-Roosevelt forces come through the fall elections with impressive victories—regain more than a hundred seats in the House of Representatives, for example, and save such paladins of the Old Guard as Senators Reed, Fess, Robinson of Indiana, and Townsend, they may just as well prepare to join the big parade. Otherwise they are going to be badly trampled. There is no evidence that the President is not prepared to insist that industry comply with the New Deal's mandate even to the length of regimentation. In November we shall learn how much the country wants him to.

Since that unkindly night when the CWA was shown the door, thousands of protests have descended upon the White House. Hugely in the majority were those from governors, mayors and other state and municipal officials whose common word was that the government was thus condemning whole armies of unemployed to utter poverty. There were many of these born of complete sincerity but in the main they meant that the local governments, either because they would not reorganize themselves on sane lines or were too far gone to gain anything by doing so, were incapable of assuming the burden and terrorized at the prospect.

Simultaneously, hitherto unsuccessful applicants for PWA funds began to arrive in Washington in car lots. PWA funds are not as easy of access as CWA's had been. The two outstanding reasons are Secretary Ickes, the administrator of PWA, and the law itself which has it that the community upon which PWA funds are bestowed must regard seventy per cent of the allotment as a loan—a loan to be guaranteed by satisfactory collateral. And Mr. Ickes is the gentleman whom the collateral must satisfy—this being in the nature of very bad news for those who would laugh off such matters. Mr. Ickes is one of the four member reasons why Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet doesn't collapse from sheer weakness.

Anyway, processions of delegations arrived at Mr. Ickes' office with tremolo prayers that, while they were unable to post sufficient collateral to entitle them to PWA money, this was no time for quibbling. A remission of guaranties, they insisted, would make it possible to go ahead immediately with subways, bridges, sewage and water systems, slum clearance and the like.

Such supplications die dismally. One of the headliners in the Washington show is Harold Ickes. To see him turn down illegitimate requests is a pictorial definition of hard-boiled. Most of these fishing expeditions know before leaving home that they are going to catch nothing worth having. Detroit for example.

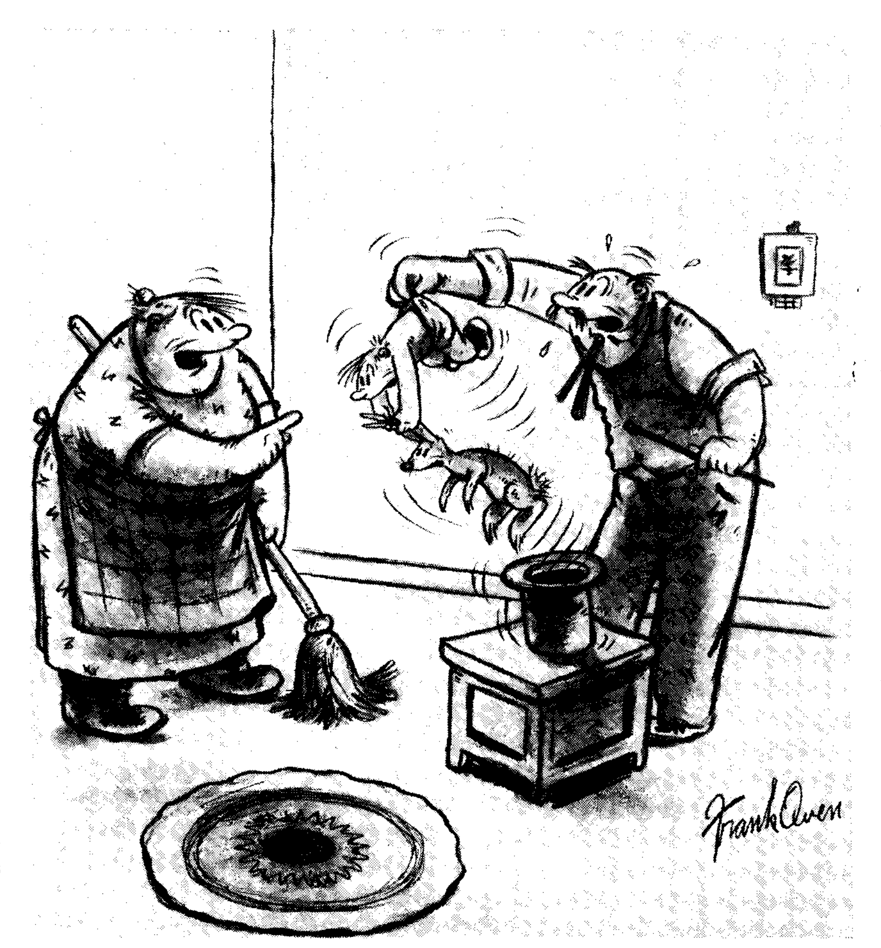
Detroit wanted twenty-three miles of transportation subway. The city voted in favor of having its tube built by the federal government, it being set forth clearly in the ballot that not one cent of the $87,000,000 this enterprise would cost should be charged to the taxpayer. The plea was that thus the government would be providing work for at least 20,000 persons for four years. If, said Detroit in effect, the venture was a financial failure—why, then the government could do what it would with the expensive tunnel. Use it, for example, as a storage place for General Johnson's speeches. But Detroit would not in any circumstance guarantee to repay seventy per cent of the money spent nor would it issue bonds. Detroit had already exhausted its legal capacity to issue bonds. In the meantime the PWA's engineers, having no interest in Detroit's political set-up, discovered that to make the subway a paying proposition a twenty-one-cent fare would be necessary. Detroit's own engineers thought a ten-cent fare would be adequate. Mr. Ickes preferred to believe his men. At any rate, there was no Detroit guaranty and there will be no government-built Detroit subway. And a large part of Detroit's non-political population rejoices.

Other communities went through similar unnecessary tortures to achieve the same cold ends. The opposition to the Roosevelt program is doing what it can to manufacture from the resulting chagrin something—anything—resembling a political issue. It's a pretty thankless task bearing very little profit. But the PWA's $3,300,000,000 is going to be administered along sane lines

### No More Skullduggery

Some portion of the CWA workers will of course be absorbed in the expenditure of all this money but not all. Local governments, industry and agriculture must do their share. Mr. Ickes says that $1,400,000,000 PWA money will be spent this year but under rules which will permit none of the skullduggery that prevailed under the CWA. In the PWA offices there are whole bales of reports and affidavits to support the charges of political rottenness in CWA. For example, there must be no more of the system whereby four members of a family, having the backing of a district leader or ward heeler, can be on the pay roll while an independent voter in the next house is punished with idleness and hunger for his past neglect to vote the gang ticket.

Meanwhile, Congress gets 100,000 letters a day—the overwhelming majority of which contain demands for jobs, for action, for money, for a redistribution of wealth, for revised taxation schemes. They pray, command, threaten and entreat. But congressmen will tell you that while discontent is still actively prevalent and warnings of revolt appear in every other letter, the masses are insisting that there be no retreat and that the President carries the only banner they will follow.



"Will you stop spoiling Papa's tricks while he's practicing to be a magician!"

*Frank Owen*

# Story of Lal

*Continued from page 21*

by the ship's rail on that first trip to America, watching the Malayan moon over the waters of the Straits, when I recalled the cloud that had passed Lal's eyes when I had suggested that America was a long distance away. We knew each other pretty well by this time, and I asked him about it. For a moment he sat, clasping his knees and rocking slowly back and forth.

"I thought, Sahib," he said, "of my wife and babies back in Bikna Thori."

I stared at him in the half-dark.

"You mean, Lal, that you have a wife and babies waiting for you at home?"

"Yes, Tuan. I leave them when I take my birds to Atol Acooli."

"And they don't know you've gone to America?"

"No, Tuan."

"But, Lal—"

"I go back," he said. "Sahib promise send me back to India. I see them then."

### A Friend in Need

The moon was bright, and I could see those big eyes of his fairly glowing.

"Ah, they good babies, Sahib," he said. "Best babies you ever see!"

And he rocked himself gently back and forth on the deck of that America-bound ship, and dreamed of that little family of his tucked away by the far-off Nepalese border!

I kept him two weeks in America that first time, then put him on a ship and sent him back to India. He didn't quite know whether to smile or cry when he boarded that ship alone. He was going back to Bikna Thori to see his wife and babies, but he was also leaving his Sahib.

"I see you again, Sahib," he quavered.

I grinned. "You bet you will, Lal. When I come I'll cable you at Bikna Thori and you go down to Calcutta and meet me at Octrâm Gap when the ship arrives."

He stood very straight and bowed. "Very good, Sahib, I be there."

Sure enough, when I crossed the next time, and my ship pulled into Octram Gap, there was Lal, straight as ever, waiting to meet me! We greeted each other like long-time friends rather than master and servant.

"Well, Lal," I asked, "how are those babies of yours?"

His brown eyes softened like those of a deer.

"Best babies in whole world, Sahib," he said. "So big now—and so."

"Was your wife mad when you finally came?" I asked.

"Wife very happy I came. I also glad to see wife. We work now, Sahib."

We did. There was always work to do. I was in India for another collection of animals and birds, and had to get them. For fifteen years there was work to do, and for fifteen years Lal did it—always torn by those two great loyalties of his, to his babies and to his Sahib.

I had many examples of Lal's bravery and loyalty, and I am glad that I can say when the time came I was loyal to Lal.

I remember once I got my hand too close to the front of a black leopard's cage. Quick as a flash that savage cat reached out and sank his claws into my hand. He pulled me closer to the bars and stabbed furiously, trying to reach me with his other paw!

Out of nowhere came Lal. Without a moment's hesitation he lunged at that flailing, tearing paw! Had he missed he would have had his whole side torn out by one fierce swipe. But he didn't miss. He held that paw in the vise of his quick hands until I could get myself free. Then he looked at me as if I had been the only one in danger, and his eyes went suddenly moist.

I looked at him and said, "Thanks, Lal."

He looked a bit surprised. In the East masters don't thank servants. Lal was even a little shocked—but he was very proud. All he said, however, calmly and pleadingly, was:

"Sahib be more careful, please. Lal not want to lose his Sahib."

Well, I didn't want to lose Lal, either. So for years we traveled together, master and servant outwardly, but inwardly joined by a friendship that started in the brilliant sunlight before Atol Acooli's bird bazaar, and couldn't end even when the long hand of Vishnu himself reached down from the Himalayan clouds.

In 1927 I had among many other specimens two fine, female elephants for Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. Herbert Fleishhacker had ordered them a year before to be presented to the park for the children of San Francisco to ride. This meant, of course, getting particularly tame and docile animals that could be broken to carrying a howdah.

Lal and I brought them in and landed them. But it was found that none of the men associated with the park had any knowledge of elephants, and Mr. Fleishhacker asked me if I would lend him one of my boys to stay with the animals until one of their men could be broken to the work.

I suggested it to Lal.

"Sahib want me to stay?" he asked.

Always before, when my consignment was safely ashore, I had packed Lal back to India, where he would always be waiting for me at Octram Gap when my ship pulled in. I could see that tearing look in his round eyes—his babies and his Sahib.

"Lal," I said, "it's up to you. You would be a big help if you stayed for a couple of months, but I want you to do exactly what you wish."

He pulled a moment at his *chutia*, then said calmly:

"Very well. I stay with elephants—and Sahib."

### Vishnu be Pleased

So Lal was put on San Francisco's city pay roll, and slept in the park dormitory, and trained two of the park men in the handling of elephants. In the meantime I went on to Chicago and New York with consignments of animals I had for those cities. It was while I was in Chicago that I received a telegram which alarmed me more than I admitted to anyone. It said that Lal Bahuda was very ill. I felt as though my dearest friend had been stricken. I wired back to put him in the San Francisco hospital and give him the best of care.

It was two weeks before I could finish my business, and another four days before I got to San Francisco. As quickly as I could I went to the hospital. And there was Lal, thin, his bony, brown hands clutching the white sheets, and his wonderful, round eyes looking as though they had sunken into his head. But they brightened as if lamps had been lighted behind them when they saw me, and big tears streamed down his cheeks.

"Oh, Sahib—Sahib—please tell men, Sahib, not cut my hair!"

*(Continued on page 64)*

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Another voluntary letter—from Howard E. Bishop, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California—describes unusual performance of Johnson's New Auto Wax.

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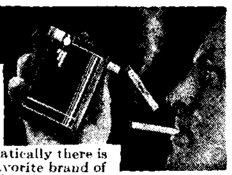

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**CONOCO TRAVEL BUREAU**

(*Continued from page* 63)

I sat on the edge of the bed.

"No one's going to cut your hair, Lal," I said.

"Oh, yes, Sahib. They try—I fight. I fight for days to save my *chutia!*"

"Well, it's all right now, Lal. I'm here. Don't worry."

"Yes, Sahib."

He looked at me gently, and with the faith of a dog went to sleep—the first sound sleep, they told me later, he'd had in weeks!

I found out then about the hair. All Hindus have a small tuft of long hair on the top of their heads, even though they may have the rest of their heads shaved. It's about the thickness of a lead pencil, and three or four inches long. It's called the *chutia*, and is one of the most important things in their lives. For when a Hindu dies, Vishnu, the Hindu god, can reach down and use the *chutia* as a handle to lift his soul to heaven!

Lal had put up a noble fight to save his *chutia*. With all his weakness he had battled nurses and internes, who thought he had had a haircut and someone had played a trick on him by leaving the long tuft on top. They had tried again and again to cut it off, but Lal's jungle ferocity had won. He still had his *chutia*, and he had it always.

I talked with the doctors about Lal. They were intensely interested in the case. Lal had some kind of a rare jungle disease which was new to them, and in the weeks that followed they experimented to the limit. But when they suggested an operation I put my foot down.

"Have you any idea what you are operating for?" I asked them.

They hadn't.

"Then there's nothing doing," I said. "This boy is too loyal and valuable to me to be used as a test for tropical diseases."

But I went in and talked it over with Lal.

"Lal," I said, "you're a very sick boy. Maybe you're going to die. These American doctors think maybe they better cut you open. Maybe they can find something inside and take it away. What do you think we better do?"

He looked at me and slowly shook his head.

"No, Sahib—cutting open no good. Maybe I die. All right—no matter. But I don't want die in America. Sahib, can't you take me back to Calcutta where I die in my own country? Who knows—maybe I even see my babies first?"

His eyes burned at the mention of those babies again. They were almost grown-up boys now, but they were still babies to Lal.

"Besides," he added, "you know I think Vishnu could never find me here. I have been eating cow meat since I leave home—very bad. I sure go to hell if I die now. More better I go to India and get my caste mark. Maybe I see my babies. . . ."

### Climbing to Health

Lal got steadily worse, but he miraculously summoned a little strength to help himself when several weeks later we carried him on board the President Wilson. He was going home, you see—home where Vishnu could find him, *home where he might see those babies* of his before Vishnu arrived!

When we reached Manila Lal was in a pretty bad way. By this time I was ready for operations, or even miracles, if they could only save Lal. Dr. Hart, the United States Government Medical Officer of the Port, and an old friend of mine, performed the operation. It was a difficult business, and he had to remove two of Lal's ribs before he could get in to operate. Dr. Hart, familiar with tropic diseases, knew exactly what was wrong—abscesses of the liver. And three days later he told me Lal would live.

A few days later I went on to Singapore, having made arrangements for Lal to join me there when he was able to travel. And six weeks later he came—the old Lal, still thin and weak, but with his big eyes round and bright again. He was as delighted to see me as I was to see *him.* But he was still *too* weak to do the kind of work that was necessary.

"Lal," I said, "I'm going to send you on to Calcutta. You can go up to Bikna Thori and see that wife and those babies of yours. Stay with them until you get strong. Then go down to Calcutta and hang around and help Atol Acooli until I come."

"You sure come, Sahib?"

"You bet, Lal! Meet me at Octram Gap, as usual."

### Death of a Hero

He went. Three months later, when I had finished my work in the jungles, I sent the usual cable to Lal and took ship to Calcutta. I was looking forward to seeing Lal again. Three months of India's sunshine would surely have put him back on his feet. But on the dock there was no Lal. For the first time in fifteen years he had failed me!—and after all I had done for him!

I took a garry and went to Atol Acooli's. The old bazaar was still there, a riot of jungle plumage in the brilliant sunshine. But there was no Lal squatting before the bird cages—no Lal to run out and open the door of his Sahib's garry.

I greeted Acooli, fifteen years older now, white and wrinkled.

"Where is Lal Bahuda?" I asked. "He was coming to help you, Acooli, until I came."

Acooli spread his lithe hands wide, and his old shoulders moved slightly upward.

"Vishnu took Lal Bahuda away," he said simply.

For a moment I clenched my hands. So Lal had died after all!

"So the disease got him," I said slowly.

"Disease?" Acooli looked at me queerly with his old, wise eyes. "No disease got Lal. I have the story straight from Bikna Thori. Lal went home. He was strong again. Very happy he was to see fine wife and babies of his—very happy. Then one night all dark. Lal woke up. He smell smoke. Flames springing up like tigers everywhere in his house. Lal ran, fast as he can go, into open. He stop then and look back. His house is in flames—flames everywhere. Then Lal remembered his babies inside—"

Acooli stopped, his hands still wide.

"Yes?" I said.

"Lal stood still, they say, one little minute. Then he calmly fold his arms and walk back into his house. Lal, his wife and his fine babies—all go up to Vishnu together."

Slowly I sat down in front of the very bird cage where I had first seen Lal. Fifteen years of friendship passed before me—fifteen years of Lal torn between his babies and his Sahib. And in that moment I was inexpressibly glad that when Vishnu had finally reached his long arm for Lal's *chutia* he had found him among his babies and not with his Sahib.

I haven't a doubt but if I go to th place where Lal has gone, I shall se Lal, still standing very straight, wit his round eyes smiling at me. And he' probably say: "So sorry, Sahib, n meet you at Octram Gap, like you sa But Lal here now. Is there work to d Sahib?"

# The Trail of Fu Manchu

*Continued from page 15*

alone in the world, except for a brother—with whom she requested me to communicate, and who appeared in time to take charge of the funeral arrangements."

"Pernicious anemia," Nayland Smith murmured. "It's a rather obscure thing, isn't it, Doctor?"

"As its name implies, and I have used its popular name, it is—pernicious. It's difficult to combat. She was in an advanced stage when I first attended her."

"She occupied a ground floor flat?"

"Yes."

"Had she any personal servants?"

"No; it was a service flat."

"I see. When did she actually die, Doctor?"

"Just before dawn yesterday. A popular hour for death, Sir Denis."

"I know. There was a nurse in attendance, of course."

"Yes. A very experienced woman from the local institute."

"She called you, I take it, to the patient, fearing that she was dying?"

"Yes. It was a painful surprise. I hadn't expected it . . ."

"Quite. But her sudden death was consistent with her symptoms?"

"Undoubtedly. It happens that way in certain cases."

"Had you taken any other opinion?"

"Yes. I called in Havelock Wade only last week. . . ."

Gallaho was following the conversation eagerly, his sullen-looking eyes turning from speaker to speaker. Sterling, sitting in an armchair, had abandoned hope of mastering his intense anxiety. He didn't know, and couldn't grasp, what this inquiry portended. But wholly, horribly, his mind was filled with the idea that Fleurette was dead and had been buried.

"Forgive me if I seem to pry into professional secrets," Nayland Smith went on, "but would you mind describing your late patient?"

"Not at all," Dr. Norton replied. He began again to brush his mustache. His expression, Nayland Smith decided, was that of an unhappy man. "She was, I think, Eurasian. I don't know very much of the East; I have never been there. But she was some kind of half-caste—there was Eastern blood in her. Her skin was of a curiously dull, ivory color. I may as well say, Sir Denis, that she was a woman of great beauty. This uniform ivory hue of her skin was fascinating. To what extent this characteristic was due to heredity, and to what extent to her ailment, I never entirely determined. Her death, which I had not anticipated, was a severe blow."

Nayland Smith walked up and down, tugging at the lobe of his ear, glancing at the titles of the books, staring about the room; then:

"I suggest that Miss Demuras' eyes were long, narrow and very beautiful."

"Very beautiful."

"Of a most unusual green color, at times glittering like emeralds?"

"It occurs to me that you were acquainted with her," said Dr. Norton, staring hard at the speaker.

"It occurs to me," Nayland Smith replied grimly, glancing at Alan Sterling, "that both Mr. Sterling and I from time to time have come in contact with Miss Demuras! Do you agree, Sterling?"

The young American botanist fixed a pathetically eager gaze upon the face of Nayland Smith; it was taut, grim, a fighting glint in deep-set eyes.

"My God! the net's closing in on us again!" he whispered. "You seem to have an extra sense, Sir Denis, where this man and his people are concerned. It's uncanny . . . but it may be a coincidence."

Inspector Gallaho had resumed his favorite pose. He was leaning on the mantelshelf, moving his thin-lipped mouth as if chewing phantom gum. He was out of his depth, but nothing in his expression revealed this fact.

"I suggest that Miss Demuras was tall, and very slender," Nayland Smith continued. "She had exquisite hands, slender-fingered and indolent—patrician hands with long, narrow, almond nails, highly varnished?"

"You are right. I see you knew her."

"Her voice was very soothing—almost hypnotic?"

Dr. Norton started violently, and stood up.

"This is either clairvoyance," he declared, "or you knew her better than I knew her. The implication is that Demuras was not her name. Don't tell me that she was a criminal. . . ."

"There still remains a margin of doubt," said Nayland Smith, rapidly. He suddenly turned and stared at Sterling. "I have just recalled something that you told me—something that you witnessed in Ste. Claire de la Roche . . . When the Chinese punish, they punish severely. There's just a chance."

He twisted about again, facing Dr. Norton. But the latter had construed the meaning of his words. His sanguine color had ebbed; he had become pale.

"Ah!" cried Nayland Smith—"I see that you understand me!"

Norton nodded and dropped back into his chair.

"There is no further room for doubt," he acknowledged. "Whoever my patient was, clearly you knew her. Throughout the time that I attended her, nearly two weeks, she definitely declined to permit me to make a detailed examination. By which I mean that she objected to exposing her shoulders. In this she was adamant. My curiosity was keenly aroused. She had no other physical reticences. Indeed, her mode of dress and her carriage might almost be described as provocative. But she would never permit me to apply my stethoscope to her back. By means of a trick as I frankly confess, and which need not be described, I succeeded in obtaining a glimpse of her bare shoulders. She was unaware of this. . . ."

He paused, looking from face to face. He was beginning to regain his naturally fresh color. He was beginning to realize that his beautiful patient had not been what she seemed.

"There were great weals on her delicate skin—healed, but the scars were still visible. At some time, and not so long ago, she had been lashed—mercilessly lashed."

He clenched his fists, staring up at Nayland Smith.

The latter nodded, and resumed his restless promenade of the carpet; then:

"Do you understand, Sterling?" he snapped.

Sterling was up—his restlessness was feverish.

"I understand that Fah Lo Suee is dead—that she died alone, in that flat."

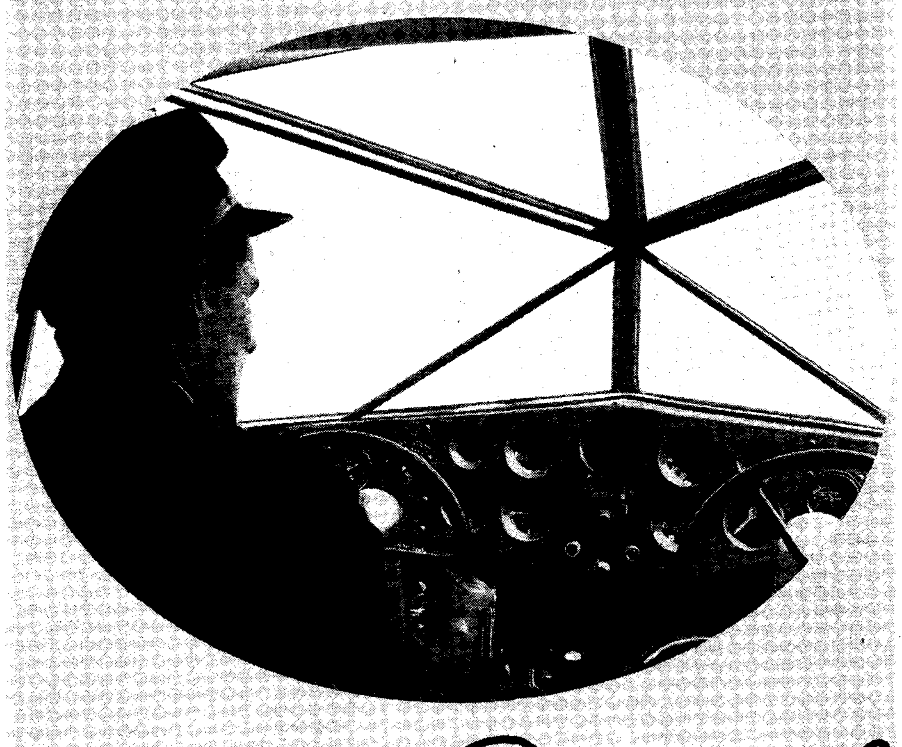
"Dead!"

"Sir Denis!" Dr. Norton stood up. "I have been frank with you: be equally frank with me. Who was this woman?"

"I don't know her real name," Nayland Smith replied, "but she is known as Fah Lo Suee. She is the daughter of Dr. Fu Manchu."

*(Continued on page 66)*

IN BUSINESS AS IN FLYING



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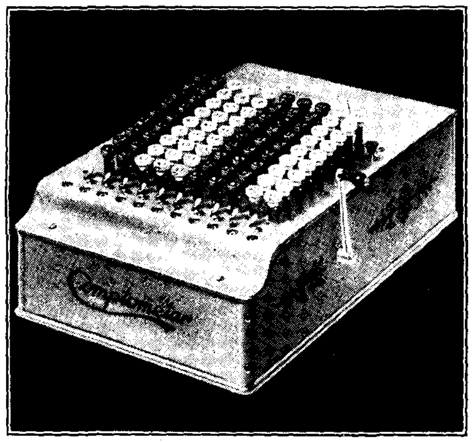

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*(Continued from page 65)*

"*What!*"

"And it was he, her father, who in exercising his parental prerogative left the scars to which you refer."

"My God!" groaned Dr. Norton—"the fiend!—the merciless fiend! A delicate, tenderly nurtured woman!—and an ailing woman at that!"

"Possibly," snapped Nayland Smith. "Delicately nurtured—yes. I am anxious, Doctor, to protect your professional reputation. Your certificate was given in good faith. There is no man on the Register who would not have done the same in the circumstances. Of this I assure you. But—" he paused—"I must have a glimpse of the body of your late patient."

"Why?"

"I THINK it can be arranged, sir," growled Gallaho. "I put a few inquiries through this evening after Mr. Sterling phoned me at the Yard, and I found that the deceased lady has been buried in a family vault in the old part of the Catholic Cemetery."

"That is correct," Dr. Norton interrupted. "Her only surviving relative, a brother, Manoel Demuras, with whom she had requested the nurse to get into communication, came from Lisbon, as I understand, and the somewhat hurried funeral was due to his time being limited."

"Can you describe this man?" snapped Nayland Smith.

"His ugliness was almost as noticeable as his sister's beauty. The yellow streak was very marked."

"You mean he might almost have passed for a Chinese?"

"Not a Chinese . . ." Dr. Norton stroked his mustache and stared up at the ceiling. "But perhaps a native of Burma—or at least, as I should picture a native of Burma."

"There was Eastern blood of some sort in the Demuras," growled Gallaho. "They settled in London nearly a century ago, and at one time had a very big business as importers of Madeira wine. The firm has been extinct for twenty years. But there's a family vault in the old Catholic Cemetery, and that's where the body lies."

"I see."

And thereupon Nayland Smith did a singular thing.

Crossing the room, he jerked a curtain aside and threw up the window! All watched him in mute astonishment. Waves of fog crept in, like the tentacles of some shadowy octopus. He was staring down in the direction of the street. He turned, reclosed the window and readjusted the curtain.

"Forgive me, Doctor," he said, smiling; and that rare smile, breaking through the grim mask, almost resembled the smile of an embarrassed schoolboy. "A liberty, I admit. But I had a sudden idea—and I was right."

"What?" growled Gallaho, ceasing the chewing operation and shooting out his jaw.

"We've been followed. Somebody is watching the house. . . ."

THAT phenomenal fog was getting its grip upon London again when the party set out. But in the specially equipped car fair headway was made. At the mysterious, deserted house of Professor Ambroso, Gallaho and Sterling were dropped. The detective had certain important inquiries to make there relative to the accessibility of the adjoining ground floor flat from the studio of Pietro Ambroso. Nayland Smith went on alone.

He had established contact by telephone from Dr. Norton's house with the man he was going to see. He knew this man, his lack of imagination, his oblique views of life. He knew that the task before him was no easy one. But he had attempted and achieved tasks that were harder.

The slow progress of the car was all but unendurable. Nayland Smith snapped his fingers irritably, peering out first from one window, then from another. In the brightly lighted West End streets better going was made, and at last the car pulled up before a gloomy, stone-porched house a few paces from Berkeley Square.

In a coldly forbidding library, a man sat behind a vast writing-table. Its appointments were frigidly correct. His white tie, for he was in evening dress, was a miracle of correctness. He did not stand up as Sir Denis was shown in by a butler, whose demeanor was much like that of an undertaker.

"Ah! Smith." He nodded and pointed to an armchair. "Just in time." He glanced at a large marble clock. "I have only five minutes."

Nayland Smith's nod was equally curt.

"Good evening, Sir Harold," he returned, and sat down in the hard, leather-covered chair.

Sir Denis Nayland Smith's relations with His Majesty's Secretary for Home Affairs had never been cordial. Indeed, it is doubtful if Sir Harold Sims, in the whole course of his life, had ever known either friendship or love. Nayland Smith, staring at the melancholy face with its habitual expression of shocked surprise, thought that Sir Harold's scanty hair bore a certain resemblance to red tape chopped up. From a pocket of his tweed suit, Nayland Smith took out several documents, opened them, glanced at them, and then, standing up, placed them on the large, green blotting pad before Sir Harold Sims.

"You know," said the latter, adjusting a pair of spectacles and glancing down at the papers, "this thing which you are asking me to do is irregular—wholly irregular."

Nayland Smith returned to the armchair.

"There are times, Sir Harold," he said quietly, "when one can afford to dispense with formalities. In this case, your consent is necessary; hence my intrusion."

"You know—" Sims was scanning the documents suspiciously—"this bugbear of yours, this obsession with the person known as Fu Manchu, has created a lot of unpleasant feeling."

This was no more than a statement of fact. Sir Denis' retirement from the Metropolitan Police had coincided fairly closely with the appointment of Sir Harold to the portfolio which he still held.

"You may term it an obsession if you like—perhaps it is. But you are fully aware, Sir Harold, of the extent of my authority. I am not alone in this obsession. The most dangerous man living in the world today is here, in England, and likely to slip through our fingers. Any delay is dangerous."

Sir Harold nodded, setting one document aside and beginning to read another.

"I shall be bothered by the Roman Catholic authorities," he murmured; "if you could give me two or three days, in order that the matter might be regularized. . . ."

"It is tonight or never," snapped Nayland Smith, suddenly standing up.

"Really. . . ."

Sir Harold began to shake his head again.

"It is perhaps unfair of me to remind you that I can bring pressure to bear."

Sir Harold looked up.

"You are not suggesting that you would bother the Prime Minister with this trivial but complicated affair?" he asked pathetically.

"I am suggesting nothing. I only ask for your signature. I should not be here if the matter were as trivial as you suppose."

"Really—really, Smith. . . ."

The light-blue eyes peering through spectacle lens were caught and arrested by the gaze of eyes deep-set, steely and penetrating. Sir Harold hated this man's driving power—hated his hectoring manner, the force of a personality which brooked no denial. . . .

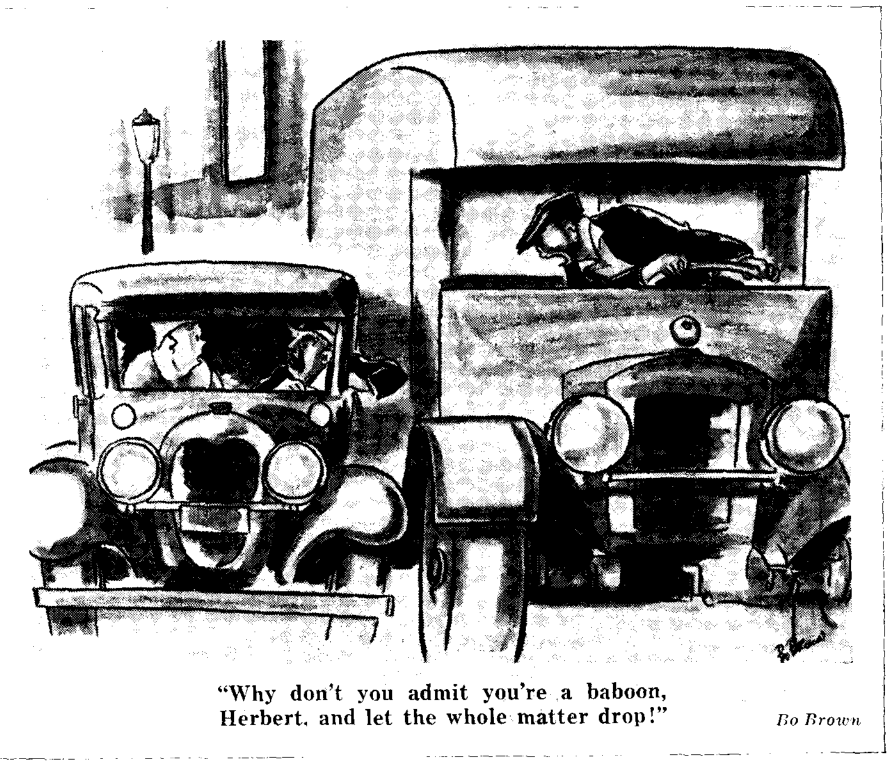
Five minutes later the police car was stealing through a yellow, stifling mist which closed in remorselessly, throttling London.

"YOU are sure there is no other means of access to the cemetery?"

"Quite, sir."

The quavering voice of the old attendant was in harmony with his venerable but wretched appearance. He seemed to belong to the clammy mist; to the phantom monuments which peered through it. He might have been an exhalation from one of the ancient tombs, with his straggling beard, his watery, nearly sightless eyes, his rusty black garb. A mental vision of Fleurette appeared before Alan Sterling—young, tall, divinely vigorous, an exquisite fig-

*(Continued on page 68)*



"Why don't you admit you're a baboon, Herbert, and let the whole matter drop!"

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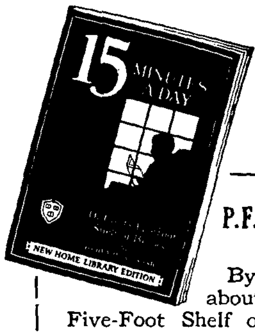

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# The Trail of Fu Manchu

*Continued from page* 66

ure of health and beauty; yet perhaps she lay here, stricken down inscrutably in the bloom and fullness of spring, while such shadowy, unhappy beings as this old mortuary keeper survived, sadly watching each fallen bud returning to earth, our common mother who gives us life, in whose arms we sleep.

"I've got men at both gates, sir," Gallaho growled, "and two more patrolling. Anybody suspicious, they have orders to hold. A rather queer thing has been reported: may have no bearing on the case, but—"

"What?" Nayland Smith asked.

"A small head-stone has been stolen!"

"A small head-stone?"

"Yes, Sir Denis. From a child's grave. Seems a useless sort of theft, doesn't it?"

"Possibly not!" he snapped. "I'm glad you mentioned this, Inspector."

He nodded to the old man.

A dim light shone out from the door of the lodge. It was difficult to imagine the domestic life of this strange creature whose home was among sepulchers: all but impossible to believe that he knew anything of human happiness; that joy had ever visited that ghastly habitation.

"Mr. Roberts?"

A young man wearing a dark, waisted overcoat and a muffler conceived in Eton colors, stepped languidly forward out of veiling mists. He wore a soft black hat of most fashionable shape; his small, aristocratic features registered intense boredom. From a pocket of his overcoat he produced a number of documents, and handed them to the old man, gingerly, as if offering a fish to a seal.

"Everything is in order," he said; "you need not trouble to look them over."

"THERE'S no need to waste time," growled Gallaho. "Let's have the key." He raised his voice. "Dorchester!" he shouted.

A uniformed constable appeared, carrying a leather bag, as:

"I suppose it's all right," quavered the old mortuary keeper, looking down blindly at the papers in his hand. "But I shall have to enter it all up, you know."

"You can do that while we're on the job," said Gallaho. "The keys."

When, presently, led by a constable carrying a red lantern, they proceeded in silence along a narrow path round which ghostly monuments clustered, it might have been noted, save that the light was poor, that Mr. Roberts, Sir Harold Sims' representative, looked unusually pale. To the left they turned, along another avenue of tombs, and then to the right again, presently penetrating to the oldest part of the cemetery. Gray and awesome, fronted by sentinel cypress trees, ill-nourished and drooping, a building resembling a small chapel loomed out of the fog. There was a little grassy forecourt fronted by iron railings, and a stained glass window right and left of a massive teak door intricately studded with iron nails. A constable in plain clothes was standing there.

"This is the Demuras vault, sir," he reported.

The company pulled up and stood for a moment looking at the building. Despite the chill of the night, Alan Sterling became aware of the fact that perspiration was trickling down his ribs. He glanced at Gallaho, who held a bunch of keys in his hand, one separated from the others. The pugnacious face of the detective registered no emotion whatever. Nayland Smith turned to the plain-clothes officer, and:

"There may be someone hiding among the monuments," he said, sharply. "You have seen nothing?"

"No, sir."

"If you see or hear anything while we are inside—sing out, and do your best to make a capture."

"Very good, sir; you can leave it to me."

"Go ahead, Gallaho."

Gallaho opened the little gate, which was not locked, and advanced up three steps to the massive teak door. He inserted the key in the lock and turned it. It was very stiff; it creaked dismally, but responded—and the detective pushed the door open. . . .

When at last the party stood in the vault of the Demurases, dimly lighted by two police lamps and a red lantern, the fog had entered behind them, touching every man with phantom fingers. The dweller among the tombs arrived, belated, coming down the stone steps pantingly, and seeming a fitting occupant of this ghastly place.

"I understand," snapped Nayland Smith, "that this is the one we want." He pointed, then turned to Mr. Roberts. "Is it quite in accordance with the wishes of the Home Office that I should open this shell?"

Mr. Roberts drew a handkerchief from an inner pocket and delicately wiped his forehead. He had removed his black hat.

"Quite all right, Sir Denis. This is really rather distressing."

"I am sorry, but much is at stake."

Constable Dorchester came forward. He had discarded his helmet, revealing a closely cropped head of brilliantly red and vigorously upstanding hair. His hazel eyes glittered excitedly.

"Shall I start, sir?"

"Yes, carry on . . ."

Inspector Gallaho, twirling his wide-brimmed bowler in stubby muscular hands, chewed phantom gum. The old sexton stood at the foot of the steps in an attitude which might have been that of prayer. Alan Sterling turned aside, looking anywhere but at the new and brightly polished sarcophagus which had been removed from its niche and which might contain . . .

A cracked bell in the mortuary chapel dimly chimed the hour.

"Do you mind if I wait outside?" said Mr. Roberts. "The fog seems to be settling in this place. It's following us in—look—it's coming down the steps in waves."

"Quite all right," growled Gallaho; "everything is in order, sir."

Mr. Roberts ascended the steps, brushing almost hastily past the ancient warden, who stood, head bowed, at their foot.

The squeak of the screws was harrowing. Long trailers of mist wavered fantastically in the dim opening. Generations of Demurases seemed to stir in their happy vineyards and to look down upon the intruders. It was a desecration of their peace—Nayland Smith knew it. By what means, he was unable to guess, but by some means, Dr. Fu Manchu had secured access to this mausoleum.

"Do you mind lending me a hand, sir?"

Constable Dorchester, the handy man of the party, addressed Alan Sterling. The latter turned, clenched his teeth, and:

"O. K., he replied. "How can I help?"

"Just get hold of that end, sir, and ease it a bit. I'll get hold of this."

"Right."

NAYLAND SMITH seemed to be listening for sounds from above. The watcher of the dead, hands clasped, was apparently praying. Chief Inspector Gallaho from time to time jerked out words of advice, and then resumed his phantom chewing.

The lid was removed. Sterling dropped back, raising his arms to his eyes.

"Steady!" rapped Nayland Smith. "Keep your grip, Sterling."

"May God forgive them, whoever they were," came the sepulchral voice of the old sexton.

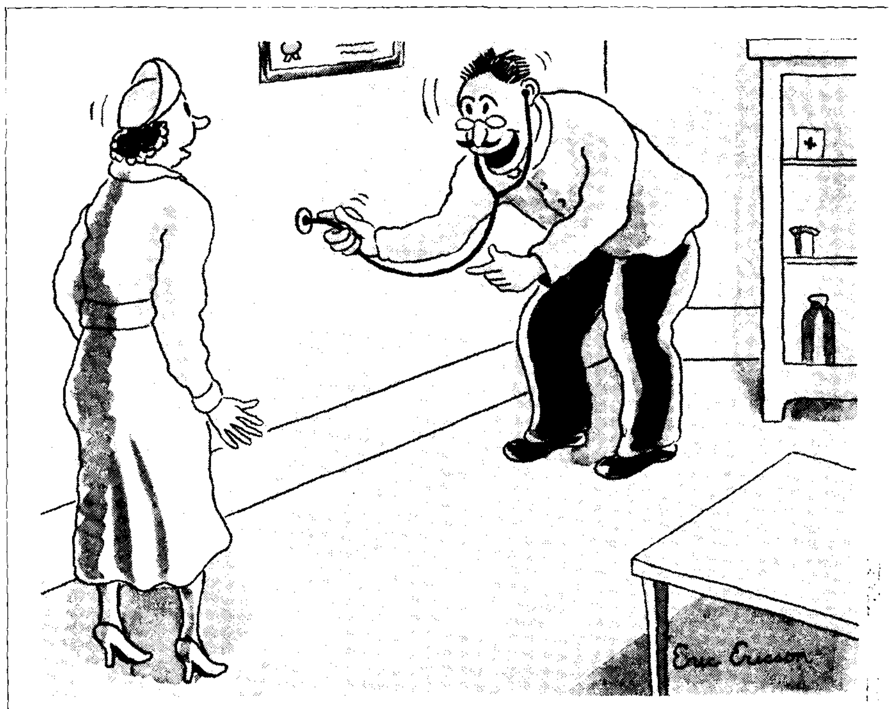
The leaden shell had been sawn open and its top removed. . . .

"Who lies there?" Sterling whispered. "Who is it?"

None answered. Complete silence claimed the tomb of the Demurases, until:

"*Look!*" said Nayland Smith. . . .

***(To be continued next week)***



"She just called him a bum!"

*Eric Ericson*

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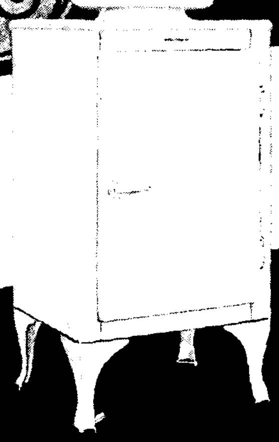

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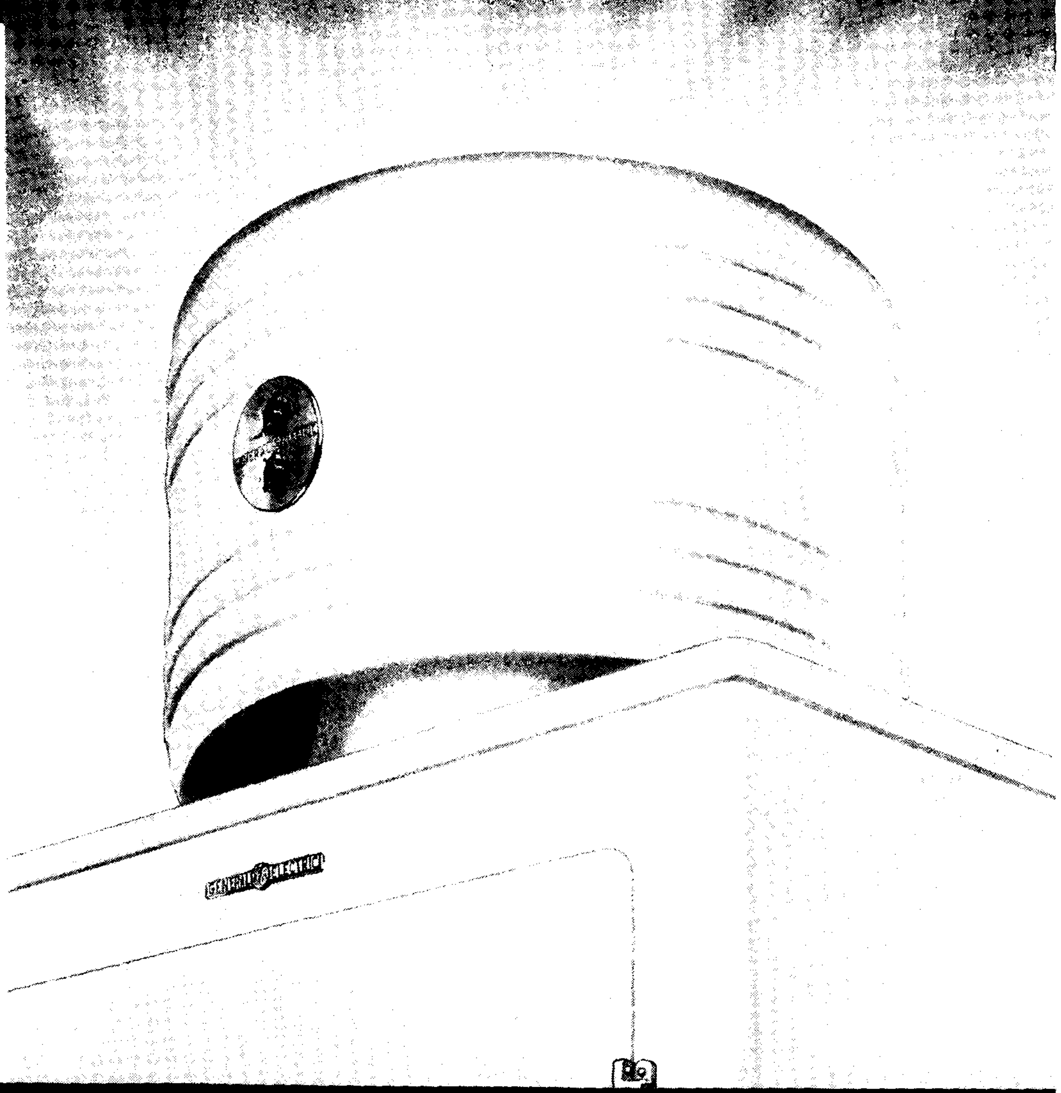

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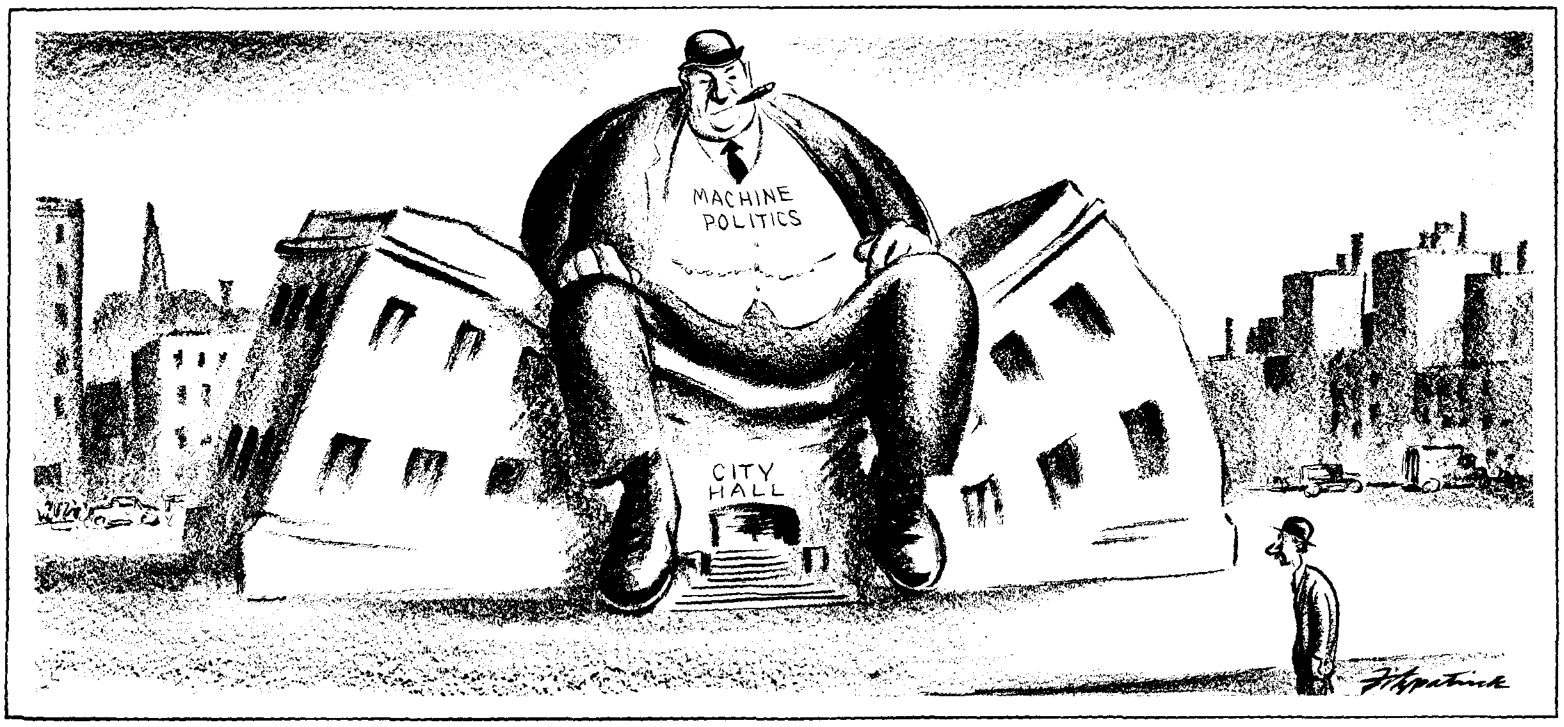


# Turn the Robbers Out!

STEALING money from the aged and helpless has always been considered about the meanest variety of thievery. Centuries ago bywords and curses were invented to describe those low enough to steal from the blind and defenseless.

Still one Tammany officeholder admits stealing the savings of the helpless old people committed to a city institution. Another, similarly charged, has piled up a small fortune. This is a new low even for Tammany. Not even the days of the scandalous Boss Tweed have anything more shocking to reveal.

Tammany thievery is now being laid bare because last autumn New Yorkers defeated the Tammany candidates and put a reform administration headed by the fiery Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia in office. New brooms are sweeping up the dirt and there is dirt enough to sweep.

But don't imagine that Tammany differs greatly from the predatory political gangs which have fastened themselves on other cities and villages. New York is the most glaringly corrupt city in the United States only because it is the largest.

There is no essential difference except size between grafting local politics in the metropolis and in the smallest hamlet. In Pittsburgh and Chicago and Kansas City the graft is on a larger scale. The methods and the morals of thieving politicians are everywhere the same.

Even though stealing from children, the aged, the helpless, has traditionally been the basest form of crime, it is common enough in local politics. School funds in numerous cities have been corruptly expended by local politicians. In Chicago for a generation public school control has been the prize of politics. Every other essential public service has also been squeezed. The scandals of the Sanitary District have been worse than even Chicago could stomach.

Corrupt control of local politics has been a tremendous handicap to recovery. The federal government has accepted responsibility for caring for the unemployed because local governments were too weak, too stupid and too incompetent to perform the task.

The CWA ran into difficulty throughout the country because local politicians tried to obtain possession of the money appropriated by Congress to sustain the workers. To the politician the money was just another opportunity for graft. In many communities the needy were ignored while the money was divided by politicians. The CWA had to be stopped in order to get the hands of dishonest politicians out of the public till.

The cost of corrupt local politics has been prodigious. It is measured both in money wasted and in services unperformed.

During the lean years nearly every community in the United States has been compelled to curtail vital public services. Education has suffered. Even in the best public schools many classes have been abolished, others have been increased in size to the detriment of the pupils, opportunities have decreased. Yet at no time in our history has the need for alive and responsive public schools been so great.

In public health work the story has been similar. At the very time at which the public need was greatest the public service has been least. Money which might have been spent to support sorely needed public services has been expended to keep politicians happy.

This is not new. In the fat years, however, we thought that we could afford political waste. It was easier to allow politicians to take their loot than it was to trouble ourselves to elect honest and intelligent public servants. We were content with what we got so long as the politicians were not too hoggish.

These last four years have proved the impossibility of continuing this system. As a people we are not rich enough to afford the luxury of supporting parasitic gangs of plundering local politicians. Taxation became too heavy and reached the point of diminishing returns.

New York is engaged in a tremendous campaign to root Tammany out of the public service. John H. Curry's leadership of Tammany Hall made possible the appalling abuses which shocked the city and the nation. Curry deliberately forced the most brutal type of political huckster into office.

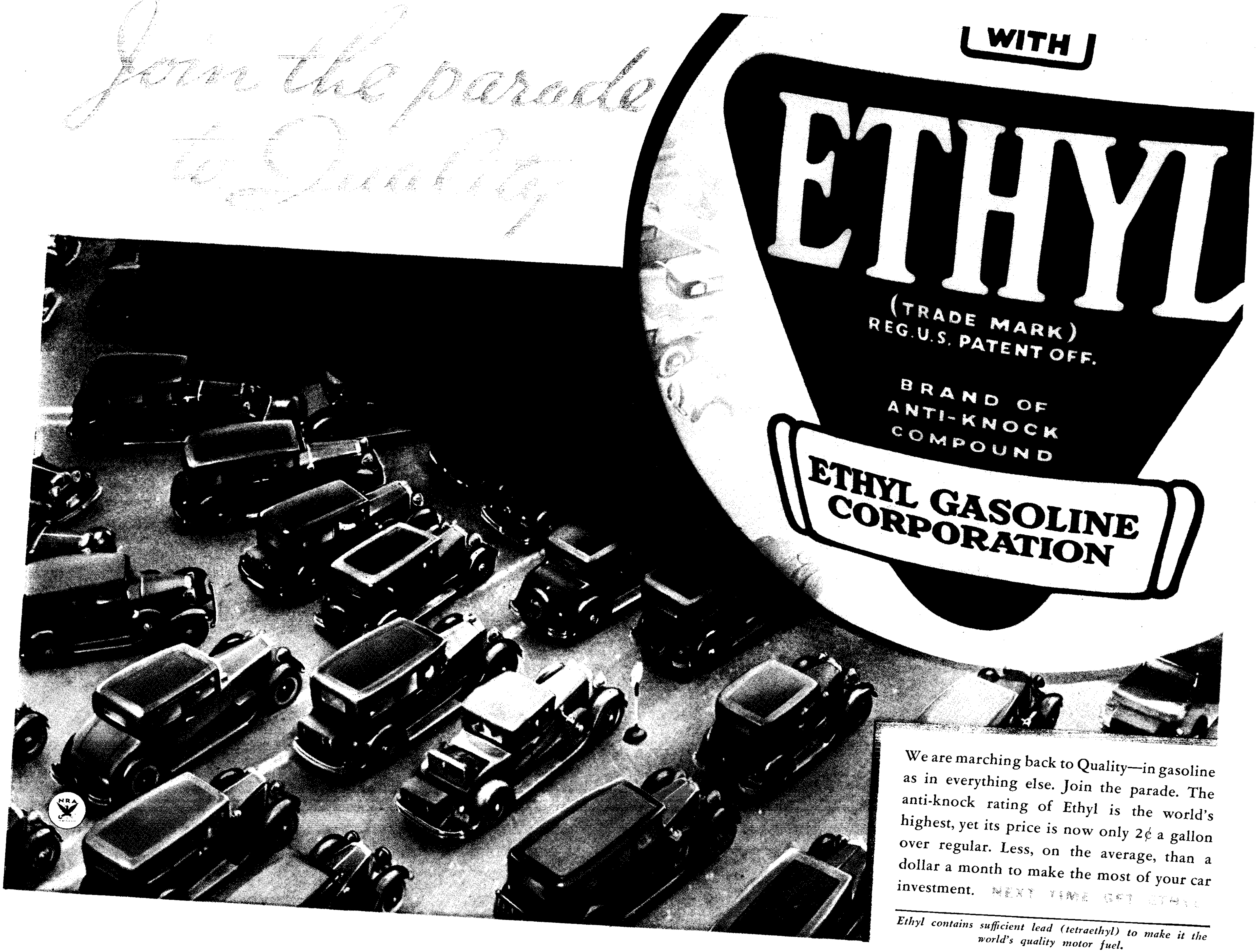
Tammany officeholders were able to graft because decent men and women apathetically permitted them to seize power. At any election an aroused public opinion could have driven corrupt politicians out of office. At any one of the coming primaries and elections the voters of every community, large and small, can now drive the grafters out of office.

Nowhere in the United States can we longer afford to have tax money wasted or stolen. Enormous sums must necessarily be spent. The expenditure must be made intelligently and honestly if the needy are to be fed and sheltered, children provided with schooling, the public health protected and other vital services maintained.

There is just one way of getting our money's worth out of our tax dollars. That is by putting honest, capable men and women into office.

A local primary or election often seems a little thing, not worth the excitement and effort essential to wresting the control of government from the political gangs. This is not so this year. Now as never before effectual local government is needed to play the rôle in the vast program of recovery.

Drive the rascals out and put in their places men and women who are loyal to the public interest and fit to serve a worthy cause.



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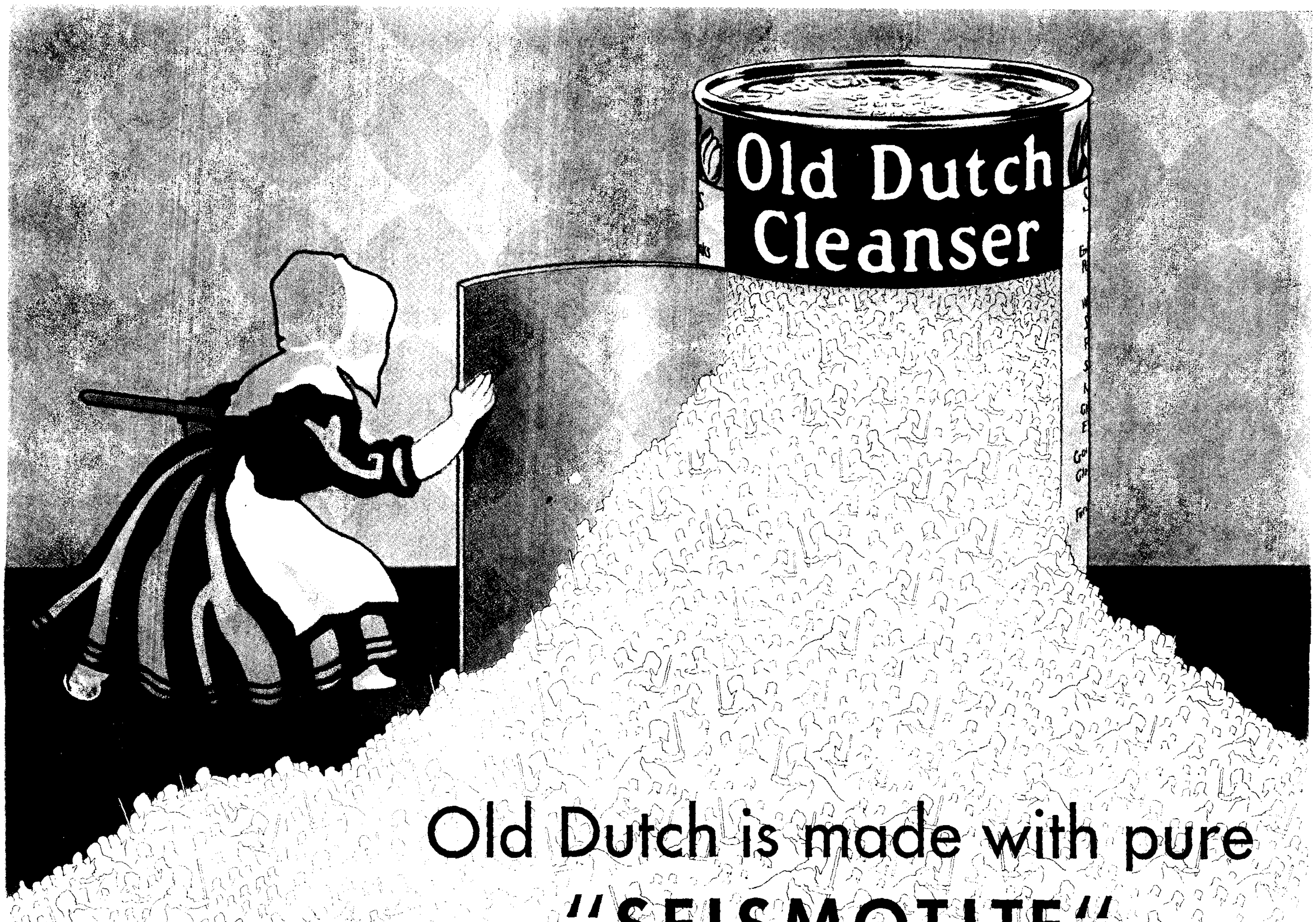

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